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CHARLES DICKENS.

"CALL no man happy till he is dead," said the wise old heathens. It is still more important that we should sum up no man's greatness, and come to no definite conclusion as to his fame, until that last great event has happened which separates him softly yet suddenly from all the secondary influences, from all the ephemeral popularity of common life. It is not very long since most sensible people were moved with that curious mixture of sorrow, shame, and unwilling amusement, which is called forth by any absurd exhibition of self-importance or vanity—by the record of the amazing reception given to Mr. Dickens by the American people, or at least by those excitable classes who claim to represent that ill-used nation. If we remember rightly, the fact that Dickens spoke our common language was then proclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic as one of those often-referred to bonds of union which ought to make New England and Old England one. The sacred mother-tongue, which was spoken by Sarah Gamp and

Betsy Prig, was to become an object of deeper sanctity to both of us from that hallowing connection; and not Butler nor Bunkum, much less Alabama claims or Fenians or Filibusters, could break the charm which a Dickens breathed upon the great Anglo-Saxon world, which, if it was united in nothing else, was still united in its worship of his genius. A hasty hearer might have supposed it was Shakespeare of whom these praises were spoken; but it was not. It was the author of "Pickwick," and "Copperfield," and (honor to Yankee impartiality!) "Chuzzlewit"—not by any means a Shakespeare, but yet a man exercising much real and a great deal of false influence on the world. People laughed in their sleeves at the big words of this glorification; yet Dickens had his seat secure in the national Walhalla, such as it is, and nobody dared to attempt to dislodge him. When he appeared, crowds thronged to hear and see him; when after a long interval of silence, he condescended to put forth the beginning of a story in the

old well-remembered green covers, everybody rushed to read, to praise, and to admire, if they could. There is something half affecting, half ridiculous—and which shows in the very best light the grateful docility of the common mind—in the eagerness with which the public tried to convince itself that it was charmed by the opening of the fragment called 'Edwin Drood.' We all said to each other that this was going to be a powerful story—one of his best, perhaps; we were on the outlook for the familiar delights, the true Dickens vein, which we knew so well. The effect was flat, no doubt, and the effort severe; but perhaps we thought that was our own, the reader's, fault. Thus faithfully does the British public, much-maligned and sorely-tried audience, uphold the minstrel who has once got possession of its ear. It stood by him with a piteous fidelity to the last. But now Dickens, too, has come, like so many more, to be a piece of history, and may be judged as the rest have been judged. For something between thirty and forty years he has reigned and had his day. He has been adulated publicly and privately, as (it is said) kings used to be adored. For a lifetime he was fed with praise, as well as with that which is more substantial than praise. The fictitious people of his making were received into the world as if they had been a new tribe, and he their king. Honor, and riches, and a kind of semi-royal power, were his. This great position he undoubtedly held in right of his genius alone, and retained it till he died. How he did this, how he managed to get so high, and keep the height so long, and what he did for the world thus subject to him during his reign, are interesting questions, to which we mean to try to give some satisfactory answer.

The world of fiction—or rather the world of poetry and imagination—in which the duller of us spend so many hours, if not years, of our lives, has many differing altitudes and longitudes, and many variations of spiritual atmosphere. It becomes narrow or large to us, low or lofty, noble or mean, according as is the guide we chose or find most congenial. There are some who lead us into a tragic Inferno, echoing with mortal groans and dark with misery; some into a stately Eden, all novel and splendid, with two fair primeval creatures in the midst; and some into the

scenes we know—the common earth, which we recognize, and yet which is not the less enchanted ground. Of all the circles of imaginative creation, that of Shakespeare is the widest, as it is the most largely impartial, the most divinely calm. It is a very world full of creatures good and evil, of every thing the earth contains—the mean and miserable along with the noblest and highest. All are there, great and small, because all are in nature. But there was but one Shakespeare and we do not compare the mere children of men with that son of the gods. To come along way farther down, there is much in the atmosphere of Scott which reflects that of Shakespeare. If there is no great intellectual being towering over common men, there is at least a full and honest conception of the variations in that gamut of humanity which strikes so high, and sinks into such depths profound. And in our own day we have still that heritage of truth and nature. Thackeray, so often miscalled cynic, though his pages may be over-full of the easy victims of social satire, has not left us without more than one noble testimony that mankind can be as good, and simple, and honest, and true, as it can be wicked, base, designing, and artful. This Shakespearian tradition has come down to us through the changes of ages. In the eighteenth century—that time of universal crisis—there was a fluttering and doubtfulness of standards. Richardson, narrow in his honest inexperience, would have made a world for us out of sublimities and fiends, lifting the ideal of humanity to the last taper-point of elevation; while, on the other hand, manliness had like to become identified with vice, had not Parson Adams saved Fielding. But through all, the creed of our best Makers has been that of our greatest Poet—which is, that the noble are, at least, as possible as the mean; that you are as likely to find in your next neighbor a generous friendly Antonio as a grasping Shylock; and that a man cannot truly picture the world of fact in the world of art, without tracing at least as many beautiful images as he does base ones—nay, that the beauty, the goodness, the nobility, *must* imprint themselves on the record, amid all baser chronicles, or the record cannot be true.

Now, the curious thing in the works of Mr. Dickens is, that whereas he has ad-

ded a flood of people to the population of the world, he has not added one to that lofty rank where dwell the best of humanity. He has given us the most amusing fools that this generation knows, the most charmingly genial people in difficulties, the most intolerable and engaging of bores. But he has scarcely left us one character which is above ridicule, or of which we think with a smile and a tear mingled, as it is the highest boast of your true humorist to mingle smiles and tears. Not to ascend to my Shakespearian heights, there is not even such a light as Uncle Toby shining out of his pages; there is nothing like Thomas Newcome. He tries hard, and strains, and makes many an effort to cover the deficiency; but what he produces is sham, not real—it is maudlin, not pathetic. His highest ideal has a quiver, as of semi-intoxication, in its voice; its virtue is smug, self-conscious, surrounded by twittering choruses of praise. There is not even a woman among the many in his books that would bear putting up by the side of the women who are to live forever; and how strangely wanting must be the man of genius who cannot frame one woman, at least, worth placing in the crowd where Una is! This is the strange drawback, the one huge deficiency, which must always limit the reputation of the much worshipped novelist. Mrs. Gamp, no doubt, is great; but she will not serve our turn here. He has represented with the most graphic and vivid clearness almost every grade of the species Fool. He has painted ridiculous people, silly people, selfish people, people occupied with one idea, oddities, eccentrics, a thousand varieties—but among all these has never once stumbled upon the simple, true, ideal, woman, or any noble type of man. Looking at his real power, his undeniable genius, the wonderful fertility of his imagination, the spectator asks with a certain surprise, How is it that he never fell upon one such accidentally, as we do in the world? The wonder seems how he could miss it. But miss it he did, with the curious persistency of those fate-directed steps which are fain to enter into every path but one. This is the first characteristic of Dickens among his compeers in the world of literature. He has given us pictures as powerful, individualities as distinct, as any have

done. Perhaps he has added to our common talk a larger number of side reflections from the thoughts and experiences of fictitious persons, than most writers even of equal power. But he has not created one character so close to us, yet so much above us, that we can feel him a positive gain to humanity.

Now, when we make this complaint and accusation against the novelist, we are by no means setting up the ideal above the real, or demanding of heaven and earth a succession of Grandisons. Far be the thought from our mind: for one hero there must always be, no doubt, a hundred valets, with a variety and play of life among them such as many people can appreciate a great deal better than they could appreciate the bigger nature. Let us have the valets by all means; but the writer who can set only valets before us cannot be placed in the highest rank. It must be understood that the difference between the mind which makes "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor" the central light in a picture, and the mind which places Mrs. Gamp in that position, is not a difference of degree, but one of kind. The latter may be amusing, versatile, brilliant, and full of genius, but it is clear that the best he can do for his race is a best which is infinitely beneath the other. He knows of no hidden excellence, no new glory which he can bring out into the light of day; he finds no stars in the half-discovered skies, nor even the violet hidden by the mossy stone. He can do a hundred other clever and wonderful things, but this he cannot do; he has a bandage upon his eyes, a feebleness in his hands. He can identify and realize, and pour floods of laughing light upon all the lesser objects; but the central figure he cannot accomplish—it is beyond his power.

And we cannot but think that Dickens himself must have been aware of his own limitation on this point. The struggle and strain of which we are always aware in the working out of his good characters, shows something of that suppressed irritation with which a workman struggles against his special imperfection. He is angry that he cannot do it well, as some others can; and he works himself up into an excitement which he tries to believe is creative passion, and heaps on accessories and results with a hand which is almost

feverish in its eagerness. The curious artificial cadence of the speeches which are meant to be impassioned—the explanations which every one of his higher female characters, for example, makes in measured sentences, each exactly like the other, at what is supposed the turning-point of her existence, and in what are supposed to be the accents of lofty and high-pitched feeling—are the most curious instances of this strain and conscious effort. He works himself up to it under the reader's very eyes—he makes enormous preparations before he takes the leap: when he sets himself in motion at length, it is with clenched hands and the veins swelling on his forehead—and then he fails. This process is gone through almost in the same monotonous succession whenever he attempts to strike any of the higher chords of life. The only thing real in it is the failure. In all the rest there is the strangest counterfeit air, and a consciousness of the sham which is as apparent to the writer as to the reader: the passion is stirred up and foamed and frothed, with always some new ingredient thrown in at the last moment in very desperation; the pathos is skimmed down, diluted, sweetened with the most anxious care. No cook nor chemist could be more solicitous about the due mixture of every element. The only thing that is deficient is the effect.

It is a curious reflection, that perhaps the most popular writer of the period which is now closing—the enchanter who ruled over the youth of most of us, whose supremacy at one time was scarcely contested, and who even now has lost but little of his power—should be thus strangely incapable of entering into and representing the higher phases of existence. His works, we all know, are works of the purest morality, inculcating only benevolence, charity, and virtuous sentiments. Indeed, Mr. Dickens's genius is not even superior to the popular prejudice in favor of poetic justice: he likes to reward his good people substantially, and to make the wicked ones very uncomfortable. But with all this, he does not bring us into good company. The society of the cleverest of Cockney grooms—the most amusing of monthly nurses—would not be considered edifying in ordinary life. Were we condemned to it by any freak of fortune, we should feel ourselves deeply injured;

and whether the large amount of it enforced upon us by our favorite novelist is much to the advantage of our taste or manners as a nation, is a question worth considering. The genius which brought such an unlikely pair to the front of the contemporary stage, and has kept them there for something like a quarter of a century, is a very different matter. The difficulty of the task, and the extraordinary unsuitableness of the position, do but enhance the power of the creator: it is infinitely clever in him, but is it quite as good for us? If, as people say, society in many of its circles has taken a lower and coarser tone, may not the indifferent company we have all been keeping in books have something to do with it? We think there is a great deal to be said on this point; but we are timorous, and do not feel equal to the task of charging upon the worshipped Dickens any such social offence. He who has always preached the most amiable of sentiments—he who was the first to find out the immense spiritual power of the Christmas turkey—he who has given us so many wonderful instances of sudden conversion from cruelty and unkindness to the most beaming, not to say maudlin, amiability,—shall we venture to say of him that his influence has not been of an elevating order? We shrink from the undertaking. But still we venture to repeat, it is a curious fact that this most influential writer has brought his readers into a great deal of very indifferent company, and has not left to us to neutralize it a single potential image of the elevated or the great—nay, has left us nothing but the weakest, sloppiest, maudlin exhibitions of goodness, big in complacency, but poor in every other point.

This, however, which is the worst we can say of Dickens in one particular, is the very highest in another. Those beings whom he has invented or brought out of obscurity have no natural claim to our interest, no attraction to bring them to us, not even any force of natural sympathy to give them power. By what strange gift is it that he captivates us to Sam Weller, and calls up a gleam upon the gravest countenance at the very name of Mrs. Gamp? Their truth to nature, some critics will answer: but this nature has nothing that is delightful in it; it is repulsive, not attractive. Mrs. Gamp in real life would be hateful, tedious, and disgusting



—yet there is not a beautiful lady in creation whose company we like better in print. How is it? Even when, as a question of art, we disapprove, the furtive smile steals to the corner of our mouth. This can be nothing but genius, that vivifying and creative principle which not only makes something out of nothing, but which communicates qualities to a bit of dull clay of which in itself it is utterly unconscious—genius which we are always laboring to define without growing much the wiser, but which we can no more refuse to be influenced by, than we can deny the evidence of our senses. In this power of interesting his readers, Dickens does not even take such help of nature as other great artists have been glad to use. There is no story, no touch of natural emotion, to dispel our prejudices and bring near to us the strangely-chosen creature of our author's predilections. What he does, he does by sheer force of genius, scorning all auxiliaries, and his success is complete. His conception of the keen, illiterate Cockney mind, sharpened by contact with that life which abounds in the London streets, is as clear and sure as are those streets themselves which he can see; his glance goes through and through it with a divination more full than knowledge. Perhaps his consciousness of the influences which widen and light it up is more vivid than that of those which cramp and limit such an intelligence; he never ventures to go deep enough to bring it face to face with any problem beyond the reach of its philosophy; and he is apt to endow it with a preternatural cleverness which makes all training and instruction unnecessary; but with what certainty, swiftness, and freedom does he play its quaint original light over the surface of men and things! what a command he has of its odd reflective power, its curious scraps of knowledge, its easy good-nature and tolerance—a tolerance which means close acquaintance with many kinds of evil! The fulness and clearness of this knowledge nobody can doubt; though, on the other hand, it is less apparent than conventional and superficial it is: even here Dickens does not go deep. His instinct leads him to keep on the surface. There is more true insight in half-a-dozen lines which we could select here and there from other writers as to the effects of street education than in all Sam Weller.

Nevertheless, Sam Weller is not only true, but original. There is no tragic side to him. There is no real tragic side, indeed, to any of the Dickens characters. And Dickens, perhaps, is the only great artist of whom this can be said; for to most creative minds there is a charm indescribable in the contact of human character with the profounder difficulties of life. An instinctive sense of his own weakness, however, keeps him as far as possible from these problems. And his Sam is the most light-hearted hero, perhaps, that has ever been put upon canvas. He is the very impersonation of easy conscious skill and cleverness. He has never met with anything in his career that he could not give a good account of. Life is all above-board with him, straightforward, jovial, on the surface. He stands in the midst of the confusion of the picture in very much the same position which the author himself assumes. He is the *Deus ex machina*, the spectator of everybody's mistakes and failures—a kind of laughing providence to set everything right. Sam's position in the "Pickwick Papers" is one of the great marvels in English art. It is the first act of the revolution which Mr. Dickens accomplished in his literary sphere—the new system which has brought those uppermost who were subordinate according to the old canons. This ostler from the City, this groom picked up from the pavement, is, without doubt or controversy, everybody's master in the story of which he is the centre. When the whole little community in the book is puzzled, Sam's cleverness cuts the knot. It is he who always sees what to do, who keeps everybody else in order. He even combines with his rôle of all accomplished serving-man the other rôle of *jeune premier*, and retains his superiority all through the book, at once in philosophy and practical insight, in love and war.

The "Pickwick Papers" stands by itself among its author's works; and as the first work of a young man, it is, we think, unique in literature. Other writers have professed to write novels without a hero: Dickens, so far as we are aware, is the only one who, without making any profession, has accomplished that same. To be sure, "Pickwick" is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a novel, and yet it would be hard to classify it in any other list. Strangest of books! which introduces us to a set of people, young men and old, women and

girls, figures intended to represent the usual strain of flesh and blood—in order that we may laugh at them all! There is a horrible impartiality, a good-humored universal malice, running through the whole. The author stands in the midst, half himself, half revealed in the person of his favorite Sam, and looks at the world he has created, and holds his sides. He does not even feel contempt, to speak of—he feels nothing but what fun it is to see so many fools disporting themselves according to their folly. There is, as we have said, a horrible impartiality in it. Other writers have preserved a little respect, a little sympathy, for the lovers, at least—a little feeling that youth must have something fine in it, and that the gallant and the maiden have a right to their pedestal. But not so Dickens: the delight with which in this book he displays all the ridiculousness and inherent absurdity which he finds in life, is like the indiscriminate fun of a schoolboy who shouts with mirth at everything which can by any means be made an occasion of laughter, without acknowledging any restraint of natural reverence or decorum. In "Pickwick," the work is that of a man of genius, but the spirit is almost always that of a mischievous innocent schoolboy. When the great contemporary and rival of Dickens produced his first great work, all the virtuous world rose up and condemned the cynicism of "Vanity Fair"; but nobody has ever said a word about the cynicism of "Pickwick"; and yet, to our thinking, the one is a hundred times more apparent than the other. "Vanity Fair" is a book full of deep and tragic meaning, of profound feeling and sentiment, which crop up through the fun, and are ever present, though so seldom expressed. The historian, story-teller, social philosopher, laughs, it is true, but he has a great mind to weep: he sneers sometimes, but it is because his heart grows hot as he watches the pranks that men play before high heaven. But the author of "Pickwick" cares not a straw what fools his puppets make of themselves; the more foolish they are, the more he laughs at their absurdity. He is too good-humored, too full of cheerful levity and the sense of mischief, to think of their lies and brags and vanity as anything vile and blamable; they are so funny, that he forgets everything else. His characters go tumbling about the world as the clown and

pantaloone do in the midst of those immemorial immoralities of the pantomime—the ever-successful tricks and cheats in which we all find once a-year an unsophisticated pleasure. In short, the atmosphere of "Pickwick" is more like that of a pantomime than of any other region we know. Mr. Jingle, who is the villain, and has to be punished and reformed after a fashion in Mr. Dickens's favorite harlequin-wand manner of reformation, is a respectable character, with a purpose, beside Mr. Winkle, who is the veriest braggart, cheat, and sneak that ever was introduced into fiction. Yet the very funniest scenes in the book, those which the chance reader turns to by instinct, are the narratives of Mr. Winkle's exploits, though he is one of the foremost walking gentlemen, lover, and in a manner hero of the piece. Sam Weller, who picks him up with his unlucky skates on, and takes care of his equally unlucky gun, is, like the author, too merry over it, to feel any sort of indignation against Mr. Winkle. The two burst with private laughter aside, and find it the best fun!

The extreme youthfulness of this treatment is visible even in the more serious parts of the book, if anything in it can be called serious. Mr. Pickwick himself is just the kind of bland old gentleman, with money always ready in his old-fashioned breeches-pocket to make up for all deficiencies, and an everlasting disposition to meddle and set everything right, who is too apt to be a schoolboy's ideal: an old fellow who may be freely laughed at, but whose credulity is as unbounded as the funds at his disposal, and who is delightfully ready to be hoaxed, and falls by himself, almost too naturally, into the pitfalls of practical joking. It is, perhaps, the perfect good humor of this view of life which keeps it from being assailed as cynical. For it is thoroughly good-humored, by dint of being absolutely indifferent. There is the same large toleration in it which we have of the tyrannies, and extortions, and avarices of an ant-hill, when we take upon ourselves to observe the busy community there. When the weak one is overpowered and trodden upon, no indignation fills our superior bosom; we look on and smile, and watch without interference—without anything that can be called sympathy, but with a great deal of amusement. In the same way, there is

no doubt, though with a curious revolution of circumstances, our schoolboys, our servants, contemplate us. Were our grooms habitually set to produce a picture of the existence of their masters, there is little chance that it would be so amusing as "Pickwick," but it would be in the same vein. The keenest, lively, sharp-eyed observation of the outside, without any sympathy or respect, or desire to understand the unseen—a lively apprehension of the folly of those who act as we ourselves would not think of acting, and by the guidance of principles which we don't care to fathom—lies at the bottom of the whole. It is the life of one class as it appears to a member of another; the commentary of a spectator who never identifies himself with the actors, who has no sense of community of interests or character, who is as indifferent to their right and wrong as we are to the Ants—but who notes everything, and has an instinctive perception of the fun, the ridiculousness, the absurdity inalienable from humanity. One touch of sympathy would change the whole—would bring in shame and moral sentiment, would probably give bitterness to the laugh, and modify the fun with meaning. But this idea had not occurred to Dickens at the time of "Pickwick." His is the very triumph of youthful profanity, of superficial insight, of bright-eyed, unsympathetic vision. The light of his laughing eyes throws a certain gleam of amused expectancy over the landscape—or rather stage, which is a better word. And how thoroughly we are repaid for our anticipations of fun!—how delightfully does everybody commit himself, make a fool of himself, exhibit his vanities, his absurdities, in unconscious candor before us. Never was there such a big, full, crowded pantomime stage—never so many lively changes of scene and character. There is scarcely more art or skill in the situations than is necessary to please the most indulgent holiday audience. Mr. Pickwick's memorable mistake about his bedroom—the troubles to which Mr. Winkle was subjected in consequence of his good-nature in opening the door in the middle of the night to a lady coming home from a ball—are incidents for the planning of which the very minimum of invention has been employed; and yet how they amuse us! We laugh as we laugh at the preposterous innocent blunders which sometimes

occur in our own life. They have the same spontaneous unintentional air, the same want of meaning. For absence of meaning is a positive advantage in the circumstances. It improves the fun, and increases its resemblance to the fragmentary humors of ordinary existence. Thus our author moves us at the very smallest cost, so far as construction is concerned. But the panorama which he unfolds before us trembles with light and movement and variety. There is nothing dead, stagnant, or dull in the whole exhibition—in every corner it is alive; something is going on wherever we turn. We feel that it is out of his own inexhaustible being that he is pouring all those crowds upon us, and that as many more are ready to follow, all as full of eccentricity, absurdity, nonsense, and fun as their predecessors. It is the life, the flow and fulness of vitality, the easy wealth of witty comment, the constant succession of amusing scenes, which insure the popularity of "Pickwick." It is of its nature delightful to the very young—to the schoolboy mind yet unawakened to anything beyond the fun of existence; and at the very other end of the social scale, it is full of amusement to the wearied man, who has enough of serious life, and to whom it is a relief to escape into this curious world, where all is fun, and nothing serious. But of all the revelations of mind made by the first works of great artists, "Pickwick" is perhaps the most incomprehensible. With all its charming gaiety and good-humor, with its bits of fine moral reflection and demonstrative worship of benevolence, it is without heart and without sympathy—superficial and profane.

We do not use the latter word, however, in a religious sense; for Dickens has always persistently and most benevolently countenanced and patronized religion. He is humanly, not sacredly, profane in the first great effort of his genius—not bitterly sceptical of, but light-heartedly indifferent to, human excellence. This will, we fear, be considered strange doctrine by those who have taken for granted all his subsequent moralities on the subject, and the very great use he has made of moral transformations. But in "Pickwick" there is absolutely no moral sense. It either does not exist, or has not been awakened; and there is the deepest profanity—a profanity which scorns all the tra-

ditions of poetry and romance, as well as all the higher necessities of nature—in the total absence of any sentiment or grace in the heroes and heroines, the lovers, the one class of humanity on whose behalf there exists a lingering universal prejudice. It is true that this criticism refers in its fullest sense to "Pickwick" alone—but "Pickwick" is Dickens *pur et simple* in his first freshness, before the age of conventionality had begun. And the defect is closely connected with one of his best qualities—the genuine kindness of feeling which mingles with all his ridicule. He is never harsh, never ungenial, and much more disposed to put a good than an evil interpretation upon the motives of human folly. He does not permit us either to hate or to despise our fellow-creatures in their weaknesses; but yet he enjoys the contemplation of those weaknesses. He is cruel without intending it; but in his very cruelty he is kind.

The distinction, however, between this one book and all the others is as curious as anything in literature. It is the same hand which works; for who else could fill his canvas so lavishly?—who else has such unbounded stores to draw upon? The life and brightness are the same, the boundless variety and animation; and the same also is that power of natural selection which brings to the author's hand those odd and unusual and unelevated figures which suit him best; but in everything else the whole fictitious world is changed. "Pickwick" was full of the most genial, natural, easy indifference to the higher morality; but every subsequent work is heavy with meaning, and has an almost polemical moral. In "Pickwick" everybody's aim was to make himself as charmingly absurd as possible, for our delight and pleasure; for this end they roamed about the world seeking adventures which meant nothing but fun, and generally conducting themselves like men without any social bonds of duty upon them, with no responsibilities to the world, nor necessity to make their living or advance their fortunes. We even defy any one to make out to what social class these personages are intended to belong. Were we to describe Mr Pickwick as a retired tradesman, and his young friends as sons of well-to-do persons in the same class, we should convey the impression made by their manners and habits upon

ourselves personally; but there is no evidence that Dickens meant this. In all his other books, however, the social details are fully expressed, and the bondage of ordinary circumstances acknowledged. Many of these works have not only an individual moral, but are weighted besides with an attack upon some one national institution or public wrong, as if Mr. Dickens's sense of responsibility to the world for his great gift, and the manner in which he should use it, had developed all at once, and, having once developed, would not be trifled with. The Yorkshire cheap schools; the land speculations of America; the Court of Chancery, and other objectionable institutions—have each a book devoted to them; while the advantages of benevolence, and the drawbacks of selfishness, are developed in every new group of characters, to the edification of the world. This change is an odd one, and one for which we know no explanation. But however it came about, the fact is beyond doubt. The group of works which followed—"Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey"—are all books with a purpose. They are books, too, in which the old traditions of construction are partially followed, and the love tale is restored to a certain prominence. They have a beginning, and a middle, and an end, the due amount of orthodox difficulties, and the "lived very happy ever after" of primeval romance. Thus their character is altered. There is no longer the delightful Picwickian muddle, the story without an end, which might go on for ever. The orthodox machinery of the novel places a certain limit upon the book; it restricts it within conditions, and demands a certain exercise of those qualities of foresight and economy which are equally necessary, whether we are about to marry ourselves, or to arrange for the marriage of our hero and heroine. But notwithstanding this change of circumstances, the charm of "Nickleby" and "Chuzzlewit" is the same as the charm of "Pickwick." It lies in the wealth and fulness and lavish life, in the odd exhibitions of ignoble and unelevated humanity, in the gay *malice* (not maliciousness) with which all that is ridiculous is pursued and dwelt upon. Nothing can be worse than the bits of melodrama which now and then, in the exigencies of the story, the author is



driven to indulge in; and the good people and gentlefolks are as a rule extremely feeble and uninteresting; but all the teeming wealth of lower life which makes the other rich abounds and overflows in these. The grim group of the Squeerses, the genial bigness of John Browdie, the Crummies and their *troupe*, Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, and Mrs. Gamp, Toots and Miss Nipper, are all perfect in their way. With them the author is at his ease. His artificial goodness and maudlin virtue fade out of our sight. When he is out of the benumbing presence of the ladies and gentlemen who are compelled to talk good English, and behave themselves accordingly, he expands like a flower. His foot is on his native heath, he is among the people and the scenes with which he is fully acquainted, and he can give himself his full swing. Sometimes he even rises into a strain higher than that of his old lighthearted, cynical, and amused toleration. The picture of Dotheboys Hall has a certain fierce reality in its fun, of which nothing in "Pickwick" gives promise; and the drama of Bill Sykes's vengeance and punishment is most effective and even terrible. His knot of criminals is revolting, but it is one of the most powerful pictures he has ever drawn; and it is all the more powerful in comparison with the insipid framework of goodness and prettiness in which this trenchant villany and gloom are enclosed. Here his utter failure and his highest success are put together so closely that it is impossible not to see the full force of the contrast. Fagin, the Artful Dodger, and Bumble, are all full of reality; and even such a miserable conception as that of Noah Claypole gives strange involuntary evidence that the very lowest type is more conceivable to our author's imagination than the gentle uniformity of civilized existence, into which he can put neither character nor spirit.

The same fact is apparent less unpleasantly in the "Old Curiosity Shop," where the false sentiment and mawkish pathos of little Nell, with all that exaggerated and foolish devotion which Mr. Dickens is so fond of representing, forms a husk and envelope for the delightful figure of Dick Swiveller, one of his greatest creations. We are not sure that we do not, as a matter of individual opinion, place Dick on a pinnacle above all the

rest—a pinnacle which, perhaps, he may divide with the Micawbers, inimitable pair! but which not even Sam Weller could reach. Sam is a saucy fellow, whom we all know we would not tolerate in our service for a day, useful as he was to Mr. Pickwick; but Dick Swiveller we take to our bosom. His very dissipatedness, his indebtedness, "the rosy" which he passes so much too often, the idle ways which we cannot help seeing—we look upon all with indulgent eyes. He is never a black-guard in his lowest days; even the people in those streets, which he shut up gradually by buying a pair of gloves in one and a pot of pomade in another, must have missed him, when he no longer went by in his checked trousers swinging his cane. He is an indifferent member of society, and likely to break his aunt's heart; but there is no harm in Dick. The poor little Marchioness, in her big cap and bib, is as safe in his hands as if she possessed the rank her name implies, and he were her ladyship's most decorous chamberlain. He may beat her at cribbage, and teach her how egg-flip tastes, but no harm. In the chapters which discuss and describe Dick Swiveller there is more true humor than in all the rest of Dickens; for he, perhaps, alone of all the many personages of his family, has got the love of his author. He is treated fondly, with a gentle touch; he is made fun of tenderly; he is cunningly recommended to our affections, as a man recommends the truant boy who is the light of his eyes, in all manner of soft pretended reproaches and fond abuse. He is almost the only man disabled, and incapable of helping himself, of whom Dickens makes a favorite. Most of his pet characters are particularly clever and handy, and most of them find some way of turning the tide of fortune, and working themselves clear. But it is very certain that nature never meant our beloved Dick to do anything for himself. He would have gone stumbling on till doomsday, shutting up one street after another with his little purchases, making ineffectual appeals to his aunt, and taking the failure of them quite good-humoredly, in the most genial undiscourageable way, had not Mr. Dickens at last made up his mind to interfere. Perhaps that is why we like him so; he is so dependent upon our liking and our sympathies. Then he is so friendly, so willing to be of use, so anxious to concili-

ate, and so charmingly unconscious of the harm he is doing by his good-natured efforts; so easily moved to one thing or another; so elastic and versatile in those innocent plans of his, which are always ready to be changed at a moment's notice. "No man knocks himself down; if his destiny knocks him down his destiny must pick him up again. Then I'm very glad that mine has brought all this upon itself, and I shall be as careless as I can, and make myself quite at home to spite it. So go on, my brick," said Mr Swiveller, "and let us see which of us will be tired first."

Such is the cheerful philosophy with which he beguiles his woes. But if Mr Swiveller struggling with fate is a fine spectacle, Dick in the pangs of disappointed love is finer still. When he contemplates gloomily the indigestible wedding-cake—when he binds his hat with crape instead of the traditionary willow—when he takes comfort, and bids the faithless Sophy know that a young lady is saving up for him—he is inimitable. Pure comedy, as good almost as Falstaff in its way, is the entire episode. It wants the breadth which the greater artist gives to all his work; and the surroundings are not equal to the central figure, and take off from its fine proportion. Such an artificial pair, for instance, as Sally Brass and her brother—such a mere monster as Quilp—have nothing to do with the more refined and true conception, and balk Dick of his due development. But even these cannot prevent the scenes, in which he is the principal actor, from taking the highest place in English comedy. When the Marchioness comes upon the stage the picture is perfect. It is hard to understand how so many inferior episodes have been dramatized, and this, which is as fine as Molière, should have been neglected. The honest fellow's goodness to the forlorn child, the perfect ease with which he adapts himself to her society, the little fiction—so quaintly nonsensical, yet after a while so real—which he weaves about her,—to all this we know scarcely any match in the language, and certainly nothing more humorous and more captivating. For the first time Mr. Dickens goes direct to the heart; and he does so in one of the highest and most difficult ways,—not by tears, but by laughter. The humanity and innocent-heartedness of this irregular,

disorderly, dissipated young man, overcome all the defences which we erect unawares against the sickly sentimentality of little Nell. We defy her to move us, but we succumb to him without a struggle. The two playing cribbage in the damp kitchen, of which Dick remarks that "the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy," has just that mixture of the pathetic which true humor demands. The miserable scene—the small, squalid, desolate child, who is one of the actors—the careless good heart, touched with a hundred gentle movements of pity and kindness, of the other—bring out the genuine comic nature of the intercourse, the quaint originality and fun, with double force. So vivid is the picture, that the present writer, turning to the book with the feeling that the cribbage-playing below stairs must have gone on for a considerable period, is struck with amazement to find that it only happened once. So reticent and modest is real power whenever it feels its strength, and so genuine is the impression made by the true humor, the happy tender naturalness, of this strange and touching scene.

We have said that the Micawbers may claim a place on the same platform with Dick; but we are not sure whether we can fully justify the claim. The Micawbers are great, but they are not pathetic: there is not in them that deeper touch which dignifies the laughter. Nothing like a tear starts at their bidding; and consequently they do not attain to the same perfection as their wonderful predecessor. But if the humor is less deep and true, the wonderful energy and life of the picture—its truth to nature, its whimsical reality and force—are above all praise. Mr. Micawber is as genuine an addition to the world's population as if we knew where to find his mark in the parish register, and were acquainted with all the beginnings of his career,—how he fell in love with Mrs. Micawber, and how that lady's family permitted a union which was to give them so much trouble. His genteel air, his frankness on the subject of his difficulties, his delightful readiness to give his attention to anything that may turn up, the way in which his impecuniosity serves him as a profession, are all set before us with an unfailing spirit. Mr. Micawber never flags; there is never a moment at which we can feel that the

author has forgotten what went before, or lost the thread. Even his concern in one of those wonderful plots which are so dear to Dickens, his connection with Uriah Heep's disgusting villany, does not harm him. On the contrary, we feel disposed for once to welcome the plot which makes apparent to us Mrs. Micawber's distress of mind over her husband's new-born mysteriousness, the delightful power of racy letter-writing which she exhibits, and the beautiful devotion which she does not attempt to conceal. Mrs. Micawber is almost as good as her husband. The intrepid courage with which she keeps up that imaginary struggle with her family, scorning every temptation to leave Mr. Micawber, her occasional despair and beautiful power of overcoming it as a wife and a mother, and making herself as comfortable as circumstances permit; her anxiety that Mr. Micawber should have occupation worthy of his talents, and be appreciated at last; her never-failing gentility and sense of what is due to her position,—are all kept up with the same perfect spirit and reality. As we read, we too feel the exhilarating effect of a meal procured by the sale of a bedstead; we too are aware of that sensation of having settled a serious point of business, which possesses Mr. Micawber when he has put his name to a bill. We scorn the worldling who hesitates at that security; we understand the roll in our friend's voice, his consciousness that he has come into his property, and paid off all the charges with a liberal hand when he writes his name to that bit of paper. Perhaps none of us have ever encountered in the world the full-blown perfection of a Mr. Micawber—perhaps, as revealed by the inspiration of the poet, nothing so consistent and complete ever existed; for it is the mission of art to fill out the fragmentary types of human character, and give them form and substance. But how many hints and suggestions of Mr. Micawber has the ordinary observer met! and how kindly, how genially, with what a friendly insight, has the author combined those suggestions, and made them into one consistent being! A less friendly interpretation, an eye less kind or less enlightened by laughter, might have made a miserable Jeremy Diddler out of our hero—and the difference is very notable; for Micawber is no doubt as great a nuisance to his friends as Did-

dler was, and has quite as little sense of the sanctity of money, that one fundamental principle which most of us hold so strenuously. Nor is Dickens without the power of treating this view of the character, as many slighter sketches, and the elaborate and cruel one of Harold Skimpole, which the reader will recollect in another book, abundantly testify. We do not know that in reality Micawber is more virtuous than Skimpole. The difference is too delicate to be defined; but of this we have no doubt, that humor has helped humanity in the picture of the former, and that the author's sense of the unbounded fun of the situations in which such a man places himself by nature, has actually helped us to realize a moral difference. For Mr. Micawber's sense of honor and generosity is strong, though it is not perhaps so effectual upon his character as might be desired. It is true that the signature of the bill is to him as it were a receipt in full, clearing him of all further responsibility; but still how charmingly ready he is to sign it! how incapable of taking advantage of any one's generosity without that precaution! He fortifies his friends against the indiscretion of their own liberal impulses by those bits of stamped paper. He mortgages that grand estate—the future which nobody can alienate from him—with the readiness of a prince, believing in it all the while with greater and more perfect faith than perhaps nowadays any prince would be justified in entertaining. And then how hospitable, how liberal, how ready to share what they have, be it pasty or crust, sirloin or bread and cheese, are this most amiable couple! Not only do they hold themselves ready to sell their bedstead at a moment's notice on their own account, but they are equally ready to entertain you on the proceeds, giving you the gentlest yet cheerfulest of welcomes, a lavish portion, and the most charming talk to help it down. Their hearts are as open as if they had ten thousand a-year,—and so in fact they have, or as near it as circumstances allow, having a blithe un-failing faith in the something which is to turn up, and in their fellow-creatures and their good fortune. It is astonishing in what good stead this same faith in fortune stands even the commoner adventurers of ordinary life. And as for the Micawbers, we do not pretend to be capable of any

morality on the subject. Had their difficulties been fewer—had something turned up at an earlier period, equally genteel and lucrative, in which Mr. Micawber's talents would have found scope—had he been above the necessity of selling bedsteads or signing bills—the chances are we should have known nothing about him: and this possible deprivation is one which we cannot contemplate philosophically.

Mr. Micawber even reconciles us in part to one of those wonderful and terrible explanation scenes which are Mr. Dickens's delight. We tolerate it because of the high crisis of feeling which it brings about in the Micawber household. The mystery with which it is introduced; the terrible sense of estrangement which prompts his devoted wife to appeal to the sympathy of her friends, "though harrowing to myself to mention;" Mr. Micawber's own tragic consciousness that with such a secret as weighs down his being, it is not with him as in former times, when "I could look my fellow-man in the face, and punch his head if he offended me: my fellow-man and myself are no longer on such glorious terms!"—all these preparations work us up into real excitement; and when the crisis is over, we turn from the villain and the victim with equal indifference, to be present at the reconciliation, or rather, as Mr. Micawber more eloquently expresses it, "the re-establishment of mutual confidence between myself and Mrs. Micawber." It is with the most delighted readiness that we hasten to assist at this explanation.

"The evil that has been interposed between Mrs. Micawber and myself is now withdrawn," said Mr. Micawber, "and my children and the Author of their Being can now once more come in contact on equal terms." His house was not far off: and as the street-door opened into the sitting-room, and he bolted in with a precipitation quite his own, we found ourselves at once in the bosom of his family. Mr. Micawber, exclaiming "Emma, my life!" rushed into Mrs. Micawber's arms. Mrs. Micawber shrieked, and folded Mr. Micawber in her embrace. . . . "Emma," said Mr. Micawber, "the cloud is past from my mind. Mutual confidence, so long promised between us once, is indeed to know no further interruption. Now, welcome poverty," said Mr. Micawber, shedding tears, "welcome misery, welcome houselessness, welcome hunger, rags, tempest, and beggary. Mutual confidence will sustain us to the end!" With these expressions, Mr. Micawber placed

Mrs. Micawber in a chair, and embraced the family all round: welcoming a variety of bleak prospects which appeared to my judgment to be anything but welcome to them: and calling upon them to come out into Canterbury and sing a chorus as nothing else was left for their support."

Still grander and more imposing is the last appearance of the Micawbers upon the stage. We pause, however, to say that we are morally certain Mr. Micawber, left to himself, would never have emigrated; and that only the delicious temptation of the novelty, and the sense of an opportunity for distinguishing himself as the typical emigrant, could have moved him to such a step. The tears with which he has been welcoming ruin are scarcely dry, and Mrs. Micawber has but newly recovered from the faint produced by the reconciliation.

"My aunt mused a little while, and then said:

" 'Mr. Micawber, I wonder you have never turned your thoughts to emigration.'

" 'Madam,' returned Mr. Micawber, 'it was the dream of my youth, and the fallacious aspiration of my riper years.' I am thoroughly persuaded, by the by, that he never thought of it in his life. . . .

" 'There is but one question, my dear ma'am, I would wish to ask,' said Mrs. Micawber. 'The climate, I believe, is healthy?'

" 'Finest in the world,' said my aunt.

" 'Just so,' returned Mrs. Micawber. 'Then my question arises. Now, are the circumstances of the country such that a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities would have a fair chance of rising in the social scale? I will not say at present might he aspire to be governor, or anything of that sort; but would there be a reasonable opening for his talents to develop themselves—that would be amply sufficient—and find their own expansion?'

" 'No better opening anywhere,' said my aunt, 'for a man who conducts himself well, and is industrious.'

" 'For a man who conducts himself well,' repeated Mrs. Micawber, with her clearest business manner, 'and is industrious. Precisely. It is evident to me that Australia is the legitimate sphere of action for Mr. Micawber.'

" 'I entertain the conviction, my dear madam,' said Mr. Micawber, 'that it is, under existing circumstances, the land, the only land, for myself and family, and that something of an extraordinary nature will turn up on that shore. It is not distance, comparatively speaking; and though consideration is due to the kindness of your proposal, I assure you that it is a mere matter of form.'

" 'Shall I ever forget how, in a moment, he



was the most sanguine of men, looking on to fortune ; or how Mrs. Micawber presently discoursed about the habits of the kangaroos ? Shall I ever recall that street of Canterbury on a market-day as he walked back with us, expressing, in the hardy roving manner he assumed, the unsettled habits of a temporary sojourner in the land, and looking at the bullocks as they came by with the eye of an Australian farmer ?”

When he is found later, “with a bold, buccaneering air, not absolutely lawless, but defensive and prompt,” we feel that it requires all the comfort we can derive from the spectacle of his preparation for every emergency, and all our sense of the infinite satisfaction it gives him, to console us for the parting with our friend and his family.

“He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suit of oilskin, and a straw-hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a common mariner’s telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather, he was far more nautical after his manner than Mr. Peggotty. His whole family, if I may so express it, were cleared for action. I found Mrs. Micawber in the closest and most uncompromising of bonnets, made fast under the chin, and in a shawl which tied her up (as I had been tied up when my aunt first received me) like a bundle, and was secured behind at the waist in a strong knot. Miss Micawber I found made snug for stormy weather in the same way, with nothing superfluous about her. Master Micawber was hardly visible in a Guernsey shirt and the shaggiest suit of slops I ever saw ; and the children were done up like preserved meats in impervious cases. Both Mr. Micawber and his eldest son wore their sleeves loosely turned back at their wrists, as being ready to lend a hand in any direction, and to tumble up, or sing out, ‘Yoe—heave—yeo !’ on the shortest notice.”

Thus our friends disappear from the scene, and we sympathize with the author in making them prosperous and magnificent in that future which they were always so comfortable about. We do not much believe in it, but still he is only yielding to a natural impulse, and commands our sympathy, if not the concurrence of our judgment. In all his works there is nothing better, and not much that is half so good. From beginning to end he never flags in carrying out his conception—the Micawbers are as good the first day as the last, and the last as the first ;

they are always themselves, ready for any emergency, and acting nobly up to it. We will not say that the humor is as high and fine as that which produced Dick Swiveler, but it closely approaches the proportion of that inimitable sketch ; and as time goes on, and all that is to die of Dickens dies as it must—a process which seems to us to be progressing quickly at the present moment—his real fame, which depends upon a very much smaller foundation than that which has been given him by contemporary opinion, will be found to rest more upon these two pictures than on anything else he has done.

We may say here that of all his books “Copperfield” is the one which the reader has most satisfaction in. It has, besides this matchless group, many of Dickens’s pleasantest sketches and best characters. Even the hero himself is capable of attracting us in a way not usually achieved by a *jeune premier*, and there is actually an interest apart from any drollery in the story of his childish life, the curious loneliness and independence of its introductory chapter, and the pleasant reality of growing up and youthful experience which marks the boy’s progress into manhood. Miss Betsy Trotwood, too, is an admirable sketch, the very best of Dickens’s women ; and though the touch of melodrama in her is quite unnecessary, it is not sufficiently offensive to demand any strong protest ; everything (let us add as a general axiom) that can be skipped, and does not thrust itself into the complications of the tale, may be forgiven. The episode of poor little foolish Dora is both amusing and touching, though after the marriage the child-wife is often on the point of growing tedious. Simple silliness is one of the most difficult things in the world to manage at length, and the author is prevented from adding anything to make it piquant by all the circumstances of the story, and the human prejudice which protects the little bride ; but barring this touch of tediousness, there is truth enough in the picture to make it very amusing ; and there is an amount of natural pathos involved in the very idea of the fading and death of the young which Dickens has taken much advantage of on other occasions, with a tendency to false sentiment, and the easy effects of conventional melancholy. Dora, however, is better than little Nell and

Paul Dombey, both highly artificial pictures, relying for their effect upon the far deeper and more real picture which most people carry in their hearts of something sufficiently like to blind the reader's eyes with tears, and overpower his judgment. Before their marriage, David and his love-making are charming; and all through, the puzzled, troubled, saddened, but always loyal young husband, retains our sympathy—as he does, indeed, on most occasions when he is personally prominent. Perhaps, however, it is by contrast with the superior excellence of the story otherwise that the melodramatic part of "David Copperfield" is more repulsive than usual. Steerforth and his mother, and the monstrous imagination called Rosa Dartle, are the nightmare of the book, and even the despair of little Emily and the virtuousness of Peggotty are tiresome. "Skip the pathos," was the earnest injunction which we lately heard addressed to a benevolent reader who was reading "Copperfield" aloud. Perhaps this is too much to say, but yet the reader will find it safe to pass over a great deal of the more touching portions; the strength of Dickens did not lie there.

This is specially true of the short stories published on successive Christmases, the first of which produced an effect which at this distance we find it very difficult to account for. Dickens was then at the highest pinnacle of his fame, and everything that fell from his lips was eagerly received by an admiring public; and the "Christmas Carol," the apotheosis of turkey and plum-pudding, addressed perhaps the widest audience that is capable of being moved by literature. The story of how Scrooge was converted from avarice and misery into the very joviallest of Pickwickian old gentlemen moved us all in those days as if it had been a new gospel. There was nothing recondite about it, no finer meaning that escaped the common eye; everybody understood the moral, and perceived at a glance how beneficent was the training which prompted an old Skinflint to send a prize turkey for his poor clerk's Christmas dinner, and poke him in the ribs and raise his salary next day. The "Christmas Carol" was the beginning of the flood of terrible joviality and sentimentality which since that time has poured upon us with every Christmas, which detracts from our gratitude; but its

effect at the time of its publication was extraordinary, and it must, we presume, have been attended by good practical results. It is seldom that the teacher of charity can lay hold upon so vast an audience; and the kindly moral was perhaps all the more generally acceptable, that it required no great elevation of sentiment or spiritual discrimination. This, however, is the only one of these smaller productions which will retain its position. The succeeding stories, though all bearing the same good meaning, dwindled by degrees into the maudlin vein. "Scrooge" retains a certain vigor still, but not by right of any vivid character or striking scene. Its interest is almost entirely forced, and its power quite artificial. Goose and stuffing are its most ethereal influences; and the episode of Tiny Tim is like the others we have instanced, only touching because of the personal recollections which any allusion to a feeble or dying child inevitably recall. The episode, however, must have been a favorite with the author, since it remained one of his selected passages in his readings till the end of his career.

It is perhaps too early as yet to decide which of the later books are likely to retain any permanent place in English literature; nor do we recollect sufficiently the order in which they were published (which, by the way, is not retained in any printed list we can lay our hands on), to say when it was that the current slackened, that the indications of genius began to grow less frequent, and the creative impulse to fail. Our own impression is, that in "Copperfield" Mr. Dickens's genius culminated, and that everything after gives symptoms of decay. "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit" stand on a much lower elevation, and "Our Mutual Friend" on a humbler level still. The impulse and spontaneity are gone; by times a gleam of the original energy comes back, but as a rule the work is a manufacture, bearing painful marks of the hammer, and brought into being by an act of will, not by the spontaneous movement of life. Even the type of character deteriorates. The smug, self-conscious, professional goodness of the heroine of "Bleak House," which it always astonishes her so much to find appreciated and applauded, takes up a great deal more room than it has any right to do, and irritates and

wearies the reader. What fun Mr. Dickens, in his earlier vigor, could have made of Esther Summering's consciousness, and her well feigned surprise at everybody's good opinion of her! but by this time he is too languid for such an effort, and is compelled to take, as it were, to a kind of imaginative dram-drinking to rouse him up, in the shape of spontaneous combustion and other horrors. Little Miss Flite, who has been crazed by the Court of Chancery, is a fantastic figure, worthy of a place in the permanent collection of oddities which this author has added to his more important pictures; and there is a languid sketch of one of the many prodigals of fiction, with some novelty in it, in the person of Richard, who considers himself to have saved the money which he is prevented from throwing away, and consequently throws it away the second time, with the clearest conscience and a gentle sense of duty. Perhaps, however, the only real hold which this book ever had upon the popular imagination was through Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle, who belong to that class of female philanthropists whom the English public has a certain savage delight in annihilating. Mrs. Jellyby's pleasant placidity in the midst of all the miseries of her household, her perfect temper and good-humored indifference to everybody's sufferings, are very much more true and amusing, however, than the strained fun of Borrioboolagha, and it is a phase of character the author is fond of. "Little Dorrit" is, again, a step lower down in the scale than "Bleak House." There is an effective situation, that of the Marshalsea prison, and the strange squalid life of the family, which has no other home; but Mr. Dorrit is but the Diddler development of Mr. Dickens's favorite character; his grandeur and his meanness are all gleaned from previous sketches, and the result is neither interesting nor agreeable; whereas the heroine is one of those inconceivably and foolishly devoted little persons, mawkishly fond of some disagreeable relation, and delighting in making victims and sacrifices of themselves, who represent the highest type of female character to the author. The best thing in the book is the Circumlocution Office, there set forth at full length; and the talk of the retainers and poor relations of the Barnacle and Stilt-stalking families, the two statesmen races,

which is a not unmeaning though feeble echo of the talk which may be heard every day among the decayed members of the governing classes.

To "Our Mutual Friend" and "The Tale of Two Cities" we can give no place at all. The latter might have been written by any new author, so little of Dickens there is in it. In short, we believe there are at least half-a-dozen writers extant who could have produced a piece a great deal more like the master, and with much more credible marks of authenticity. "Edwin Drood" has been supposed by many a kind of resurrection, or at least the forerunner of a resurrection, of his characteristic force. But we cannot say that such is the impression produced upon our own mind. Of all undesirable things to be deprecated by an admirer of Dickens, we should say that the resurrection of his peculiar style of tragedy would be about the greatest—and this is all which could be hoped from the opening of "Edwin Drood." Jasper did indeed give promise of being one of the blackest of the impossible scoundrels whom from time to time he has brought into being for our gratification; but Durdles is one of the weakest ghosts of the past, and the Deputy a most pitiful shadow of those *gamins* who were ever so full of life and spirit. This fire, we think, there can be little doubt, had died out. Fun and high spirits are perhaps of all other qualities of the mind the ones which do rub out most easily. We do not doubt that Dickens was as strong as ever in constructive power, in pathos, and in philosophy; but then these are precisely the points at which our understanding leaves him. So far as we are concerned, we could dispense with all, or almost all, he has done in these particulars. The higher fount of humor, from which, indeed, at the best of times, he drew but sparingly, was dry; and even the abundant flood of cheerful wit, and large, laughing, though superficial, observation, had failed: never, we think, has there been a more distinct decadence. But natural decadence is no shame to any man: the only thing that can give it a sting is the desperate effort some men are compelled to make to keep up lost fame and do impossible work after the fiat has gone out against them. And this Dickens was not called upon to do.

There is a gleam, however, of departing energy in the curious book called "Great

Expectations," which is worth noticing. It is not in the old strain, nor specially characteristic of Dickens, but there is a certain power in the conception. The horror of the young hero, who has been adopted and "made a gentleman of" by a convict, when he finds out who his benefactor is—the strange wild love and pride of the man in the "gentleman" whom he has made—the faithfulness with which, when his loathed and feared patron is in danger, the young fellow holds by him and schemes to save him—have considerable impressiveness and power. The book is painful in the highest degree; and nothing could be imagined more artificial and false than the picture of Miss Havisham, the vindictive deserted bride, who has shut herself up for a quarter of a century in her dressing-room, where she sits in her wedding-dress, which apparently has lasted all that time too, with but one shoe on, exactly as she was when the news of her lover's falsehood reached her. This mad figure, seated with a still madder disregard of possibility amid her absurd surroundings, is neither tragical, as she is meant to be, nor amusing, but simply foolish: but the story of Pip's horror at the sudden apparition of his benefactor, the sense of repulsion with which he struggles, while he tries to be kind to him, and his exertions to get him free at the last, are boldly conceived and well told. Had another man done it, the likelihood is that the new author would have been much applauded for an effective and powerful bit of work; but all that was characteristic in Dickens, all that was best in him, had faded off the scene before we received this with the applause which attends a popular actor's best performance. How changed he is from what we have known him! we say to each other, as we fling our bouquets on the stage: we withdraw behind the curtains of our box that he may not see us, and shake our heads as he raises, with tremulous loudness, that voice which once rang easily through the house without labor or effort. Poor old fellow, how he has gone off! we say—and applaud all the more.

And when we look back upon the works of Dickens, they divide themselves at once into these two classes—the works of his heyday and prime, and the works of his decadence. The natural vigor of the one contrasts in the most singular manner with the strain and effort of the other; and yet

if we examine into the matter, the change is very natural and explainable. The great source of his popularity is the immense flow of sprits, the abundant tide of life, which runs through his early works. He never spares himself in this respect, but pours forth crowds of supernumeraries upon his stage, like an enterprising manager at Christmas time, sparing no expense, as it were, and giving himself infinite trouble merely to provide a rich and varied background for his principal figures. He leaves upon our minds an impression of unbounded wealth and illimitable resources. We know that it will be no trouble to him to fill up any vacant corner with a group; and even while the thought crosses our mind, his eye has caught the vacancy, and a half-dozen of living creatures are tossed into the gap in the twinkling of an eye. This overflowing abundance has a wonderful effect upon the public mind. A sense of something like infinity grows upon us as we see the new forms appear out of the void without even a word, at a glance from the painter's eye. And then his creative energy was such that a stream of fun passed into the dulness along with this strain of life. These new people amused their author. He dressed them in the first fantastic garb that might come to his hand, and set them free to dance through their eccentric circle as they chose. This immense energy, fertility and plentifulness is, however, one of the gifts that can least be warranted to last. It belongs to the first half of life, and could scarcely be expected to survive beyond that period. When the intellectual pulse began to beat slower, and the tide of existence to run less full, this power abated, as was natural. Though there were still as many people on the canvas, these people were but the ghosts of the lusty crowds of old; and even the numbers got reduced; the supers began to be dismissed; and economy stole in where prodigality had once ruled the day. If the reader will look at the later works, he will perceive at once this lessened fulness. When the author himself became aware of it, the knowledge roused him to preternatural exertions. The absurder oddities of Dickens are crowded into these later books in a forlorn attempt to make extravagance do the work of energy. Such weird and grotesque figures, for instance, as the doll's dress-maker, and Mr. Venus, the



maker of skeletons, could not have existed in the earlier and brighter period. They are the offspring of exaggeration—strange evidences of the wild and almost despairing attempt to keep on a level with himself. This extreme strain and effort to prolong the prodigality of work is at the same time, no doubt, one of the reasons why he never attains in any solitary instance to the vigor and originality of his beginning. It might have been supposed that the very narrowing of the sphere would intensify the individual conceptions; but Dickens would not consent to narrow his sphere, and did not give his powers fair-play. Thus the tide of his genius fell, as the tide of life falls. That elaboration which experience and study make natural to the mature mind, struck at the very roots of his success, for his success had never been due to art. It had been the spontaneity, the ease and freedom, the mirrored life, versatile and rich and ever-moving as life itself, though seldom more profound than the surface picture which a glass reflects and brightens, which had been his grand charm. The "thoughts which sometimes lie too deep for tears;" the "richer coloring" given by the deep glance of those eyes "which have kept watch o'er man's mortality," did not lie within his range. Therefore, as he grew older, he waned, and his power went from his hands.

For this reason, and many other reasons already indicated, it appears to us that Dickens's place and fame in the future are likely to shrink much from their present proportions. When all its adventitious helps are gone, and he comes to be judged simply on his merits, the importance of his position will be greatly lessened. Perhaps he may even be the victim of an unjust revulsion from all the false emotion and claptrap sentiment surrounded by which it has been his unfortunate fate to leave the world. He has had so much false reputation, that it is but too possible his true reputation may suffer temporary eclipse by one of those revenges which time brings about so surely. Unjust depreciation, however, is as much to be avoided as the false glory which so many injudicious applauses have raised about his name. He was not, as he is said to be, a writer of the highest moral tendency, because the company he introduces to us, *par predilection*, is not by any means

good company; and the virtue which he makes a point of recommending is very poor and mawkish in its pretended excellence. But, at the same time, he never introduces one scene, and scarcely a thought, which transgresses the severest laws of modesty; and this, though negative, is praise of the very highest description. His weight is always thrown into the scale of goodness; nor does he ever lend a grace of sentiment to vice, or even attempt to excuse the inexcusable. Had he indulged in the propensities of the "Guy Livingston" type of novelists, it is impossible to calculate the harm he might have done, or the floods of debasing influences he might have poured forth upon the world. But in this point even Mrs. Gamp is as blameless as Mrs. Grundy—nay, infinitely more innocent; for Mrs. Grundy's social heroine is seldom anything so respectable as the mother of six.

Mr. Dickens's claims as a humorist, in the highest sense of the word, are limited chiefly by the absence of that fine sense of moral excellence, apart from all conventionalities, which is like an ear for music, an unexplainable gift, which no amount of genius or understanding can confer upon a man if nature has withheld it. The want is by times scarcely apparent; and once, at least, he overcomes it altogether with a bound, as Wordsworth is said for one wonderful moment to have gained the sense of smell of which nature had deprived him; but, as a rule, this absence of the highest order of perceptions limits his capacity for producing the highest kind of work. He cannot get above himself. By times he has glimpses of a purer air, and strives and strains to get into that better atmosphere—but the strain does but tighten the halter about his neck, beyond the length of which he cannot go. The period in which he is most natural is the "Pickwick" period, in which his high spirits and sense of power carry him quite out of range of sympathy, and he laughs at everybody indiscriminately with a good-humored and easy fulness of laughter which disarms all our censures, and yet is essentially cynical, though so unlike the ordinary conception of that word. But after "Pickwick," when the first fulness of fancy had been sobered by practical knowledge of the difficulties and dangers of actual production, Dickens's virtue

develops with a suddenness and loftiness which is very remarkable. It is as if he had surveyed his mimic world, found out in it the deficiency we have remarked, and had vowed to himself that he would be moral, and would be sympathetic, and that this deficiency should be seen no more. If such was his resolution, he carried it out nobly, there can be no doubt; but yet his morals, like all his higher sentiments, are artificial; they are even polemical, standing on their defence, calling heaven and earth to witness how genuine they are. This want of spontaneous moral feeling takes, at the same time, the point out of his satire. He is shocked conventionally by social evil, but his heart is not wrung, nor his sense of harmony outraged. He is never bitter; sometimes he lashes himself into a rage, getting it up with grinding of teeth and gathering of brows; but the gall which is in that man's own soul who is hurt and stung and made to bleed by wrong is never visible in Dickens. He shoots fiery darts at an abuse, because his attention has been directed to it as something which ought to be assailed, a fit object for his artillery; he does not fall upon it with sharp disdain and loathing, as a thing ruinous and pernicious within. It is the absence of this warm moral sentiment which limits him both as satirist and humorist, giving him admission but to the threshold of the highest circle. In both these branches of art his old rival, Thackeray, takes place infinitely above him, notwithstanding that the common verdict of the world in their day set down Thackeray as a cynic and sceptic, with no belief in virtue, and held up Dickens as a kind of apostle of human goodness. In this point, as in many others, distance clears away the mists, and makes objects which were confused and indistinct when close at hand, clear and apparent to the further view.

Yet with all his limitations and de-

ficiencies the genius of Dickens was one of which England has reason to be proud. When he held the mirror up to nature, he never showed, it is true, anything heroic, or of the highest strain of virtue and nobleness: but he showed such a picture of the teeming animated world as few men have been able to do—he expounded and cleared to us some unseen corners of the soul, so as to make them great in the perfectness of the revelation; and here and there he cleared away the rubbish from some genial sunshiny spots where the flowers can grow. We may apply to him, without doubt, the surest test to which the Maker can be subject; were all his books swept by some intellectual catastrophe out of the world, there would still exist in the world some score at least of people, with all whose ways and sayings we are more intimately acquainted than with those of our brothers and sisters, who would owe to him their being. While we live, and while our children live, Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller, Mr Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp, the Micawbers and the Squeerses, can never die. They are not lofty personages, perhaps, nor can they do us much good now that they are here. But here they are, and nothing can destroy them. They are more real than we are ourselves, and will outlive and outlast us as they have outlived their creator. This is the one proof of genius which no critic, not the most carping or dissatisfied, can gainsay. Would there had been among them even one soul of higher pretension to give dignity to the group! but such as they are, they are indestructible and beyond the power of decay. These are Dickens's evidences of the reality of his vocation, and they are such as even the devil's advocate could not assail. Vain would be the hand and futile the attempt of the critic who strove to shut upon a spirit thus attended the doors of the temple of fame.

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## A HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY A RESIDENT.

THE causes which brought about the revolution of the 18th March, and which enabled the Commune to remain master of Paris during sixty-six days, were of two

distinct kinds; they were partly moral, partly material. Socialism, stimulated by the teaching of the Internationale, prepared the outbreak; the military organi-

zation and accumulation of arms and stores which resulted from the Prussian siege, supplied means of action, without which that outbreak would probably have failed. The so-called Socialist party, which was composed of various and even hostile elements—of the relics of the insurgents of June, 1848, of the agitators of 1851 who had returned from exile, of workmen who would not work, and, latterly, of the active agents of the Internationale—began to show its head once more during the later years of the Empire; several of its members, whose names have recently become well known—Delescluze, Vermorel, Jules Vallès, Cluseret, and others—were then arrested. The moment was not favorable for action, but the movement continued in the dark; and it silently attained a strength and a development which enabled its leaders to seize the first opportunity that offered itself for an insurrection. The Internationale, which dates from the London Universal Exhibition of 1862, did not manifest at its origin the tendencies which it has gradually avowed; and it is only during the last three years that it has actively joined the revolutionary party in Paris. Its first object, copied from the English trades' union, was, to a certain extent, legitimate and respectable: it was to prevent needless competition between workmen, to regulate the conditions of strikes, and to generalize their action in Europe, and to seek all practicable and legal means of improving the condition of the laboring classes, especially in their relations towards their employers. But at the meeting held at St. Martin's Hall, on 28th September, 1864, the character of the association received a different definition: its intention of attaining political results was then indicated unmistakably, though with some vagueness; and it was distinctly confirmed at the Lausanne conference in 1866. The French branch of the society was attacked by the Government, for the second time, in 1868, on the charge of illegal meetings. It was on that occasion that France first heard the names of Assi, Varlin, Malon, Johannard, Pindy, Combault, Arrial, Langevin, Theisz, Frankel, and Duval,—all workmen, all members of the Internationale, and all of whom afterwards sat in the Commune of Paris.

By degrees the Internationale, growing in power, in numbers, and in money,

ventured to throw off the mask which it had assumed at its origin. It continued to pursue the economical questions which had appeared at first to be its sole end and object; but it began to publicly advocate the suppression of religion, of marriage, and of property, and to show itself in its real character of an institution which intends to revolutionize the world. M. Jules Favre describes it, in his letter of the 6th June, 1871, to the French diplomatic agents, to be a "society of war and hatred; its base is atheism and Communism; its object, the destruction of capital, and the annihilation of those who possess it; its means of action, the brute force of the majority, which will crush all who resist it." This definition cannot be considered to be exaggerated, for it is in rigorous conformity with the statement published in 1869 by the directing committee of the Internationale in London, which tells us that "the alliance declares itself atheist; it demands the abolition of religion, the substitution of science for faith, of human justice for divine justice, the suppression of marriage." Elsewhere they say, "We call for the direct legislation of the people by the people, the abolition of inheritance, the constitution of land as collective property."

These are the principles which, for several years, even before the Internationale intervened, have been secretly but widely circulated in Paris, amongst eager listeners agitated by a vague longing for material satisfactions by undefined aspirations after an amelioration of their condition. Latterly, these feelings, perfectly honest and natural in themselves, have avowedly taken the form of a wish to possess without earning, to use without acquiring, to enjoy without laboring. A bitter jealousy of every one above them, an unreasoning instinctive hatred of "the rich," an unpardoning animosity against religion because it teaches the uncomplaining acceptance of poverty and trial, were the natural consequences of these disorderly desires; the lust for *jouissances* became an absorbing passion amongst a considerable part of the lower classes, including also a good many intelligent and relatively well-educated workmen. The chiefs of the Parisian groups, though they quarrelled amongst themselves, agreed in fostering this diseased state of mind, and led their deluded adherents to

believe that the satisfaction of their aspirations would result from the establishment of Communism by force.

So long as the Empire lasted, an explosion was scarcely possible; the Government was strong and absolute, apparently at least; and a rising would have seemed to present small chances of success. But the very day after the proclamation of the Republic of the 4th September, "committees of vigilance" were established by the Reds in the faubourgs; public meetings were held, clubs were instituted, sections of the Internationale were founded in all the quarters of Paris, and every night the most violent speeches were made to excited audiences, promising "the triumph of the workmen," "the ruin of the bourgeois," and the suppression of "infamous capital." The word "Commune" made its first real appearance at these meetings.

On the 31st October, when the news of the fall of Metz reached Paris, the leaders of some of the branches of the party imagined that the reaction against the Government which that news provoked would offer them the opportunity for which they were waiting; so, regardless of all other considerations than their own ambition, forgetting that Paris was defending itself against 200,000 Germans, they attacked the Hôtel de Ville, crying "Vive la Commune!" Several ministers were arrested by them; but the attempt was premature and incomplete,—the population would not follow, several rival chiefs would not unite; and next day order was restored, the Government committing the incredible folly of immediately releasing all its prisoners.

On the 22d January another similar attempt was made; but though the details differed, the result was the same—the insurrection was once more beaten.

The capitulation of Paris produced an entire change in the temper and even in the composition of the population. An immense number of persons, belonging mainly to the middle and upper classes, went away to join their absent families, or for rest after the siege. Those that remained were humiliated, discontented and weary: the common bond of national defence which had held them together for five months was suddenly broken; no cohesion, no energy remained. But if the Conservatives were exhausted

and indifferent, the Communists were as resolute as ever; and this time they appear to have sunk their animosities, and to have united for their common object.

The elections of the 8th February, when they may be said to have carried two-thirds of the candidates, supplied clear evidence of their unity and strength and of the weakness and disorder of their opponents. The Government was powerless and discredited; and it is probable that the presence of the Prussians in the forts alone prevented the insurrection from breaking out at once. All remained tolerably quiet until the end of February: there was uncertainty in the air, and much doubt about the future; but those feelings were but natural after a national disaster, and it cannot be said that any one really foresaw or even feared the events which have happened since.

On the afternoon of the 26th February, a party of National Guards of the 183d battalion seized twenty-seven cannon in the artillery-park at the Place Wagram, and dragged them away with their own hands to the Place des Vosges, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. That was the first public act of the promoters of the Commune; its real history dates from that day. During the 24th and 25th, manifestations had taken place at the Bastille in honor of the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848: the Guards of the Belleville, Menilmontant, La Chapelle, and Montrouge battalions sent deputations to the column, laid wreaths of *immortelles* upon its pediment, and tied a red flag (the first that was seen) to the hand of the gilt statue which surmounts it. The movement was, however, supposed to be an overflow of idle rage provoked by the imminence of the entry of the Prussians into Paris, rather than a commencement of revolution: The murder of the *sergent de ville* who was thrown into the river was attributed to a diseased fury; and during the eight days which intervened between the 26th of February and the 6th of March, the police reports made to the headquarters of General Vinoy, who commanded in Paris, persistently described the rioting as being "patriotic, not political." This view of the matter was confirmed by the march to the Arc de Triomphe, on the night of the 26th, of some 15,000 National Guards, who declared that they would forcibly oppose the entrance of the Prussians, who, fortu-



nately for these volunteers, did not come in till the 1st of March, instead of appearing on the morning of 27th February, as was expected. Any attempt to suppress these acts would certainly have been impolitic in the state of excitement into which the entire population had been thrown by the news that the Germans were really to occupy the Champs Elysées, especially as the whole movement was attributed to a purely anti-Prussian feeling. The cannon taken from the different parks were said to be simply put in safety out of German reach; and, furthermore, even if there had been any recognized reason to interfere, General Vinoy possessed no means of effective action, for he had only 12,000 men under his command; and it was suspected, as was afterwards too well proved, that many of them were affiliated to the Belleville party, and would not serve against the people. For these various reasons no attempt was made to crush the movement; it was left to itself, in the hope that it was unimportant, that it implied no renewal of the risings of 31st October and 22d January, and that it would die out after the departure of the Prussians. General Vinoy contented himself with issuing a proclamation to the National Guard, complaining that the *rappel* had been beaten without his orders, and confiding the keeping of the city to the well-intentioned battalions.

The Prussians came and went; the Bellevillists, as they were then called, left them alone; but after their departure matters continued exactly as they were before. Instead of giving back the cannon, "the people on the hill" went on seizing others wherever they could find them; and it began to be suspected that the patriotic excuse of saving them from the common enemy concealed some less reasonable intention. Forty guns and six mitrailleuses were in position on Montmartre, all turned towards Paris; they were defended by a barricade and by numerous sentries: what did all that mean? Still the general notion was that it would blow over without a difficulty; and the necessary symptoms of coming trouble—the resignation, as deputies of Paris, of Rochefort, Panc, Malon, Tridon, and Felix Pyat, the pillage of ammunition in the government stores, the public revelation of the existence of a Central Committee of the National Guard at Mont-

martre, and the rumors which began to circulate in the provinces that a revolution was on the point of breaking out in Paris—were not regarded as being really serious. The Government, however, grew uneasy a man of energy, General d'Aurelles de Paladines, was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard; and his first act, on the 9th March, was to publish a declaration that he would "repress with energy everything that might disturb the tranquillity of the city." But at a meeting which took place on the same day between him and some fifty commanders of battalions of the north-eastern arrondissements, several of the latter claimed the nomination by election of all the officers of the National Guard; and at the same moment the pickets in charge of the stolen cannon absolutely refused either to give them up or cease their watch over them, as they were ordered to do by General d'Aurelles. These were distinct evidences of the action of the mysterious Central Committee, and of the mastery which it had acquired over a large number of battalions.

Meanwhile the Government had taken all the measures in its power to reinforce the garrison, which was carried in a few days up to 30,000 men; but even this fact, significant as it was, did not rouse the people of Paris to any sense of danger; they were too worn-out and too ill-tempered to think of anything but their personal woes. Yet it became more evident from day to day that an absolute power, in opposition to the Government, was organizing at Montmartre; the guards themselves began to speak out openly about it, declaring that they obeyed their Committee and not the Government, and that they never would give up the cannon—whose number had risen to 417—until every Prussian was out of France, and until the Republic was definitely founded to their satisfaction. In addition to these abstract conditions, they also required that their pay of thirty sous a-day should be secured to them until employment could be successively provided for them all, and that General d'Aurelles should be immediately replaced by a chief chosen by themselves. The two latter points were distinctly stated in a letter addressed to the Minister of the Interior on the 9th of March by M. Courtez, delegate of the Central Committee.

The next day the Committee followed up its declaration by proclamation claiming that the Republic should be placed upon universal suffrage, that the officers of the National Guard be chosen by their men, and that all military authority be declared subordinate to the civil power of the municipality of Paris (the word *Commune* was not yet officially put forward). General Vinoy answered this by an impolitic decree, suspending six of the most violent Red newspapers. But though these signs of approaching action on both sides were distinct enough to have struck the most careless observer, the expectation of a pacific solution continued to be general: no idea that a revolution was approaching existed seriously amongst the public, and "the question of the cannon," as it was half contemptuously denominated, did not occupy any special place in ordinary conversation. Down to the 17th it was generally believed that the difficulty was disappearing; but the Government was sufficiently well informed of the real intentions of the Central Committee to have recognized the necessity of recovering the guns by force, and it silently prepared measures for the operation; the first of them which became public being the nomination, on the 16th, of General Valentin, formerly colonel of the Municipal Guard, to the post of Prefect of Police. The Central Committee, on the other hand, though still surrounded by an almost impenetrable veil of mystery, was evidently supplied with money, was blindly obeyed by a considerable number of battalions, and was clearly determined to hold its ground by force, if possible.

On the evening of the 17th a council of war was held, at which the details of an attack on Montmartre were discussed and settled; but no commotion existed amongst the public, and the newspapers which appeared on the morning of the 18th were perfectly calm, and indicated no possibility of difficulties. At 4 A.M. on that day, before dawn, troops were massed at all the strategical points below the heights of Montmartre, Belleville, and the Buttes Chaumont; they marched up the hill, disarmed a few sentries, took a few cannon, and all seemed to be going well, when the 88th Regiment suddenly turned up the butts of its muskets and joined the National Guard. Battalions rapidly assembled; the cannon were snatched from

the artillerymen who were driving them away; General Lecomte, abandoned by his men, was made prisoner; the troops were fired at by the Guards, and began to disarm on all sides; and, finally, the order to retreat was given. General Clement Thomas, an old republican, who had commanded the National Guard throughout the siege, was recognized in plain clothes and assailed by the mob, and the whole attempt broke hopelessly down. The evidence as to the details of this disaster is rather conflicting, but it seems to be certain that the troops were badly commanded, and that the whole operation was conducted in the most disorderly and insufficient manner. It cannot, however, be doubted that the immediate cause of its failure was the desertion of the men of the 88th, whose example was followed by many soldiers of other regiments on the ground. Towards noon the Guards began to erect barricades all round Montmartre, and as evening came on they went down to the Place Vendôme, and occupied the offices of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and of the army of Paris. At 5.30 Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas were murdered at Montmartre, in the Rue des Rosiers, the very street in which the Central Committee were sitting; and at 6 General Chanzy was arrested on the arrival of the train from Tours. Soon after dark the Hôtel de Ville was taken without resistance, General Vinoy having withdrawn his forces to the Faubourg St. Germain.

On the morning of the 19th the Government abandoned Paris, and the Central Committee became master of the capital. Its first acts were to issue proclamations, to put up the red flag everywhere, and to announce the immediate election of a Commune, into whose hands the Committee promised to resign its functions as temporary governor of Paris.

As the news of these events got out, it was received with a sort of stupid astonishment, but certainly with more indifference than regret. No one was prepared for such an insurrection, no one recognized its causes or foresaw its consequences. But there were motives at work which disposed a considerable part of the population to imagine that the constitution of a new government, whatever its form, might serve their personal interests, and which, consequently, led them to regard its es-

tablishment without much hostility. The laboring classes, even those who had taken no part in the movement, were all anxious to retain their pay as National Guards; many of them had no other means of subsistence: their sympathy was therefore naturally given to any arrangement which seemed to assure the continuation of the thirty sous. The small traders and manufacturers who are so numerous in Paris, and a large number of persons in the lower middle class, were profoundly irritated against the Government for ordering that the acceptances which had been held over during the siege, amounting in all to about fifty millions sterling, should be made payable immediately. As cheques are scarcely used in France, where they are virtually replaced, even for the smallest sums, by bills at ninety days, this measure affected the whole trading population, which had spent most of its savings during the siege, was very nearly ruined, and was, for the most part, quite unable to meet its debts. All these people hoped that a Communal Administration—though very few of them knew what that meant—would enact gentler measures on the question, and would give them time to meet their liabilities, so as to enable them to work round. The rent difficulty was another cause of discontent against Versailles. No one had paid his landlord since July; and every one owed three quarters, which scarcely any one was in a position to pay. The Chamber had enacted a law on the subject which had given universal dissatisfaction, because it afforded no real relief to insolvent lodgers; so here again the Commune was looked to as a saviour. The number of persons influenced by these three motives of personal interest was enormous—it must have included at least two-thirds of the population. The apathetic attitude, on the 18th March, of what are called the respectable inhabitants of Paris, may safely be attributed to lassitude and moral exhaustion amongst the upper classes, and to considerations of possible pocket advantage on the three questions of rent, acceptances, and thirty sous a day, in the trading and working districts.

But though these motives were very generally felt, and exercised a fatal influence on the disposition of so large a number of persons, they were far from being universal. Several battalions of Guards,

belonging mainly to the western quarters of Paris, were ready to resist the insurrection, and a body of about 20,000 of them united for the purpose. They held for many days the Bank, the Bourse, the Grand Hotel, the Gare St. Lazare, and other important points. They sent a deputation to M. Thiers at Versailles to tell him they were prepared to fight against the Reds, as they had already done in October and January, and to ask officers and ammunition. But M. Thiers declared his inability to aid them; recommended them to send away their families from Paris; and to their final proposition, to hold the ground round the Arc de Triomphe as the key to Paris from the Versailles side, replied they had better all come to Versailles to defend the Assembly. The deputation returned thoroughly discouraged, but still cherished the hope that Admiral Saisset, who had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the National Guard on the 20th (in place of General d'Aurelles), on the joint nomination of the Government and the Mayors, would organize them in such a way as to constitute a balance to the power of the Central Committee. This hope grew stronger on the 22d, when the Committee, which seemed to be somewhat hesitating in its action, postponed the elections to the Commune until Friday, the 26th. A proclamation issued by Admiral Saisset developed that hope still more, because it appeared to indicate the Government was disposed to make concessions. He promised in its name—

1. The complete recognition of municipal liberties.
2. The election of all officers of the National Guard, including the Commander-in-chief.
3. Modifications of the law concerning the payment of acceptances.
4. A law on house-rents favorable to all tenants up to £48 a year.

It might have been expected that this announcement would do some good, as showing that an arrangement was not impossible; but its sole effect was to induce the belief amongst the Communists that the Government was frightened, and was going to yield, and, consequently, to provoke still further demands on their side.

On the 22d took place the massacre in the Rue de la Paix; but, notwithstanding that odious act, the Admiral continued

negotiations with the Commune; and on the afternoon of the 25th he thought himself so certain of a successful settlement, that in order to prove his own sincerity he disbanded the battalions under his orders, and sent his men to their homes, to their deep disgust and humiliation. The moment this was known, the Commune ceased all attempts to come to terms, and asserted itself as sole master of Paris; no kind of opposition to its authority existed any longer.

The attitude of the Government throughout the week from the 18th to the 25th of March was feeble and fluctuating; it committed the double error of refusing the support of the well-intentioned battalions, and of negotiating with the Central Committee. It is true that its own position at Versailles was dangerous, and that its main preoccupation was at first to insure its own safety and that of the Chamber; but, by the 25th, 40,000 men were assembled at Versailles, with 520 cannon and mitrailleuses; and it would really seem that on that day, at the very moment when Admiral Saisset voluntarily broke up the battalions of the party of order, M. Thiers was in a position to stem the torrent instead of yielding to it. Up to that date the whole policy of the Government towards Paris had been imprudent and weak; it had irritated the population by harsh enactments on the three money questions; it abandoned all resistance at the very moment when resistance appeared to be most hopeful. But from and after the 25th March its conduct changed; energy and prudence took the place of hesitation and provocation, and though the harm done could not be repaired, no more errors were committed.

While Versailles was negotiating with Paris, and was collecting troops from all parts of France, the Central Committee had organized a military Government; it had seized the forts on the left bank of the Seine, and had rapidly constituted an army. Here came into play the material elements alluded to in the first paragraph of this article. The Prussian siege had converted the Parisians into soldiers, and the whole city into a gigantic citadel, where every kind of arms and military stores had been accumulated in enormous quantities. Nearly 2,000 cannon still remained inside the walls, and the insurgents found themselves possessed of the whole *matériel* which

had served against the Germans. For the first time in history a rebellion was in possession of 250 battalions, of arms and ammunition in vast quantities, and of a strong fortress. All this was ready to their hands; they had but to take it: without it their success could have lasted but a few days; with it, they were enabled to hold for two months against 150,000 men. Previous insurrections had only involved small-arm fighting behind barricades; in this case the rebels had cannon behind regular fortifications; and if they had been able to seize Mont Valerien, it is possible that the siege would have lasted for months. Most fortunately, that almost impregnable position, the key to Paris, was in the hands of honest troops, commanded by a brave and honest man. Versailles retained it.

The election of the 94 members of the Commune took place on 26th March, without disorder; but as 9 of the chosen deputies were either out of Paris or were elected in two arrondissements, only 85 were really at their post; 22 of these successively resigned, and one (Flourens) was killed, leaving 62 original members. Supplementary elections were held on 16th April, to fill up the vacancies, but only 17 additional members took their seats, giving a total of 79. At the first elections, on 26th March, about one-third of the electors voted; at the second occasion, on 16th April, not one-eighth of them appeared at the polling-places. The Commune cannot therefore be said to have really represented Paris; it was, after all, only the expression of feelings of a minority.

The first sitting of the Commune took place at the Hôtel de Ville on the 29th March, or, as the letters of committee expressed it, the 8th Germinal, year 79. It was then decreed that every citizen was bound to serve in the National Guard, and that the three quarters' rent due should not be paid at all. These were the first two acts of the Commune, and they indicated with singular precision the whole character of its future policy, which was to force every one to fight, whether they liked it or not; and simultaneously to encourage and reward its adherents by pecuniary advantages. The obligation imposed on every man between the ages of nineteen and forty to immediately join his battalion, the closing of the gates to prevent the



escape of unwilling soldiers, the search for *réfractaires* at all hours of the day and night, the seizure of men in the streets, the violent incorporation of all such prisoners in the army, were realizations of the first object. The adoption by the Commune of the families of all "victims of the Royalists"; the decree allowing three years from the 15th July for the payment of quarterly instalments of all outstanding acceptances; the promise of pensions to the widows, children, and parents of men killed in action; the augmentation of the pay of the National Guard to fifty sous a day; the law ordering seizure of all manufactories whose proprietors had left Paris, and their constitution as the collective property of the workmen employed in them; the gratuitous restitution of every article pawned at the Mont de Piété for a sum not exceeding twenty francs; the payment of a daily money allowance "to all the wives of National Guards, legitimate or not;" the nomination of these same "wives" to all the posts of sick-nurses in the hospitals with a pay of two shillings a-day,—all these measures were adopted in furtherance of the second object. The first two decrees of 29th March were types of those which followed, and, putting aside all consideration of justice and legality, it must be owned that the Commune showed a most intelligent appreciation of the character of its soldiers, and dexterously employed the means best adapted to obtain and preserve their allegiance.

If, however, the Commune showed, in the measures which affected its military organization, a certain amount of skill and of knowledge of human nature, it manifested utter incompetence in the conception and application of its political and social acts. Its various promoters had been preparing themselves for some years for an opportunity of realizing their theories; it might therefore have been expected that, directly they acquired power, they would bring out a collection of previously-drafted laws enforcing the immediate adoption of Communist and Socialist solutions of all the more important questions. But nothing of the kind took place. They hesitated; they were not ready. The famous schemes which were to regenerate the world were not elucubrated; and furthermore, as might have been expected, the members of the Commune quarrelled so bitterly amongst themselves, that even

if any of them had matured a plan, their colleagues would have opposed it. They were four days in office before they even declared the separation of Church and State, and the suppression of the salaries of the clergy: one would have supposed, however, that no difference of opinion could have existed between them on such a point as that, and that it would have received their attention at their very first sitting. No attempt was ever made to define the real views and projects of the party on the great questions of labor and capital, interest on money, "the equivalence of functions" (a Communist term implying that no man's labor ought to be remunerated at a higher rate than that of any other man, whatever be the difference of capacity or production), the existence of property, marriage, the right to believe in God, and all the other economical, social, and religious questions which the Internationale has publicly raised. The Commune has come and gone without even attempting to suggest solutions on any one of these matters; it has destroyed, but it has not created—it has not even innovated; it has not given one indication of its ideas, or one example of its remedies, for the evils which it professes to be able to cure: it suppressed the Mont de Piété, but frankly owned that it did not know what to put in its place, though on a subject of such direct interest and importance to the working classes, a project of some kind, realizable or not, might fairly have been expected from it. The Commune produced absolutely nothing; it announced itself as a new birth for all mankind, as the guide of suffering humanity, as the saviour of the poor; but in all its proclamations and publications, which certainly have been numerous enough, it is impossible to find a trace of one true thought, and still less of any serious practical scheme for the improvement of the condition of men. It is not till the 19th of April that it decided to issue its programme under the name of a "Declaration to the French People." This document is couched in such vague language that parts of it are difficult or impossible to understand; but as it is the only general statement of its views which the Commune gave, it may be taken as the official expression of its objects and tendencies, and therefore merits examination, notwithstanding its obscurity of form, and the total absence of all con-

clusions in it. After a pompous exordium, accusing the Versailles Government of "treason and crime," it goes on to say that "it is the duty of the Commune to affirm and determine the aspirations and the wishes of the population of Paris, to precisely indicate the character of the movement of the 18th March, which is misunderstood, ignored, and calumniated by the politicians of Versailles. Once more is Paris laboring and suffering for the whole of France, whose intellectual, moral, administrative, and economical regeneration, whose glory and prosperity, Paris is preparing by its combats and sacrifices. What does Paris ask? The recognition and the consolidation of the Republic—the one form of government which is compatible with the rights of the people, and with the regular and free development of society. The absolute autonomy of the Commune extends to all the localities of France, assuring to every one the integrality of his rights and the full exercise of his faculties, and his aptitudes as a man, as a citizen, and as a laborer." Now what does this latter phrase exactly mean? If we are to judge by results, "the full exercise of the aptitudes" of the Commune signifies assassination and incendiarism; but as it may be supposed that the words were intended to bear a different interpretation, it is to be regretted that they should be utterly incomprehensible to an un-Communal mind.

"The rights inherent to the Commune" are described to be "the vote of the Communal budget; the fixing of taxes; the direction of all local management; the organization of justice, police, and education; the choice, by election or competitive examination, of all magistrates and functionaries; the absolute guarantee of individual liberty, of liberty of conscience, of liberty of labor." Here again we have a phrase which, vague in itself, becomes altogether unintelligible when the context of surrounding facts is taken into account. What is the meaning of "individual liberty" and of "liberty of conscience" in the mouths of men who, when this declaration was published, had arrested the Archbishop of Paris, and a hundred other "hostages," had broken into and robbed a large number of houses and churches, and had declared in their individual names, though not in their corporate capacity, that no one should be allowed to have any religious

faith at all? Further on we read that "Paris will introduce as it may think fit the administrative and economical reforms which its population requires, will create institutions for the development and propagation of instruction, production, exchange, and credit; will universalize power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wish of the parties interested, and the teaching supplied by experience." Now if this sentence means anything at all (which may be doubted), it can only be understood to be a frank confession of ignorance and incapacity; in other and clearer words, it says, "we mean to do a vast deal, only we don't know what, and we don't know how." This interpretation seems to be confirmed by another clause, which says, "The Communal revolution inaugurates a new era of experimental, positive, and scientific politics," but which, unfortunately, gives no explanation of what such politics may be, and leaves the reader to again suppose that the authors of the declaration knew no more about it than he does himself. The document winds up by an appeal to France to intervene in favor of the Commune.

Every one who had at all followed the more recent proceedings of the Internationale, had read Socialist publications, or had talked with any of the leaders of the Red party, was convinced beforehand that the whole nature of the movement was subversive, and not substitutive; that it would upset and destroy existing institutions, but would be incapable of replacing them by any others. But no one could have supposed that the whole school was so utterly empty and uninventive as it has turned out to be; no one who had at all watched its efforts would have inclined to admit that its chosen representatives could not even compose a programme of their intended action. And yet, when we examine these hollow, pretentious phrases, what meaning is there in them? Here are half-a-dozen of them, all worded so as to studiously evade and avoid everything approaching to a clear explanation or a practical result. There is but one deduction possible, a deduction which agrees with our instincts and our prejudices, but which has the merit of being based on evidence, and not on mere impression: it is, that the whole system represented by these agitators is a sham and a delusion; that it contains no answer to the questions which they have raised,

no solution of the problems which they have evoked. These questions and these problems are real. The situation of the working classes, the relations between capital and labor, the rights of the *proletariat* and its aspirations after a better lot in life, may well preoccupy all Governments, for, grave as those subjects are already, they will evidently become still more so in the future. But the difficulties which they present have been in no way dealt with by the Commune of Paris; its action has been neither practical nor philosophical; it has been null and void. Forced by the necessities of its situation to give some sort of indication of its views, it has taken refuge in meaningless phrases, of which the sole consequence was to stimulate the discontent of its adherents, without the faintest indication of a remedy for their discontent. After nine years of existence, after associating nearly three millions of men in a common bond of union for mutual good, the Internationale has had two months of power; it has shown itself utterly incapable of utilizing that power for any one of the objects which it professed to pursue: it has not only done nothing, but it has suggested nothing towards the realization of its theories, and it has ended its purposeless reign by a sanguinary manifestation of its real object and its real means of action—the destruction of everything above it. We have now got the true measure of this society; the Commune of Paris was its child, born of its ambition, nursed by its agents, guided by its counsels, aided by its money: the Commune and the Internationale are one; by the offspring we can judge the parent. Both pursue the same result, the demolition of society, as it is now constituted, in all its elements; but, as we have just seen, without being prepared with one single institution to put to the test in the room of what they pull down. However valueless and unrealizable might have been their schemes, they would at all events have indicated that these destroyers meant to attempt a modification and remodelling of the conditions in which the world at present lives: but no; they have proved that their object is to uproot, to burn, and to pillage. After so much talking, after so many promises, this is a miserable result indeed: no other one could be expected, that is true, for in the whole teaching of the Internationale there is not a sign of

creative faculties or intentions; but it is useful to insist upon the fact, so that it may be clearly recognized, and that we may know exactly where the Internationale wants to take us.

In its military organization the Commune showed not only some skill and knowledge of mankind, but also that special form of energy which results from resolute will, and from the feeling that it must conquer or die. Every one of its members knew that he was fighting with a rope round his neck, and the exasperation which resulted from that certainty contributed in a great degree to the efficiency of the defence. But its effect was necessarily only moral, and it influenced the leaders infinitely more than it did their troops, most of whom either gave no thought of the subject, or considered that, if they were beaten, they would receive no worse punishment than prison. Furthermore, the army of the Commune was composed of such varied and conflicting elements that it is impossible to pretend that it was actuated by any general and uniform opinion. The North-Eastern Battalions, who began the insurrection on the 18th March—the men of Belleville and Montmartre—were, for the most part, really bent on instituting what they called a "Social Republic," but, as the event has proved, without any idea as to what they meant by the term. These men were generally workmen, but they had lost the habit of labor during the Prussian siege, and found it agreeable to be paid for soldiering, with a prospect of the division of other people's property between them on some future day. Still, whatever may have been their precise motives—which are very difficult to define, because probably they did not know them themselves—it must be recognized that the majority of them were in earnest; they were pursuing something vague and unexpressed; but they really were pursuing it, and were ready to fight for it. The next class may be considered to have been composed of deserters from the army, thieves let out of prison, and a few foreigners, the scum of their own country. The third and by far the largest class included the men who joined for the sake of the pay (having no work and no means of existence), and those who were forced to serve against their will. In an army made up of such heterogeneous materials

no unity of feeling was possible; and though each member of it shouted "Vive la Commune!" it was with an infinite variety of shades of meaning and earnestness. The total number of National Guards enrolled is not exactly known yet, but as the pay-books have been seized, and are now at Versailles, the amount will probably be published soon. The Commune pretended that it had 172,000 men under arms; but no such figure can possibly be admitted. No battalions exceeded 600 men—many of them did not contain more than 200; the average seemed to be about 300, which for the 250 battalions would give 75,000 in all. The men were well clothed, well fed, and generally were well armed; but as for the greater part, they were hopelessly drunk three times a week: their value as soldiers, even behind walls, was not considerable. Still there were brave men amongst them, and with time and discipline they might have been worked up into something like an army. Like all raw troops, they fired wildly, and the quantity of bullets they wasted in the air exceeds all calculation. In the open they were no good at all; on the one occasion when they were really under fire without any cover (it was on the 3d of April, on the march to Versailles), they all ran from the first shell that fell amongst them from Mont Valerien. The artillery, which, as has been already said, included nearly 2,000 cannon and mitrailleuses, was generally well served; the men pointed badly, but they stood steadily to their guns under a bombardment which must have been at moments extremely severe, judging from the noise it made, and from the destruction which it has produced in the forts and fortifications. But the duration of the resistance is not explainable by the number or the courage of the men; it was rendered possible solely by the circumstances which preceded the proclamation of the Commune, and which, for the first time, had drawn together in Paris an immense material of war, the whole of which was employed by the insurrection. With 75,000 men, strong fortifications, and an immense artillery, defence was easy, especially as the attacking army had to be got together, armed, and organized after the 18th March. The erection of that army, under conditions of the greatest difficulty, does the highest honor to

M. Thiers and the generals who seconded his efforts.

As a military operation the siege was singularly uninteresting: its progress was regular from the first moment to the last, and it presented no special features which distinguish it from other attacks on fortified places. But its history, as it is written in the bulletins of the Commune, furnishes a curious example of the height of lying which men can attain when they have once made up their minds to sacrifice everything to the prolongation of a ruined and hopeless position. The attack advanced slowly but steadily from day to day: the Versailles troops never lost a position which they had taken; were never beaten, even in a skirmish; and on no single occasion, from the 2d April forwards, did the Commune gain one step. But day after day, during these weary weeks, Paris was informed that "the Versailles were repulsed last night;" that "the rurals were driven headlong from the ground yesterday, with a loss of three hundred killed, we having two men wounded;" that "our fire has silenced the Royalist batteries at Beçon and Courbevoie," that "the gallant defenders of Fort Issy can hold out indefinitely, and have dismounted all the enemy's guns at Meudon;" and so on regularly down to the last hour. And, strangely enough, these inventions were believed by a majority of the National Guard, who really supposed that they had the best of the fighting because the Commune told them so. The men engaged at particular points, of course, knew the truth so far as those points were concerned; but the system adopted by the Commune of never acknowledging a defeat was practiced with such resolution and completeness, that the mass of the garrison was kept in hope and confidence, and that even part of the population felt uncertain about the final result. It was not till about the 15th May that the Guards began to doubt, and grow discouraged; from that date the entrance of the Versailles troops was regarded by everybody as imminent and inevitable. When it took place, on the afternoon of the 21st of May, there was no one on the ramparts to oppose it; and Maréchal Macmahon was able successfully to execute the complicated operation of marching 120,000 soldiers into Paris through three gates in twelve hours. From that



moment there was an end of the Commune, for though the street-fighting occupied seven days, the mere fact that the Versaillaise were inside terminated the authority of the Hôtel de Ville, and reduced its inmates to a struggle for a few hours' more life behind barricades. But though the civil power of the Commune finished on 22d May, it was from that same day that, having nothing more to lose, it showed itself in its true character. Then began the fires and the assassinations; then began that frightful week which will never be forgotten by those who lived through it, of which no description can convey the horror and the anguish. Over Paris hung a fog of smoke, through which the sun shone dimly: the shadows were no longer sharp, their edges were vague and blunted; at night, the moon's light was so weak and sickly, as it struggled through the pall which filled the air, that it gave an unreal look to everything; there was no gas anywhere; no one dared to venture out, for balls were ringing against the house-fronts, and shells were bursting, and smashed stone and glass were falling into the streets. But in the back rooms where the people crouched the news got in, "The Tuileries are burning; the Louvre, the Palais-Royal, the Conseil d'Etat, the Hôtel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, are all on fire; the hostages are murdered." As the troops advanced, as each quarter was successively set on fire, the inhabitants rushed out to look, and, trampling over leaves and branches cut off the trees by shot, and over broken stone and bricks and glass, and through piles of paper torn by the soldiers off the walls, showing where the proclamations of the Commune had been pasted, through pools of water where the paving-stones had been pulled up, past dead horses and dead men, the horses stiff and swollen and the men seemingly flattened and empty,—breathing the choking smoke, they hurried to see the ruins! A ghastly sight it was, but happily it did not last. The streets were cleared with astonishing rapidity, the fires burned out, the barricades were pulled down; and on the afternoon of the seventh day, the closing fight at Belleville having taken place that morning, all Paris was out of doors, and the place looked almost itself again. So instantaneous was the revival, so rapid the suppression of the traces of

the strife, that it seemed like a waking from a dream; but it was no dream, alas! —the blackened walls stand there still, and the bloodmarks on the walls of La Roquette are not effaced; they show us what the Commune means.

And we need not limit our interpretation of its nature to the evidence which it supplied during its death struggle. It is quite unnecessary to leave the door open for the possible insinuation that the atrocities of the end were provoked by the bitterness of battle and the ferocity of mad revenge. They were not accidents of the moment, provoked by failure and despair; they were resolutely organized beforehand, and formed but the culminating point of an entire system, the only one which the Commune attempted to apply, and which reveals its true sense, its real intentions. That system had but one form of action—repression; but one object—destruction. During the first few days of its existence the Commune affected to be liberal, but that pretence was soon abandoned. One of its earliest acts was to declare that "the republican authorities of the capital will respect the liberty of the press, like all other liberties;" but it successively suppressed every periodical which criticized its acts, from the "*Figaro*" and the "*Gaulois*," which vanished at the commencement, to the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," which was suspended on 19th May. All the respectable newspapers in Paris, even the "*Siècle*," that veteran amongst republicans, were swept away, their place being taken by a variety of new journals devoted to the Commune. The arrests of hostages, the perquisitions on the houses, the pillage in the churches, the seizure of men in the streets, are too well known for it to be necessary to do more than allude to them as elements of the general system. The pulling down of the house of M. Thiers, of the Chapelle Expiatoire (which was not completed for want of time), and of the Column Vendôme, were but first steps towards the general demolition of all that is grand in Paris: and in order that there may be no doubt about this—in order that the preconceived intention to burn the entire city may not be disputed—it is worth while to quote the words which Jules Valles (member of the Commune) published in the "*Cri du Peuple*." He said, on two different occasions, "The forts

may be taken one after the other; the ramparts may fall; still no soldier will enter Paris. *If M. Thiers is a chemist he will understand us.* . . . . The army of Versailles may demolish the ramparts, but let it learn that Paris will shrink from nothing, *full precautions are taken.*" The words in italics are clear enough; they distinctly imply the intention to blow up and burn; and when they are coupled with the formation, about the 10th of May, of a special company of so-called "rocketmen," and with the official requisition, towards the same date, of all the petroleum in Paris, no room is left for doubt as to the reality of the project, or of the preparations which were made, well beforehand, to realize it completely. Still more distinct warnings were given of the intention to establish a second "Terror," different only from the first one in that the guillotine would have been replaced by the chassepot. On the 16th May, after the fall of the Column Vendôme, Miot said in his public speech, "Thus far our anger has been directed only to material objects, but the day is coming when reprisals will be terrible." Ravvier, member of the Committee of Public Safety, declared, on the same occasion, "The Column Vendôme, the house of Thiers, the Chapelle Expiatoire, are but national erections; the turn of traitors and Royalists will inevitably come if the Commune is forced to it." When the moment arrived for the realization of these menaces, the death-warrant of the Archbishop and the other victims was signed by Delescluze and Billioray in the following terms: "Citizen Raoul Rigault is charged, in conjunction with Citizen Régère, with the execution of the decree of the Commune of Paris relative to the hostages." This decree was followed by another, organizing the fires: "Citizen Milliére, with 150 rocketmen, will set on fire the suspected houses and the public monuments on the left bank of the Seine. Citizen Dereure, with 100 men, will do the same in the first and second arrondissements; Citizen Billioray, with 100 men, will take the 9th, 10th, and 20th arrondissements; Citizen Vésinier, with 50 men, is specially intrusted with the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Bastille. —Signed, Delescluze, Régère, Raviera, Johannard, Vésinier, Brunel, Dombrowski." And all this was done with wilful obstinacy,

and as part of the adopted system. From the very first, these men refused to negotiate or yield; they meant to destroy, and they waited where they were for that sole purpose. M. Thiers declared, at the commencement of April, that if Paris surrendered at once, he would grant an amnesty to every one but the assassins of Lecomte and Clement Thomas. This announcement was answered by a decree of the Commune, dated 5th April, stating that "every person accused of complicity with the Government of Versailles shall be immediately imprisoned and kept as a hostage;" and by another decree, dated 8th April, proclaiming that "conciliation, under such circumstances, is treason." This evidence proves that from its first hour of existence, the Commune intended to fight it out; to reject all arrangements which might be proposed in the interest of peace; and to place its members and adherents in a position in which clemency towards them was impossible. They might have made terms for themselves if they had wished to do so. They preferred defeat; they publicly announced that they had "made a pact with death," and that they would "bury themselves under the ruins of Paris." They manifested throughout their intention of destruction; and the inhabitants of Paris may indeed rejoice that that intention was only partially fulfilled; not, however, from any hesitation or change of mind on the part of the Commune, but because the entrance of the troops was so sudden and rapid that there was no time to complete the preparations for blowing up and burning the entire city.

The expenditure of the Commune must have reached a total of about £1,800,000, not including the debts which it left unpaid. It published its budget from 20th March to 30th April, showing an outlay, to the latter date, £1,005,000; but as the cost of the last three weeks must have been proportionately much greater than that of the first forty days, a general estimate of £1,800,000 is not likely to be exaggerated. Of the bullion accounted for to 30th April, about £900,000 was employed for military purposes, and £100,000 for the civil wants of the Commune. The money was provided by the seizure of £186,000 at the Ministry of Finance, by the requisition of £310,000 at the Bank of France, by the appropriation of £70,000 from the sale

of tobacco in Paris, of £22,000 from the Stamp-Office, and of £12,000 from the railroad. The whole of the £600,000 thus obtained belonged to the State; the balance of £400,000 was produced by the municipal receipts of Paris, the octroi contributing £340,000 towards it. No explanation has been given of the origin of the sum spent from 1st to 28th May; all that is known about it with certainty is, that the railway companies were forced to give about £100,000 of it. The Finance Minister of the Commune, M. Jourde, was evidently an intelligent man: the means he employed were violent, but he used them skilfully; and he showed more ability in his department than all his colleagues together, in their various branches of administration which they took upon themselves. He remained in office during the whole duration of the Commune, though he tried to resign on one occasion: his management was therefore continuous, while in all the other departments there were so many changes of ministers, from personal jealousy and accusations of treason, that the policy of no individual was ever pursued for more than a fortnight. The successive Ministers of War, Cluseret, Bergeret, and Rossel, were all imprisoned by their colleagues; the last of them, Delescluze, died in office. Similar changes took place in the other functionaries of the Commune, all fearing the bitter suspicion of its members towards each other, and indicating that they were only prevented from fighting amongst themselves by the absolute necessity of temporary union against Versailles.

Some surprise has been expressed out of France at the relative security of life and property which existed under the Commune, and at the order which was maintained in the streets. It is true that, excepting during the first fortnight, there was no housebreaking, and there was no rioting out of doors, notwithstanding the general drunkenness of the men. Civil disorder was replaced by political tyranny; there was no robbery and no assaults; and it is to the honor of the National Guards that, in the absence of all police and all restraint, they behaved so well. But if one imprudent Parisian was overheard saying a word against the Commune, or in favor of Versailles, he was instantly arrested. Fear was universal,

not only of immediate imprisonment for *incivism*, or "want of sympathy," but still more of a coming terror, in which the massacres of 1790 would be renewed. Life in Paris under the Commune was dreary and ominous; but, with the exception of the *réfractaires* and the hostages, no one was absolutely in danger. Danger would evidently have come later on; and it is possible that, if the entrance of the army had been delayed for another week, the number of innocent victims would have been vastly greater. The emptiness and dulness of the streets were scarcely credible; a lady was literally never seen, and not a carriage was visible, unless it happened to contain an officer of the Commune. The upper and middle classes had entirely disappeared; not a shutter was open in the richer quarters; the witnesses of the scene were reduced to those who, for want of means or other private reasons, were unable to go away. The emigration reached the immense total of 400,000 persons, which, added to the number who had left before and after the Prussian siege, reduced the population from 2,000,000 to 1,200,000. Never has such an exodus occurred before; it must have shown the Commune the nature of the opinions entertained as to its intentions, and have convinced it that it was rightly judged by those who would have suffered most by it if they had remained in Paris.

The Commune ended by the death of about 14,000 of its adherents, and by the arrest of about 32,000 others. These are such large figures that the Government has been accused of undue severity, and even of needless cruelty: but it should be borne in mind that the executions (which applied to about 8,000 men, 6,000 having been killed in battle) were ordered under circumstances of extraordinary provocation of many kinds. All the public buildings were in flames; women and children were going about with petroleum, seeking to burn the private houses; the troops were fired at from the windows after all the fighting in the neighborhood was over, and in the streets where no engagement had taken place; officers were assassinated; the defence took the form of savage destruction by every possible means; numbers of quiet people insisted on the annihilation of the insurgents, exclaiming that there

would be no safety whilst any of them remained alive; there was a cry in the air for justice without mercy—for revenge of the murdered hostages; and, finally, it must be remembered that the troops themselves were bitterly enraged and were thoroughly indisposed to give quarter, or to hesitate at shooting their enemies against a wall. The gentlest-hearted Parisians saw men led out to execution, and had not a word to say. Surely this state of feeling, which was universal during the seven days of fighting, was excusable; it is very horrible to hear at a distance that 8,000 unhappy wretches have been summarily shot; but the people on the spot, half suffocated by the smoke of a hundred flaming buildings, trembling for their own lives and homes, fired at and bombarded by the Communists with the sole object of adding to the ruin, were justified in calling for strong measures, and the Government was equally justified in applying them. All the spectators of those sights will say that sympathy for such fiends is totally misplaced, and that their immediate destruction, so long as they continued their work of fire and murder, was absolutely indispensable. The ordinary forms of trial are now resumed; but it ought to be acknowledged that the Government, represented by military authority, had no alternative but to suspend them while the struggle lasted.

Now that it is over, the feeling in France is that Paris has been made to pay for Europe, and that the Communal insurrection was far from being an entirely French question. It is urged that Paris happened to present at a given moment certain political and material conditions which facilitated an explosion, but that the true causes of that explosion exist elsewhere as completely as they did in Paris. There is an exaggeration in this view of the matter, but it is correct within certain limits. It is exaggerated, because it does not sufficiently take into account the important action of the purely French elements of the Commune; it is correct in principle, because every country is more or less menaced by a similar outbreak at some time or other. Most of the revolutions which have occurred in Europe during this century have been direct or indirect results of a previous revolution in Paris; and on the present occasion it is

more than ever probable that similar risings will be attempted elsewhere, because of the cosmopolitan character of the agents who have just been defeated in France. The objects which the Commune proposed to attain are avowedly and publicly pursued by its friends in other countries of Europe: those countries may not yet be ripe for action, as Paris was; but if they continue to be worked up by the Internationale, their turn will some day come. It is because they are convinced of this that the Parisians argue that they have suffered as a warning to the world; but however right they may be in that impression, it remains indisputable that the recent insurrection would have been no more possible in Paris than it is in Madrid or Brussels at this moment, if the revolutionary tendencies which may be said to exist in a chronic state amongst part of its population had not prepared the way for it, and facilitated its success. The share of the Internationale in the responsibility of these events is enormous; but the Internationale did not do anything itself; it found half the work done beforehand by French Socialists, by French Communists, by French agitators, who had been conspiring for years before the Internationale was created. That society organized the discontented; it brought together various elements which had previously been conflicting between themselves; it supplied leaders, and probably money; but it was able to do all this solely because Paris was a willing instrument in its hands. Paris must accept its own share of the blame, and a very large share it is. Its lower classes furnished the soldiers of the Central Committee; its middle classes stood, for the most part, apathetically aside when the danger came; its upper classes ran away. With such facts as these before our eyes, it is not possible to admit that Paris is an innocent victim, sacrificed for the enlightenment of Europe. Paris might have escaped if it had not lent itself to its own ruin. Europe may feel the deepest sympathy for its sufferings, but it cannot acquit it of the charge of having provoked them by its own acts.

The French Chamber has appointed a Committee of Investigation into the circumstances which brought about the revolution of the 18th March. These circumstances are somewhat imperfectly known thus far, and it is not yet possible to indi-



cate them with absolute precision; but enough has come out already to enable us to judge the main features of the story, and to recognize that the war of classes has seriously commenced, and that the entire system of society is attacked. It is

for the Governments of Europe to consider whether they can find the means of satisfying the appetites which are growing around them, or whether they will crush them out by force before it is too late.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

THE obscure hunter who first, in the heat of his admiration, gave the name of devil to the Ursian sarcophilus, probably dreamt little that the title would not only remain to the species, but that a learned naturalist would one day endow the kind with the generic *Diabolus*, adapted unmistakably from Garth's energetic sobriquet.

The original term was indeed more homely still—in fact, too low and trivial to have survived in serious print; and Garth owes it, no doubt, to his immediate and prudent substitution of the more parliamentary term of devil, that he remains the founder of the family name.

Garth was an illiterate farm domestic, employed chiefly as a ranger by his master, Lazarus Hart. His history begins and ends with the one solitary incident connecting his name with the sarcophilus, and he is entirely indebted to the subsequent fame of that distinguished quadruped for being remembered at all in the annals of Tasmania.

Lazarus Hart, on the contrary, was one of the few independent settlers surviving at the granting of the charter. His reputation is founded on a lifelong struggle with adversity, ending in a triumph achieved too late to be enjoyed by himself, but infinitely profitable to his children and successors. It is not the place in these pages to sketch his history as a model colonist, but he has every claim to be noticed as a naturalist of merit, and especially in connection with the life and habits of the devil.

I had never the satisfaction of seeing old Hart himself. He had been for some years dead when, accidentally in London, I made the acquaintance of his son Elias. His son's first words were addressed to me in the form of a rebuke, too well deserved to be not acutely felt, but I had ample solace in the friendship that ensued. We were a large party assembled as guests of a common friend, and all sportsmen of more or less pretensions. We were re-

counting in turn our adventures, and as I had acquired less fame in a recent campaign than I thought myself entitled to, I am afraid I betrayed ill-humor in my appreciation of the doings of others. I remember I inveighed especially against the modern fashion of extolling the Australian brotherhood, whose exploits I regarded as mild recreations when contrasted with ours in the East. I had no curiosity, I said, to essay my arms beyond the ancient continent. I had encountered in Europe the bear and the wild boar, the jaguar in America, and in Asia and on the coast of Africa the leopard and the buffalo. I was aware I had still hard labor to perform to earn a name, and from the accounts that reached me Algeria seemed the field of all others for a huntsman resolved at least to deserve renown, although perhaps not destined to secure it. "What business," I added pompously, "had a sportsman who is in earnest, to waste his prime in trapping wombats or in coursing boomers over the easy plains of New South Wales, whilst the lioness leaps, with her cub in her mouth, over the garden gates of Blidah? Why, gentlemen, there isn't an animal in all Australia that, in open ground, would face my old hound Hero!"

"That's all you know about it, master," said Elias Hart, with a smile of assurance that left me no hope of his being wrong. "I can tell you of a creature,—it is true no longer found in Australia properly so called, but still common enough in the remoter backwoods of Van Diemen's Land,—that would not only face your Hero in the open country, but would refuse to move an inch out of his path to let a drove of bullocks pass. Did you never hear of the Tasmanian devil?"

No; I had never heard of the Tasmanian devil. I had imagined, on the contrary, that the zebra-wolf, and the dingo, or native wild dog, were the only carnivorous quadrupeds not positively insignificant on the whole continent and in all the

islands of the new world. It was nearly two years later that the first authentic notice appeared in print of the Ursian sarcophilus, or *Texus Diabolus* of Gray. I therefore listened with greedy ears to Hart's highly interesting, though somewhat inelegant, narration.

"The devil," he continued, "is a beast of about the size of a large bulldog, in appearance something between a polecat and a bear, but in kind a poucher, like the opossum or the kangaroo. There are devils in nature of many kinds and characters. The wild cat is a devil, the rat is a devil, and so are the fox, the Indian buffalo, the stone marten, and the zebra. But the devil of devils is the devil proper, or, as they called him formerly in the blue report books, the Ursian sarcophilus. And it is not only we English that call him devil, his name in French is diable, and in German teufel, and I am told the Royal Society has given the Latin name of devil to the whole race.

"His natural propensities are those of the gluttonous or sluggish kind, and he will be quiet enough when gorged with flesh and left to undisturbed repose, but the slightest provocation, the merest and most unintentional observation will turn him at once into a veritable fiend. He then becomes instantly the very type of senseless fury, attacking all before him, dead or living, and flying with equal fierceness at a mastiff or a barn-door. Nor is there, whilst life is left to him, either truce or quarter; as long as a shred of flesh remains to tear, or a last bone to shatter, he fights on regardless of the numbers that surround him, or of his own subsiding strength, until at last his jaws snap faintly, and his life goes gradually out with an infernal snarl.

"Though taken young, and brought up in captivity, his nature undergoes not the slightest modification. He lives to the last the same surly life, and usually dies in some mad struggle with the bars of his cage. After years of experience he repeats the same acts of profitless and exhausting frenzy. Without apparent motive he rushes at the wall, beating the air like a rabid lunatic, uttering long growls that seem to choke him, till they break out suddenly into a piercing bark. He shows not the smallest attachment to his guardians or feeders, whom he menaces and swears at from the moment they ap-

proach him till they pass completely out of sight. When tired out or overfed he becomes stupid and sleepy, rolls himself up into a corner, and falls into a leaden slumber from which it is not always easy to rouse him. Nothing can be cheaper than to feed him. He will be satisfied for days together with huge bones, which he cracks up like biscuit, and usually swallows entirely.

"The full-grown devil is an animal of strange appearance. His coat is rough, and looks like a blanket brushed the wrong way; the head and stomach are of a brownish black; the tail is black also, but with a large patch of white just above the insertion. An apron of white covers the chest, and there are spots of white on the muzzle and the front paws. In the wild state his habits are nocturnal, and he appears as sensitive as an owl to the action of the solar rays. Whilst the sun remains on high, he keeps within the clefts of the rocks, or under the roots of trees, where he sleeps so soundly that the noisiest pack may pass in quest of him without awaking him; but no sooner do the shades begin to fall, than he issues forth in search of prey, and then, woe to the living thing that passes windward within scent. Beast or bird, large or little, all fall before him in instantaneous helplessness. Once fairly griped, the victim, whatever his kind, is doomed inevitably. A feeble squeak, an unconscious struggle, and all is hushed except the muffled crepitation of bones smashed up and swallowed with the flesh that covers them, the impartial monster making no distinction of morsels.

"His gait is something similar to that of the brown bear. In walking he plants on the ground the entire sole, which imparts to his movements a kind of solemnity in keeping with his heavy structure. He is, nevertheless, more active than he seems, and hunts with an agility scarcely surpassed by his enemy and neighbor, the Tasmanian wolf. In pursuit of his prey he gives tongue like the jackal, and his peculiar voice, resembling a grunt and a bark emitted simultaneously from the same mouth, betrays him at times to the impatient huntsman who has quitted his fatiguing ambush for the chance of a casual encounter.

"Contrary to what might be expected, the flesh of the sarcophilus is succulent

and good. It is said to be in taste like veal. It is certain that the esteem it was held in by the original settlers was not the least of the many causes of his total extinction in almost all the inhabited districts of Tasmania.

"The female bears from three to five cubs, which she carries about with her in her pouch until they grow too big to get into it. She loves them tenderly and licks them conscientiously, and no doubt, to save or shield them, she would attack an army, or plunge into a blazing fire. This is a redeeming quality, and the devil is entitled to his due.

"His voracity renders him an easy prey to the trappers. The clumsiest snare suffices, provided it be strong enough to hold him. Any bait attracts him that can be seen or scented—a dead bird, a piece of flesh, a fish, a knot of mussels, or even a lump of lard. He rushes blindly upon all that tempts his appetite, and has been found transfixed upon a greasy spike used in a tanner's yard for stretching skins.

"It is more difficult to secure him by means of dogs. No single dog will attack him twice, and he will fight any number, till he falls completely exhausted. His great strength, his rage and intrepidity, and, above all, his fearful teeth, sometimes against incalculable odds, determine in his favor a mortal strife, in which at first no chance of life seemed possible. The huntsman arriving, finds the quarry gone, and the humbled hounds dispersed or disconcerted.

"The early colonists had much to suffer from the ravages of these animals, which glided stoat-like into their unprotected yards, and destroyed in single nights entire stocks of pigs and poultry. They were consequently forthwith marked for vengeance and extermination. Snares were laid for them in all directions, hunts were organized, and trackers engaged and paid by contribution. It followed that the devils diminished with sensible rapidity, whilst those that remained took gradually refuge in the thickest woods and rockiest caverns, till at length they disappeared completely from their ancient haunts, and were only to be seen or heard of in distant or inaccessible retreats.

"The settlers were at first quite ignorant of the sort of animal they had to deal with, and a story is told of a young Dutch

colonist of the name of Breeboorst, who lay in wait one night to take revenge on what he supposed to be an opossum or a dasyure. Armed with a stick he waited long for the coming of his imagined enemy, and was just about to dismiss the boy that kept him company, when he heard a rustling amongst some dry leaves which he had strewn expressly at the entrance of the hen-roost. He thereupon, with a plank, closed quickly the hole through which he supposed the yard to have been entered, and ran forward to confound the robber face to face. At first he could perceive nothing, but presently descried two small eyes intent upon his movements from an adjoining shed. Nothing doubting, he ran forward, and aimed at the marauder's head what he deemed to be a decisive blow. The next moment he found himself on the ground moaning with pain, and remembered no more till he discovered himself in bed, with his father on one side, and on the other a veterinary surgeon, who was the only doctor in the colony. It appeared the blow had been no sooner struck than the devil had rushed on his aggressor, and seizing him fiercely by the lower part of the leg, had thrown him with violence to the ground. At this moment the boy, with great presence of mind, had let loose the dog, which in turn had flown at the devil and diverted his attention from the prostrate youth. The dog was killed in the encounter, and the devil would have returned to his former victim had not the youth's father arrived in time, and paralyzed the desperate animal with a gunshot close from the muzzle. The bone of the leg was splintered, and young Breeboorst was long in recovering. He afterwards vowed vengeance on the whole race of devils, and became in time the most determined and foremost of their persecutors. He is still alive, and takes pleasure in relating how the vexation retarded his recovery when he learnt that the infernal brute which had well-nigh bitten his leg off had been allowed to escape with its life. The father had supposed it dead, but the tenacious villain had revived during the flurry of the adventure, and had profited by it to depart unseen."

Hart here resumed the thread of his personal experience, which he had quitted to discourse a moment on the natural history of the singular quadruped he had

brought before us. He told us how for years his father and kindred had grappled with famine and fever in lands which he aptly described as refractory to human intrusion, and how at last they had surmounted all obstruction and installed a thriving farm amidst the astonished marshes of Fort Morcomb. Hart's choicest hunting feats were those achieved in pursuit of animals for daily food, but none were to me so attractive as those where the game was the Tasmanian devil. Of these he recounted several, and amongst them was the incident already noticed, where we made the acquaintance of the ranger Garth, whose happy coarseness had extemporized a name, which experience had found appropriate, and science at length adopted. The Ursian sarcophilus had before that time been called at hazard the Tasmanian boar-wolf, the piebald bear, the grizzly badger, and sometimes even the Australian badger, a name since given to the phascolome or wombat, the happiest and least offensive of the whole marsupial family.

Hart's business in England was to fetch from Cornwall, and take back with him to Australia, two orphan nieces, the last of his father's family remaining in Europe. On the eve of his departure, some weeks afterwards, I bade him adieu with something of a longing heart. I had, nevertheless, no notion at that moment of going in the same direction. It was not till long afterwards, when his words had worn me with their incessant echo, that I began to think seriously of passing into Austral latitudes. Elias was no more a carpet Nimrod than his father. He had been a real and rugged adventurer, and like those of all genuine sportsmen, his accounts were unexaggerated and his good faith sure. I felt, therefore, founded in believing I should find the devil not only a grim and desperate antagonist, but one to which an ambitious huntsman might worthily attach his name, as Paul to the Indian tiger, and Adrian MacCulloch to the shark.

Whilst absorbed one day in these reflections old Hero came into my bedroom. He had been my companion over two-thirds of the globe, and it was fair he should be now consulted on what concerned him, if possible, more intimately than it did myself. "Hero shall decide!" I exclaimed unconsciously aloud, and taking him caress-

ingly by the two ears, I asked him if he felt game to go with me to Australia, and there have a shake with the devil. The dog smiled, and wagged his tail; and I then and there decided at once to go.

I could have started immediately, had I chosen to go in a convict ship, and four months later I could have secured a privileged cabin in a Government packet. I adopted a middle, and as it turned out, a more commodious course, by engaging a berth in an emigrant vessel bound for Sydney, and advertised to sail from Gravesend in the course of the ensuing month. I had written to Hart, and was anxious to be his disciple for a few weeks, in order to save golden time, and in order, if possible, to do the right thing first. He resided in a house built entirely by his children and himself, at an almost unknown place, called Settler's Increment, and situate half-way between Sydney and Inlet Corner. From Inlet Corner I was informed there were merchant ships sailing often for Van Diemen's Land; the destination of Sydney was, therefore, the best that could have offered.

I arrived at Sydney the day before Christmas Day, after the sulkiest voyage I ever remember. The passengers, though three parts paupers, avowed or in reality, were perpetually mysterious and false, telling untrue stories about their past, and giving themselves airs to maintain fictitious actualities. They were, moreover, dirty in their persons, and idle and trifling in their ways, or only serious when gambling. I wished the colony joy of such an ungainly cargo. Hero excepted, and a dog belonging to no one, the captain, and some few of the crew, were the only amiable beings on the ship; but these latter were occupied incessantly, the winds being adverse continually, and the weather occasionally tempestuous. My pleasantest souvenir of the "Julia Boulton" is the captain's astonishment on partaking of a gannet, which I had shot on board, and which I insisted on cooking before him. He declared at first he would never touch it; but the fumes of the roast seduced him, and, after sending in his plate for a second help, he candidly admitted that the gannet was as good as duck. The sole secret is to skin the bird as soon as shot, and then quickly to remove the fat and oil-glands, before the flesh has time to catch the rancid taste of the secretions.



I had business at Sydney, and an introduction to a banker. My business was soon over. It lay with a doubtful debtor, to whom I had years ago lent thirty pounds, and as I had kept the statute running, and had claimed interest under the Act of George, I hoped in part to defray my excursion, and, what was of far more value, to excuse myself to Hart for having gone out of my way by a circuit of two hundred miles. My chance of being paid was the more promising that my friend was said to be amassing money. My first care was, therefore, to look him up, and I was too well served by fortune in my researches to trace him home. My first and only informant was by mere chance an inspector of police, who was able to inform me that my debtor had been in Sydney goal for the last six months for embezzling wool, and had a year and a half to stay there to complete his time.

My visit to the banker was scarcely more engaging. At first he received me civilly enough, though somewhat condescendingly; but on my happening to use the word "colonial," in reference to his house, he informed me haughtily that well-bred people reserved that word for gum and sugar, and were at the pains to find some less contemptuous term for the establishments of the gentry of the town; and I have since read in a book on Australia that the use of the word "colonial" is expected to be confined by strangers exclusively to the produce of the country, and that visitors from home give great offence by applying it to the inhabitants of the towns.

The few other folks I met with seemed equally determined to keep me in my place. Mortifying hints were whispered at my side at dinner about the rise and fall of empires. Historical comparisons were drawn and commented on, with applications intended evidently for my especial humiliation. In connection with home I could hear of nothing but old-world fallacy, stagnation, selfishness, protection, aristocracy, prejudice, atrophy, and extinction, whilst all out here was freshness, progress, freedom, life, and renovation. One young lady told me that the British oak was doomed to wither, in order to make room for the Australian gum-tree, whose roots were destined to monopolize the soil. Of course this made me feel very small indeed, and I was quite concerned about the Brit-

ish oak; but what could I do to prevent its withering, if the gum-tree wanted so much room? At last I apologized for belonging to the mother-country, and was allowed to depart with a severe admonition.

Refreshing indeed after all this was my reception at the home of Elias Hart. On arriving at Settler's Increment I put up at an inn which stood invitingly at the entrance to the village. For this Hart reproached me in a tone that touched me to the quick, and he then immediately despatched a man with a mule and cart to fetch my luggage, and at the same time to take a sheep to the innkeeper as a compensation for the loss of his guest.

Hart's interior was a model of unostentatious comfort, and his hospitality of that unboring kind which allows the guest to exist unconsciously; a contrast to the afflictive zeal of certain hosts, of which the defenceless victim lives in hourly and nervous dread. His family consisted of himself, his wife and sister, nine children, and four laboring domestics. Nearly everything consumed or worn by the family was manufactured on the farm, the corn ground, the wool bleached and spun, and the horse-shoes forged and fitted. Hart bade me observe that he had reached the point where specie was the least required, and further that he economized the profits of the miller, the baker, the butcher, and most other intermediates. He admitted, however, that such an Arcadian state would be impossible in denser civilization, or where land was costly, or required to be tilled expensively.

He was at this time suffering from the effects of an accident, and I joined his family in dissuading him from accompanying me to Van Diemen's Land. I had written him from London, and though I had informed him I should start before I could receive an answer, he had replied on the chance of my delaying, and in his letter he had engaged himself to go with me. It was now, however, arranged otherwise, and he gave me instead a letter to Augustus Hamilton, of Woolnorth, whom he told me I should find a sportsman of the right sort, although bred in London, and a Cockney both in speech and physiognomy. Notwithstanding this assurance, the name of Augustus Hamilton inspired me with involuntary awe, and I shuddered at the recollection of the swells of Sydney;

but I quieted my fear with a mental promise to be vigilant, and especially circumspect in employing the term colonial.

Six weeks later I had passed the straits, and was jolting fast but heavily towards Woolnorth in the postman's car. I found Augustus Hamilton in bed, in a very dirty kitchen, with live fowls on his table pecking at the remains of his supper. He sprang to the ground on seeing me, wiped a chair for me with a stocking, and was soon shaved and ready to receive me becomingly. I gave him Hart's letter, and also a packet of which I had taken charge for him, and which appeared to me to contain money. We were very soon sworn friends, and I perceived with satisfaction that Hart's estimate of his friend was correct. I was nevertheless besieged in his presence with a vague, but ever-recurring souvenir. I had certainly seen that face before, but I was quite unable to seize the recollection. At last, in a moment of animation, his features took an expression which distinctly recalled to me his identity, and I asked him without hesitation whether he had not seen me before. The question seemed to make him uneasy, and he replied in the negative. I then said, "You cannot have forgotten me in *Cursitor Street*. Is not your real name *Nathan Cocksedge*?"

Poor fellow! he assented in a tone of chagrin, which made me regret bitterly that I had been so clever. He seemed, however, to be relieved in the end that there were no more secrets between us, and as I tendered him my hand, I assured him that Augustus Hamilton should be to me thenceforth inviolable, and that *Nathan Cocksedge* was consigned to oblivion. My acquaintance with Hamilton, as he must now be called, arose out of things by no means grateful to my memory. My friends had fondly destined me to become an attorney, and I had gone so far in the profession as to complete my articles with the bygone firm of *Brooking and Surr*, of *Lombard Street*. Those were the good old times of the red-tails, the rare old days of the declaration-books and the special originals, when, in a twinkling, for a debt of forty shillings, you could put a struggling tradesman to a cost of as many pounds. Those were the days of arrest on mesne process, of bail in chambers, of bum-bailiffs, nabsters, and men of straw. The calling of a town attorney was then

indeed a scald upon the face of London, and richly justified the mordant sarcasms of *Pope* and *Johnson*. The country attorney shared in the profits, but was not always privy to the oppressive working.

During my apprenticeship Hamilton was known to me by reputation both as a nabster and a man of straw. A nabster was a sheriff's bull-dog, or sub-aid to an under-sheriff's officer's man. His business was to fly provisionally at the throat of a refractory defendant, and pin him till the arrival of a legal reinforcement. Of course he was responsible for all sorts of consequences, but it was seldom advisable to attack him. A man of straw was a mysterious and taciturn individual, who paced round *Clifford's Inn* with a single straw sticking accidentally into the side of his shoe. To this individual resorted the unscrupulous suitor who was hard pressed for a witness, a deponent, or a surety, and it was old *Brooking* himself who convicted Hamilton of some such delinquency, and procured him a year's imprisonment in the city gaol.

On the whole I think I detected in my breast a Pharisaical satisfaction at finding myself the patron and secret-holder of a grateful sinner. In any case I felt no kind of repugnance at accepting his useful and devoted friendship. I felt, moreover, that the change of name and scene, the distance from temptation, the contact with wild beasts and virgin clods, the unsparing sacrifice of his person, and the long privations of the bush, had thoroughly condoned his wickedness, and restored his being to its rightful and natural condition. I was perplexed to know how it came that, with such an unrustic youth, he had become so hardened and adventurous a ranger. He replied that I had only known him in his ostensible profession. He had subsisted chiefly by poaching in the night at *Kingsbury*, and that his arm having been there broken in a fight with the keepers, he had been driven to the unholy trade which had ended so unhappily in London. We then moralized awhile on the cutting circles of our small existence, and agreed that our present meeting, so singular in appearance, was, in reality, as natural as the least surprising of our daily occurrences, and we then dismissed the subject, to devote ourselves exclusively to the engrossing business which had brought us together.

A week's preparation enabled us to start for Nobbler's End, where Hamilton informed me we should procure fit men and dogs for the dangerous game we were in quest of. We took with us, in the way of food and cooking utensils, what seemed to me an embarrassing provision; but it turned out to be none too ample for our need. We should, indeed, have been thankful for an extra supply of brandy, of which I imagined we were taking a most suggestive and compromising quantity. At Nobbler's End we had to wait five days for the return of a party of rangers, who were gone for wood to the forest of Little Hampshire. I, for one, however, declared myself well paid for the delay. The men brought back with them, emptied and in good preservation, a brace of bandicoots and a good supply of parrots, poplocks, bister pigeons, and several other kinds of birds. All these I was curious to taste, and found them to be, with exception, excellent. I am convinced there is little, if any, flesh or fish in creation not fit for human food, if scientifically cured and cooked with skill.

At length, through alternate tracts of sand and brushwood, we reached the limit of the Little Hampshire flats, and proceeded up the Spalding Hills, in serious pursuit of the Ursian sarcophilus. Our party consisted of six men, including Hamilton and myself, and seven dogs, including Hero. I felt at times a little nervous about poor old Hero, notwithstanding his spiked collar and his prodigious strength. I knew his courage, and dreaded to see him smart for it undeservedly, from his entire ignorance of his opponent's mode of warfare. I was told the devil, once roused, entirely neglects his own defence, and thinks only of wounding his aggressor. When attacked by a dog, his plan is to seize it by the fore leg, and if he gets fair hold, the bone snaps at once, and the dog limps off disabled. Hero had earned applause in many a sanguinary fight, and I felt truly pained at the thought of witnessing his defeat in his old age, and possibly his death, from the grip of the hideous beast we were expecting to encounter; and I felt the more touchy on the subject, that Hero had become the admiration of the hired rangers, who were provokingly impatient to see him, as they expressed it, "tackle a devil fasting." Fasting applies to the animal when roused from his sleep

in the daytime, a proceeding which redoubles his natural irritability, and which he resents with his utmost ferocity.

I was startled from this unpleasant reverie by the report of a gun some yards ahead of me, and presently Hamilton presented me with a charming little grey quadruped with yellow feet, of about the size of a guinea-pig. It is known classically as the *Antechinus flavipes*, but goes popularly by the name of the yellow-footed pouch mouse. It was a female specimen, and had the pouch sufficiently developed. I skinned it on the spot, and have still the spoils at home. The remains we cooked for supper, and had only to regret that they afforded us so scanty a repast.

The next chance of a shot was mine. I was attracted by a rustling behind me, and, turning quickly, was in time to take aim at an animal of about the size of a rabbit, just as it was about to disappear in the hole of an immense tree. I fired, and the animal fell amongst the lower branches, where it hung lifeless and unreachably. Hamilton climbed the tree like a cat, and threw me my shot, which I was highly impatient to examine. It turned out to be the long-eared pig-foot, so called from the length of its ears, and an extremely faint resemblance of its feet to those of the hog. It was first named the tailless cherop by its discoverer, Michael Edwards, who caught it alive in the hole of a tree, and found it to be without a tail. Other specimens were, however, taken afterwards with tails nearly a foot long, and it became clear that the first individual had merely lost his tail by accident. The name continued nevertheless through the vice of habit, until Gray inscribed the animal with authority under the name of *Castanotos*, from the chestnut color of its fur. This animal also is a marsupial, as indeed are nine-tenths of the quadrupeds of Australasia. Owen tried hard to explain the phenomenon as a provision of nature against the effects of drought. "What," he writes, "would become of the helpless young ones whilst the mother was gone, perhaps a two days' journey, in search of water? It is necessary she should take them with her, and for this purpose the pouch is indispensable." But Owen's theory broke down before the instance of the dingo, which is not a marsupial, and which exists and thrives under the very conditions which Owen regards as fatal.

Meanwhile we had been able to discover no trace of the sarcophilus, and Hamilton gave orders for returning to our encampment at Nobbler's End, and there packing up for a longer journey westward. A two days' march from the camp brought us to the edge of an immense plain bestrewed with loose stones, over which we had a fatiguing pull of nearly three hours. On the other side, passing westward, we came to an acclivity covered with tall herbage, and interspersed with rocks. Towards evening we reached a sort of rocky platform, from which Hamilton pointed out a spot in the distance where he had assisted in killing a sarcophilus, and afterwards in roasting and eating it. It was there, he said, we should find the devil if anywhere. The place, he believed, had been undisturbed for years, and he knew there were devils in the neighborhood.

The whole of that day and the next was spent in beating fruitlessly the covers. We then moved higher, as Hamilton began to suspect the game had been molested recently, and had found by experience that the rocks were safer than the bushes. At nightfall we held a council, and determined to keep watch till moonlight, on the chance of surprising a sarcophilus hunting on scent, at which time, as has been said, the animal betrays its passage by its voice. The dogs were then chained up and the fire extinguished. Towards midnight I fancied I heard the grunt of a pig, and suddenly remembering that the voice of the sarcophilus was said to be something similar, I called softly to Hamilton, and bade him listen. But Hamilton had no need of my warning; he had caught the grunt himself, though farther off, and I heard him fall immediately at full length on the ground. I did the same without knowing why, but I learnt afterwards that Hamilton had taught himself to interrogate the ground like a native bushman. Presently I heard the grunt again, but less distinctly. Hamilton lay still, and so did I, though I began to get tired of a posture which seemed to me a waste of caution, as, whether up or down, it was too dark to be seen by any known organization of optics. I had since heard, or fancied I heard, the grunt a third time, but still there was no movement. At last I got up, with as little noise as possible, and was about to creep on to Hamilton, when all at once, guided I sup-

pose by some indication which had escaped my less fine senses, I heard him give a long, low, thin whistle, which quite made my hair stir with excitement. This was a notice well understood by the rangers, for I immediately afterwards heard the chains chink faintly, which apprised me that the dogs were being held in readiness. Hero was close by my side; in fact, he never left me, but he lay as composedly as usual, and appeared not at all to understand my eagerness. We were only three guns, including myself, two of the rangers having merely spears, and the fourth a horse-pistol. The moon rose shortly after, and we were able to converse by signs; but morning dawned and found us still expectant. The game had wisely followed its inspirations, and left us shivering from stillness. The amount of brandy I absorbed that night was positively indecent, but it left no trace of either dryness or nausea, and I believe it saved me from the ague, especially the liberal portion I poured into my boots.

Next day was a total blank, and I began to fear the devils were resolved to balk us. Towards evening, however, my hope revived, and before night I had the envied quarry at my feet. I had strayed a little from my post to follow a strange-looking bird that greatly excited my curiosity, and I owe it to that wilful distraction that I lost the opening and most interesting scene of the encounter. It was not a long, low whistle that recalled me this time to my obedience, but a series of boisterous halloos, that told me clearly there was an end to ambush, and that the battle was declared in open and unmasked hostility. Shout followed shout in quick succession, and then there came a howl, so long and dismal that old Hero pricked his ears and sprang forward in the direction of the sound. I called him back, determined to have him under my own immediate control, and we hurried on together to the scene of action. As I tore through the brushwood, the horrid stubs gored my feet and sadly impeded my advance. I had scarcely noticed them whilst picking my way leisurely, but now in my haste I found them a most cruel obstruction. I nevertheless got rapidly through, and I shall not forget the scene which broke on my view as I emerged into the open ground. With his back to a large overhanging stone,



there stood, half crouched before the dogs, the most horrible-looking beast imaginable. Not that his contour was villanous: in form he resembled a badger, but his physiognomy was literally diabolical and quite explained and justified his apparently exaggerated name. What struck me first was the look of sarcasm expressed by the drawing down of the corners of the lips,—an expression taken also by the ass, when over-tormented, and unable to intimidate or escape from his tormentors. His jaws were just wide enough apart to reveal his large white teeth without parading them, and from between these issued a continuous growl, that seemed to unwind from a bobbin in his throat. But what most arrested me was the animal's infernal eyes. The eyes of the wild cat are said to be the most savage-looking in nature, but there is about them an expression of uncompromising ferocity, which is frank and unmistakable. Such might have been the eyes of Marius, which disarmed the affrighted slave commissioned to execute him in his prison. The eyes of the sarcophilus are small, black, leering beads, fraught with design, but close and impenetrable. Such must have been the eyes of Burke, whilst hiding the plaster in his hat, and watching the friendless Italian boy from the dark arches of Great Queen Street.

When I first arrived on the ground, the wounded dog was still howling piteously, with its tail curved under him, and holding up his right fore foot. The five others were close to the devil, dodging within distance, but not venturing to close with him. One, the smallest of the five, appeared the most resolute, fixing him steadily, and apparently watching his opportunity. A shot had been fired, and evidently with some effect, as the devil was bleeding from the ear. One gun was on the ground, bitten short off at the slope of the stock, and the closeness of the dogs prevented the use of the other. On seeing Hero, the men at once hounded him on the devil: and, not hearing my half-muttered counter-orders, looked petrified at his apparent want of courage. At last the small dog closed, and the others took heart immediately. A fearful strife ensued, in the midst of which I let loose Hero with a shout, meant to explain his previous passiveness, and which he now redeemed abundantly. With one bound

he reached the devil, and fastened fiercely and heavily on his throat. This turned the scale at once, for the poor devil was already at bay with the whole pack, and Hero's weight and galling collar completely mastered him. On seeing him thus pinned, a spearsman stepped forward and ended the fight abruptly with a mortal thrust. The devil then turned on his side, still eyeing the dogs defiantly, till his life went out with a snarl that seemed to go right down and expire under-ground.

The first dog was maimed irreparably, and his master shot him on the spot. Two others were wounded badly, but not incurably, and one had got blinded by some accident not explainable. Hero had not a scratch, and I felt it my duty to make it well understood, for his reputation, that it was I and not he that had fought shy at the beginning.

We flayed the devil then and there, and half salted his carcase. We afterwards lived on it for two days, and were sorry when it came to an end. I cannot say it tastes like veal; it is more like leveret, but lighter in color, and less close in fibre. The dogs took their share, but without any show of eagerness, and they all of them preferred soaked biscuit. I preserved the jaw-bones and teeth, and still regard them as the most eloquent souvenir I possess.

A few weeks afterwards I was again with Hamilton at Woolnorth, and preparing to take leave of his hospitable kitchen, which he had had well cleaned for my accommodation. He implored me to return after a visit I purposed making to Hobart Town, and he promised a rare kangaroo hunt in the savannahs of Port Richardson. But my time was now running short, and I was anxious to return to the mainland, to explore the southern districts before winter with Hart and his two sons, as had been agreed, if health permitted. My acquaintance with Hamilton had obliterated Cocksedge, and I felt able to conciliate the two individuals by the simplest application of a rule of charity. His devotedness to me—and he had shown me much during a five days' illness from marsh fever—had been utterly disinterested, for he had in reality nothing to fear from any indiscretion of mine. He consented to my defraying the expenses of our excursion, but refused a ten-pound note which I pressed on his acceptance. I

allowed him, at his urgent request, to accompany me to the coast, and he remained my guest at Willan's Bay until the vessel sailed for Inlet Corner. I fancied, as I bade him adieu from the side of the ship, that I discerned in his face a more complicated emotion than usually arises

from the mere severance of a temporary tie. Whether that were so or not, I cannot say with certainty; but I am certain of this, that my feeling for him, as his form disappeared in the distance, was wholly purged of its former Pharisaical admixture.

JAMES LEAKEY.

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Exchange.

#### NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is over now, she is gone to rest—  
I have clasp'd the hands on the quiet breast :  
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,  
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,  
No streak was there in the midnight sky ;  
Now I am one to watch the day  
Come glimmering up from far away.

What will he say when he comes in,  
Waked by the city's morning din ;  
Groping to find and fearing to know  
The sorrow he left but an hour ago ?

What will he say who has watched so long  
When he shall find who has come and gone ?  
Come a watcher that will not bide  
Love's morning or noon or even-tide.

He thought to kiss her by morning grey,  
But God has thought to take her away :  
What will he say ? God knows, not I—  
"Good night," he said, but never "good-bye."

C. FRASER-TYTLER.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN one speaks of a Swiss lake with blue-green water clear as the very sunlight, deepening here and there into strange, profound shadows, with mountains rising out of it, mountain behind mountain, until far away the eye rests upon the crown of everlasting snow, with flashes of brilliant colors, boats with red-striped awnings, pomegranates flaming in great green tubs before the houses, little villages nestling among walnut-trees close to the water's edge, and odd little churches with graceful red spires or tall cupola-like towers in the midst of them—everybody knows which lake it is. People come down to Lucerne from the heart of the great Alps, a little disposed to quarrel with it for having no

great Alps of its own, for being a town, for being hot, for being, in fact, something different from a brown chalet up in the sweet breezy mountain pastures ; but there is no withstanding its influence. You may grumble for a day or two, and then you give way forever. You knew it all before, and yet there is a witchery entirely unexpected—the form of the mountains, the vivid coloring, the water-towers, the quaint crooked covered bridges, and wicked old Pilatus muttering to himself above them, or drawing down pink lightning. The Lion, of which photographs and hard little carvings had sickened you, is, after all, unutterably pathetic in his rocky cavity. There he has stretched himself in

the agony of dying—of dying in the prime of power; tremendous strength is still apparent in the great, outstretched paw, the magnificent head, but it is yielding to the cruel buried spear. The claws relax, the eyes close with a terrible look of anguish, the noble head, massive and kinglike, droops on the shield which bears the Bourbon lily for its crest—he has fought to the death, and only in the powerlessness of that death shall the lily be torn from his faithful hold. The photographs may have sickened you, but you forget them all before this most touching of tributes.

Something had happened one day to bring the country people into the town. Perhaps it was one of the annual fêtes. At all events, they had poured in from the little villages, and the place looked the brighter for the intermingling of costumes which the townsfolk have too much discarded. All the day long there had been a coming and going across the old covered bridges, through the narrow, rudely-paved streets, or under the shade of the trees which divide the great crowded hotels from the green water palpitating under the wall. Now the great heat of the day was diminishing, the hubbub became less cheerfully busy; there were long shadows on the lake, exquisitely tender opal tints upon the mountains, and a softening of the intense metallic blue of the sky. People walked about with a dreamy look of content upon their faces, as if the beauty had taken hold of their souls.

By-and-by it seemed that knots of persons were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the long shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering, and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played, and all the *table-d'hôte* dinners accommodated themselves to this fancy of the English to go and hear it. When the cathedral was pretty full, the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops; there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hailstorms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held their breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous *vox humana* stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the

high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep bass undertones. Between whiles the organist would indulge in his crashes and tempests, and then the calm voices would come in again, soothing it all.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened up with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased, he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say in a subdued tone,—“Else!”

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated more timidly,—“Best Else; the uncle will want us to be going. The church is nearly cleared.” She turned quickly upon him.

“Ah, heaven, Christian,” she said, with a touch of childish petulance, “now thou hast spoilt it all! I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace.”

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Else. It was Christian's thoughts of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. Christian's uncle was sacristan, and he had undergone sour looks enough from the old fellow—who hated lovers—to have turned a whole dairy-full of cream, before he got liberty to come in with the crowd and hear the famous organ. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes, in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he revered it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish, dreamy little heart, nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she

repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go, as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant. Cross old Hermann, who watched them out of the door and into the cloisters, shook his head sulkily. "Women should be at home milking the cows, but the boy's a fool, and his father was another, and they think nothing too good for a baby face with enough pink and white in it," grumbled the old man, slamming the heavy door.

The crowd as it left the cathedral dispersed on all sides, the English went back to the hotels and the *tables-d'hôte*; a party of Germans, talking noisily, strolled along under the trees towards the steamer; Christian followed Else when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking out through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly," she cried rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put the choir up there in some hidden recess."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would be soon found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well when I thought as thou once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Else. "Thou art too wise," she retorted satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on,—"*It is sweet though, as thou said'st. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music.*"

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody but thou would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, would not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge which I showed thee to-day—one of us, only more beautiful—thou knowest which I mean?"

"The—the Abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The Abbot!"

Else turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The

poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand anything.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue, and green files. Else stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Else caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Else. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful clear blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels towards the middle of the lake.

Poor Christian! Else need not have tried to give him more pain than was just now aching in his heart. He could understand her looks and words well enough when she wanted to show him whether or not he was in favor, although to find reasons for her quick changes of mood baffled him. Perhaps that was no wonder. Nor would it have much mattered, but that Else, with her impetuous girlish unreasonableness, expected him to keep pace with them all. It had been the same before their betrothal, and it was the same now; perhaps a little more strongly the same, if there was any difference whatever. The other young men laughed when they saw his kind steadfast face clouded, but Else, foolish child, liked to feel her power and to wield it. He looked at her sadly as they sat together in the boat, and lingered over his vigorous strokes that he might watch the sweet



little head turned away from him, with its shining plaits of hair, the fair throat, the rounded arm, all so inexpressibly dear, and yet so naughty in its wilfulness. He had hoped somehow that the music which had so delighted would have softened her to him, instead of raising this irritation. He did not, in truth, understand her temperament, but he never doubted its superiority, and he had taught Else by his homage to believe it too. A looker-on would have longed for something which should shake her into a true perception of the noble humility which raised him far above her. No such shock, however, had come; Christian Amrhein was in Else's eyes as good and as dear as if he had been her brother, and as stupid as the cows she milked morning and evening; but as her mother, Wittwe Rothler, was very poor, and wanted him for a son-in-law, Else had consented to marry him. This she was persuaded would make him perfectly happy; while for herself—it is difficult to say what sort of an inner life she made out in her dreams. He had not much part in it, except as he was mixed up with the cattle and the dairy. Nevertheless, she expected him to be entirely content.

Christian lingered over his strokes, as has been said, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colors, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi-Kulm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and everything was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Else's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings. The boat glided smoothly along, past one green promontory after the other; once or twice another boat came near them.

"Dear heaven, how pretty it is!" said Else, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did; only there still remained behind a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good evening, Herr Amrhein," she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy-white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backwards and upwards towards the mountain in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough shn-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jewelled meadows were kept for the hay-crop; the goats and cows were up in the Sennen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Stürm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupins were springing up lithe and tall, the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut-mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheeses. Else had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went

into the common stock; at the end of the season there would be a division of cheese and butter among all the proprietors, according to the report of the inspectors. Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Else, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure, although Hans and Karl grumbled at losing his strong hand. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Somehow or other, in the daily life of labor familiar to them both, it had not been so apparent. She was often vexed because, she said, he did not understand her, and he had been vexed with himself; but the little shadows came and went like the soft mists that curled round the mountain ridges opposite, and through them all he never lost sight of the quiet tranquil life that he believed to be behind them. Now he began to doubt whether it might not be a land of storms after all—storms which would rend and sadden his bright quick-natured Else. Her happiness perhaps lay in a world where he could never join her: how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly without one tinge of bitterness; his serious sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience; but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Else had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up towards the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he

went. Ideas did not come to him very quickly; it cost him time to put together what it only takes a few words to write, and it cost him more than time to put such ideas as these together. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water towards a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and, seeing Christian, she stopped. A very ugly old woman standing at the door called to him in a loud, good-humored voice.

"So, so, go along together, you two. She is in good hands if she is in thine, Christian. Art thou off to the pasture, too?"

"No," he said, with a little wonder. "Is Else returning already?"

"Do not fear, she shall come down again," said the old woman, nodding her brown face, with all the scanty hair strained off it. "I must keep her yet for a day or two, for I do not know what is the matter with me. A mill-wheel has got into my head, I believe. But Maria Walther is wanted to see her sister who is back from Strasbourg, and Else offered to go for her. What brings thee away from the farm?"

"The stream is higher than usual," said Christian, not answering her question, "and this hot sun melts the snow too fast. The cottage is safe here, mother, at any rate," he added, looking round him a little anxiously.

"Safe? Ha, ha!" laughed the old woman. "The cottage is as safe as the church. Look to thyself, Christian. The farm will soon be in the lake if we swim there."

"Yes; if one begins, the other will quickly go after it," Christian assented, in his grave matter-of-fact tone. He walked a little further up, where a great walnut-tree flung a dark circle of shade upon the golden brightness of the meadow. Else, who had taken no part in her mother's conference, followed him with her eyes.

"Was ever such a one? He would arrange for next year's harvest," said Wittwe Rothler, still laughing, and shaking her broad shoulders.

"Yes, and how much weight of butter must hang then on the wooden pins," Else added, with a touch of contempt,

which her mother either did not notice, or to which she was accustomed.

Christian came back with his firm, springy step. "There is a good deal of water, but not too much. Come, Else."

"Art thou going then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her a moment before he answered. She wore a dark-stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-colored material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered under his breath, so that Else did not hear. The two went away together up the steep path between the walnut trees; Wittwe Rothler watched them with satisfaction.

"A fine couple, yes, a fine couple," she said, turning back into the little green-shuttered house, with its window-boxes full of gay flowers. "And to think I was once as pretty as my girl!"

It was true, although no one would have believed it.

The two, going away together, walked side by side, silently. All the imaginative part in Else's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. So she was silent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often excited in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir-glade. The stream hurried and flung itself along, the fir-trees stood steadfastly up against a deep cloudless sky, the clear air was fragrant with the aromatic scent of pines, of mountain flowers, and young oak ferns; high up they heard the tinkle of cow-bells, or a wild weird jodel echoing away among the hills. Here in the warm sunlight, with Else by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtle, delicious charm was about him. And yet, al-

though they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Else to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn. "Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same!" thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"At all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear heaven, what is this to live for? I wish I were dead," she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian, no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Else's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken his dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms. Alas, was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Else," he said, in a low voice, which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale, too—it is not very often in a life-time that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does,

it compels us to listen,—“something ails thee, what is it?”

“I do not know,” she answered, in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand anything below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true, she did not really know what was the matter with her. “I do not know,” she repeated dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

“I can tell,” said Christian, sadly; “my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake,” said the poor fellow, with his straightforward humility. “I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free——” Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Else, she was startled altogether, startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain pleasant sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold, they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

“What have I done to displease?” she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

“Displease!” he cried passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely. “I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Else, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and then it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage.”

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Else had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize

any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian; more sorry for him than glad for her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said slowly.

“Perhaps. But thou.”

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was as he said, she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goatherd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Else felt like a queen descending, nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

“Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content.”

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamations she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand—as usual.

“Why?” she asked eagerly. “For my sake?”

“No; for my own.”

She colored crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

“Let me go, let me go, Christian,” she cried angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

“Wait till thou hast only heard,” he said, with a determination which had his influence, “it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Else, it was not only to release thee from thy burden, I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the household, and in ours he would be the second. Thou dear one, thou couldst never be anything but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it in mine. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look,” he said, smiling a little grave sad smile, “thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down



to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing—with a spring like a deer she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

She ran until she was breathless. When she ventured to look round she was alone, he had not followed her; the fir-trees were left behind, she was in the open again, a hot sun striking down, bright flowers flashing out from the grass. Else walked on, weary and panting, until she found at last a solitary beech under which to fling herself; rest it could scarcely be called, so great was the storm in her heart. Quite unconsciously Christian had grievously wounded her pride. For all these months she had flattered herself with the idea that although the full treasure of her love was beyond his reach, he would be more than content with the little grains she might vouchsafe to let fall for him. She had been so accustomed to the homage of his simple true-hearted affection that it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to have it lavished at her feet, and to return the gift as scantily as she pleased. It never struck her that the consciousness of something lacking should have been felt by him no less than by her—that he did not accept it as the natural result of their engagement. All the want, all the wrong, all the self-pity had been on her side—for herself: she had believed her poor return she offered for his heart to be a priceless treasure to him, and—he rejected it! Tears of shame and hurt pride ran down her face. Luckily, although she was a foolish spoilt child, there were sweet womanly depths in her heart, which answered to the awakening touch when it came at last; she was soon crying, not so much for her first mortification as for the vanity that had blinded her. "Ah, heaven, what am I, what am I," sobbed poor little Else, "that I should have set myself up so!" It was a genuine little burst of humility, but it seemed likely to overwhelm her. Never had Christian spoken so well, looked so manly, never, ah, never, been half so dear, as now when he was lost for ever! She strained her eyes along the path up which she had ran; perhaps he might be following her, he would see she was sorry—ah, no! With a sudden access of shame she sprang from

her seat, and ran again, higher up, where he should not find her, and only the Alpenrosen and the fragrant fir-trees should look at her with kind and pitying eyes.

Else came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. "She is happy again now," Christian would say to himself with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. "He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz," mused Else. How little we know of the hearts even of our dearest. It is a vague shadowy spirit-land where we set up our own fancies for inhabitants, and act towards them as we would never act if only we saw the truth. Sometimes we get a glimpse of it, and are shocked at what we have done. But generally we are content to talk of misunderstandings.

Wittwe Rothler knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul, haymaking was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Else was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long she knew: the little village was too small for neighbors to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work, when his time came, die, and be buried in the little churchyard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little box-like flowerbeds. They all looked forward to lying there—awaiting the resurrection morn—in the midst of their own people, by their blue-green lake, under their peaceful mountains. A quiet, pastoral folk, little disturbed, with a certain homely gravity about their lives, steadfastness of purpose, and simple faith. The steamer used to stop at the landing-place, but no famous mountain lay behind to attract sightseers; every now and then a group of rosy Ger-

man girls, with a professor or two in charge, would clatter off the morning steamer, start away with merry laughter, and clatter down again some hours later, their alpen-stocks tied up with bunches of Alpen-rosen. That was all. Other places attracted the world by perhaps greater beauty, but I do not know whether there was not a very subtle charm in the peace which rested on this little village, with its walnut and cherry trees, its wayside crosses, its church with the tapering red spire, the flowery churchyard, the silent dead, the lake, and the mountains watching round. We busy, money-making, restless people could not endure it long; only every now and then, when the curtain is lifted for a moment and we catch a glimpse of such a patriarchal life, it steals into our hearts and stills their throbbings with a strange serene power.

But this power was not felt, or at all events it was not acknowledged, by Else. Everything about her seemed full of change and depression, although all the time she was trying to deceive herself, and going about the house singing and knitting, as if no shade had come over her world. No one had so much interest for her as Anna Lenz: she knew where she went, what she had on; she took a kind of bitter delight in talking to her, in noticing the wonderful blue of her eyes. If what she fancied ever came to pass this mood would probably change; but meanwhile it took that shape. And at times she would say to herself that all was for the best, that Christian never had been her ideal. Perhaps she was right of the past; but what of the present—what now? A woman's ideal is seldom a cold, calm image, unchanging and unchangeable, by which she moulds her fancy, but rather a reflection, now of this, now of that, taking a hundred different tints, and capable of infinite variety, although all the time transforming and glorifying what it takes. And Else's attempts at self-deception all ended in bitter self-upbraidings for the wrong she had done to Christian.

He was out and about all day; but this was nothing new, for throughout the commune no one bore a better name for patient industry than Christian, and none dreamed that just now he gave himself no rest because rest meant sorrowful thoughts. The hay was being cut and stored, and all the air was heavy with a sweet summerish

smell. Christian went out at daybreak, and only came in when the light was fast fading and the mountains across the lake looked ash-colored in the dim twilight. If there was any visible change in him, it would have needed a woman's keen eye to find it out, and the women who loved him were away with the *senne*. But indeed, though the love was there filling his heart unchanged, he met his trouble as he had faced it beforehand, bravely. The simple acceptance of duty, because he knew it to be right, nerved him against vain regrets. He took her image to his heart, tenderly, lovingly, yes, and forever; but not to gain even that sweet reality would he barter his self-respect, set aside God's law for man and wife, or put his neck under the yoke of the dearest.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Stürm, the grandson of old Wilhelm. The men leant against a low wall in front of the inn, and looked down at the green water under their feet, as they talked over the worth of a particular cow, a little chestnut Schwytzer, for which Christian had a fancy. The day had been hot, and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came in their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud-forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. The whole range seemed suddenly brought nearer, the tints in the sky deepened and glowed with exquisite harmonies, with royal crimsons and purples. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake, now stirred to its very depths, and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a swoop of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Fön," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

"I have felt it coming all day," Christian answered, stretching himself. "Bah, how it suffocates one!"

"I will go round and see that all is made safe," Thomas said, going away: "will you call out the watchmen if they are needed?"

The Fön. A hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering everything far and wide. The people came running out from their doors in terror, "The Fön, the Fön!" in every mouth; the Curé was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a kind of head.

"Fire is the worst danger after all," the Curé remarked, recovering from a violent attack of the hurricane upon his cassock.

"The men are all here," answered Christian: "Karl, Joseph, Friedrich, Hans, and Walther. They will go from house to house, see that the fires are put out, and be ready in case of any outbreak." No one noticed that he led Hans aside and gave him a whispered direction.

There was no sleep that night, the Fön took care of that. The fierce hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

"The Fön comes from one place, and one only," said old Wilhelm Stürm, gasping for breath. The crack and roar of the great wind among the mountains, on the lake, in the crashing woods, was so terrible, that the poor children, appalled by the noise and darkness, clung crying to their mothers. It was almost impossible to hear voices in the bewildering hubbub. The priest tried to induce the women to remain in their cottages, but they declared they could not breathe; Anna Lenz was there, her mother, even her old grandmother; it seemed to Christian as if every soul in the place buzzed about him except Else. "She dreads me more than the Fön," he said to himself sadly.

When morning came they hoped that,

as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent: trees were torn up by their roots, great green branches of walnut wrenched off, and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discolored; fierce leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful, resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it. Nay, it seemed to paralyze the men, who moved languidly about, while the women and children gathered into stupefied groups under walls, where they were a little sheltered from the rush and blinding fury of the Fön, but were in danger from the pieces of wood and slate which it now and then hurled triumphantly through the air. The priest, Christian, and Thomas Stürm, whose wife was among them, did all they could to draw them from these dangerous resting-places, but in the hurly-burly their voices fell unheeded.

"I shall go to the church," the Curé said at last. "Thomas, send your boy to ring the bell."

By degrees a little sad terrified congregation crept after him; the Curé said the offices, then, by way of keeping them there, he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon to them. It was a strange scene. The little church with its tawdry yet loving adornments; the frightened groups, some praying fervently, some listening; tired children fast asleep on the seats; outside, the roar and crash of the great Fön; inside, the priest's calm, steadfast voice, and every now and then an Amen going up like a sob.

Though not quite so furiously as on the previous night, the wind continued to rage all that day, and all day Christian was here, there, and everywhere, fighting against the lassitude which unhinged every one, comforting and helping, in and out of the houses, at his own farm, on the outskirts of Wittwe Rothler's. The cottage was a little sheltered from the wind, the flowers had been taken in, and the shutters closed; a great cherry-tree lay all across the garden, otherwise he could not see much damage.

"She is better within," he said, turning away with a longing sigh.

And meanwhile Else, poor child, sat in the little hot cottage listening with terror to the roar of the wind, the splitting of the trees, and the awful echoes in the mountains which magnified it all. Her mother tossed restlessly to and fro, with the fever increased tenfold by the parching heat, sometimes delirious, sometimes quiet, sometimes obstinately bent upon the fulfilment of some sick fancy. The only person they saw was Hans, and he was loud in his praises of Christian.

"In such times one finds out who has the head," he said admiringly; "It is Amrhein this and Amrhein that. It was he who dragged Maria Plater out of the way just in time when the chimney fell, and himself cut the great walnut that might have crushed the Lenz' house."

"Ah!" murmured Else, with a little uncontrollable sigh. It seemed to her as if her solitude were growing more than she could bear; the other women were together: Anna Lenz had Christian to care for, to watch over her, while she was separated from them all, terrified at her mother's illness, at the whirl and rush of the tempest; without even the consolation of knowing that Hans' occasional presence was the result of Christian's guardianship—Christian whom she had despised. The wind, which, during the afternoon, moderated at intervals, towards evening was again at its height: Hans looked in as it grew dusk to forbid fires, then she was left lonely to keep the long hours. Wittwe Rothler cried out for water peremptorily; sometimes insisted upon Else doing some unreasonable thing; now and then made the girl shudder by talking to her dead husband as if he were standing between them. The air was full of wails and shrieks; it seemed as though out of all space weird, melancholy voices were lifted up appealingly; distant growlings from the mountains answered the fierce swoop of the wind, clouds rushed wildly across the sky. And over all brooded the heavy, leaden oppression of the Fön.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women stayed composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the

greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Stürm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Fön."

"There is little more mischief that it can do," the Curé remarked, looking round at the chaos a little drearily. Then he recovered himself, and added cheerfully, "That is ungrateful, since, by the mercy of heaven, we are all here."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The Curé was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in—"No fear. My father says the Fön melts too gently for that work, and he knows its ways better than any man in the valley. He was talking about it to Lenz just now," went on Thomas, who took his importance in the village very much from the background of old Wilhelm's great age.

"That is true," Christian answered, "yet I cannot feel at rest about it."

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas, obstinately.

Just then, his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-face little girl, escaped from her mother, and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat round her. So the two remained. Her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"I must go to the church, where my flock want some words of comfort," said the priest.

The women followed him, climbing the little green knoll on which the church stood; the two men walked on slowly some twenty yards westward, until they could command a view of the little brook as it came tumbling down from stone to stone. They could see it through the storm-tossed branches of the trees, on its



way from the heights far above where they stood, then it was hid from them again, reappearing just above Wittwe Rothler's white cottage. There was a substantial little bridge close to the men, where people used sometimes to stand and watch the clear water, with its glittering limpid depths. Now the little torrent flung itself passionately along, yellow and swollen, sweeping with it bits of wood, poor whipped branches caught from its banks.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas, with a triumphant confidence in old Wilhelm's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then with a sudden shout of horror, and a clutch at Thomas's arm—"Ah, dear heaven," he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downwards, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rocks, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Fön sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian, then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it—it was like a horrible nightmare: he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out, "Else! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony. There was the farm, he did not see it, he saw only the cottage with its closed quiet windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall—one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the Curé and his small congregation, almost all the women, a number of children, and a few old men. The Curé, who had just entered, was kneeling in prayer, the women were huddled together in little groups; many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came the rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the

hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the Curé, who was there as soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

"Ah, heaven," cried out old Maria Plater, "we are in the lake!"

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names at that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and, as the door opened rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lisa Stürm dragged herself on her knees to the Curé: "Let me go, let me go," she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there," and then, looking round her wildly, "Ah, and my little Marie too!"

Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out," she cried, desperately trying the lock. "I must, I must. I am Else Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Else, Else!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled the hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, as he expected: those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lisa Stürm saying over and over again, under her breath,—*"My little Marie! My little Marie!"*

It was like the vox humana after the storm, only this was a terrible heart-thrilling voice, full of discords and carrying up of sad burdens. Nevertheless, it went upwards, and so into the perfect harmony which can resolve it all. The Curé ventured to go into the vestry, and bring

matting to lay under the door. Then he stationed two or three old men there, and himself went up into the tower to look out from its little windows. Over his head the wind had torn down the golden star which crowned the little quaint red spire, and made a gaping rent in the wood-work. Otherwise there was no great damage, nothing to prevent his going up and looking out. But the sight made him fall on his knees again.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, clasping his hands, "spare this poor people."

For it seemed to him as if it was all one sheet of water upon which he gazed—lake and land with no longer a boundary between them. The Fön had suddenly moderated, as if its works were finished; the hot sun shone overhead; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet plentiful peace, what a contrast! No green meadows were left; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest above the yellow muddy waters; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled; half-a-dozen houses were, like the church itself, surrounded but not destroyed; everywhere else were gaunt wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else? Everything was invested with a horrible nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came towards them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church; but, whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out!" sighed the Curé.

Then he strained his eyes again to discover some living creature, and suddenly heard Else's voice behind him,—*"I see men working behind the Strüms' house,"* she cried, sharply.

It was true. The distance was too great to distinguish clearly, but there were figures in the water, hammering as it seemed with great mattocks. This little reaction of human life in the midst of all the desolation brought the Curé his first touch of warm hope; he began to think of the

individual claims which horror had swallowed up. Action was the best medicine for such poor smitten souls.

"Do not let us despair, my child," he said. "We see with our own eyes that some are spared to us; the lake will become quiet now the Fön moderates itself, and help will be sent. Let us go down to those poor women and cheer them."

"But my mother was in her bed," Else answered, with a bitter cry, which rung his heart.

She did not resist, however, but followed him down the little dark worn staircase. The Curé went from group to group, comforting, praying, hoping for these poor desolate women, whose husbands and sons were somewhere out in that frightful waste of waters. They arranged chairs, cushions, what they could, so as to form rude couches for any who might by-and-by be brought there. This gave occupation for a time; then the children became hungry and cried, and some of the mothers forgot their trouble in soothing them. Generally one or two of the old men were up in the tower, climbing the steps painfully, and straining their poor dim eyes over the muddy waters. It was like the ark, as one said, only they had not their dove to let fly. Nevertheless, they were not without their little messages of hope; fluttering things hung from the windows of the few remaining houses; the waves of the lake, though they still heaved and sobbed after their passionate outbreak, and were lifted high above their usual level, gradually subsided into more peaceful movement; the sun shone as though there were no sorrow in the world. This time it was the Curé who had to restrain himself.

"I can swim," he said, flinging open the door, from which the waters had just sunk a little. There they stood in the full warm sunlight, the women all pressing, sobbing, waving, and calling at once. They were on the hill of deliverance; but, alas, deliverance too often means separation. "I can swim," said the priest. "I believe I could reach that house."

Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower-windows, in a feeble, cracked voice of exultation,—*"A boat is coming! We see it."*

Despair changed to excitement, and the women clung about the Curé, asking him whether he did not indeed believe

their husbands to be among that group whom they had seen at work. One or two asked no questions—they were too sick at heart. Else was of the number. Her mother was dead; in all human probability, Christian too. What was left to her—to her who but a few days before had been so rich in affection that she had thrown it from her? She could not cry: she longed for the luxury of such tears as those of Anna Lenz, who wept more freely than any one. She could not even watch the boat on which so many hopes centred, and of which every movement was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear heaven! how slowly they row."

"Think of the current."

"Where can they land? There is no land.—Fritz, my Fritz!"

The despairing cry rang across the water, the other women looked at this one almost reproachfully—were not their dear ones there as well? She cried her son's name again and again until she sank down exhausted, and the Curé lifting her in his strong arms carried her into the church. When he came back the boat was out of sight; breathless silence reigned; the boatmen were evidently trying to effect a landing above the poor submerged village, higher up than the church, so that the first assurance they had of their success was seeing them, after what appeared an endless waiting, row slowly by over what, but a few hours ago, had been a smiling land of flowers. Noticing the figures at the church-door, they shouted—

"Are you all well there?"

"All well," answered the Curé; "for the love of heaven lose no time."

But there were hindrances to their progress, the hindrances of overthrown houses, of great floating things beating about helplessly, of drifting poles, lumbering chests; here and there great boughs sticking up in the mud, with smaller débris entangled among them; broken crockery, bedding, sometimes a bundle of clothes, round which they rowed curiously, touching it with the oars to make sure it was what it seemed and no more. As they went further, ruined walls and gables hid them now and then from view; presently they were altogether lost: only a hoarse cry came faintly across the water, whether of welcome or of horror no one

knew. Some of the wives became almost frantic with excitement, others broke into piteous moaning; it appeared afterwards to the Curé as if that time of waiting had been the worst of all. But when the moment he dreaded for them arrived, and the boat was seen making its way towards the church—heavily laden—there was a reaction. The women clutched each other's dresses and were silent. Old Wilhelm Stürm, who had come out into sunshine and lit his pipe, held his daughter-in-law's hand in his, and patted it feebly while he smoked. Else was inside the little dark church, with the poor mother whom the priest had carried there.

So the boat came on—slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell down on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

"I see Fritz Plater," said another.

"Frau Plater, your Fritz has come," she called back into the church, without taking her eyes from the boat.

Lisa Stürm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the Curé's heart: "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie. My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing," and then she broke off and looked at him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said Old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched: "Lisa," he said very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes His little children from our arms unto his."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Plater, Heinrich Lenz the innkeeper, with his shoulder dislocated, two women, and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings they kissed wives or mothers without any outbreak of joy.

Heinrich Lenz, who had not known certainly that his family were safe, tottered with them into the church; the Curé and the others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some woodwork," said Franz briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Sennen Alps.

"He is dead," some one said, in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second little procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the Curé saw that Else was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders, and carried him so, Else holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, but they shook their heads in answer to the Curé's questioning look. When they laid him down gently, a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she lifted her head and looked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The Curé made a fire at which to dry the men's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load, there came a trying time of inaction. Never before had the little homely church, standing on its green knoll overlooking the lake, sheltered such strange groups. The villagers came up there to pray, to bring their babies, or their dead—their joys or their sorrows of every-day life; but now there was a restless expectation, low sobs and murmurs of pain went up; the shadow of a great tragedy brooded over the place. Outside it was no less strange, the Curé thought. The yellow flood poured over into the lake

below, the sun smiled upon the calm up-turned faces of the mountains, upon the ruined houses, upon the little graves just beginning to show themselves above the water. Most of the women had been assured of the safety of their dear ones, and sat outside the church in the warm glow, talking with the others who had escaped, eating the food which these had brought, as yet too glad and thankful to be much cast down with thinking of their losses.

"It is a good thing it should have come now, when the cattle are all at the pastures," said Frau Plater.

"There will be a subscription for us in the town," said another.

"Heinrich will be the worst loser of all," grumbled old Gretchen Lenz. "He had fitted up a beautiful salon in the inn; there would have been visitors this year. The chairs cost so much——"

So they talked on with the rebound that sometimes seems heartless in these simple natures; which, after all, perhaps only speak without the disguise in which we veil our thoughts. They had returned to chatter and sunshine; those whose hearts were still heavy kept in the church, near the two still figures, one as motionless as the other. Lisa Stürm knelt by poor friendless Johann. "Why does not the doctor come?" Else asked once, looking up as if she had forgotten.

When the boat returned, there were more joyful greetings, more questions or sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved. Wittwe Rothler's cottage was gone, some one said—swept away utterly. So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Stürm among them; then there was little Marie, and Else's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. The men gathered round the priest, and went in and knelt down reverently to offer their simple thanksgiving; afterwards he spoke of the others whose fate was as yet uncertain, and many of the women, who had been most full of joy, broke into sobbing again, looking round on Else, on whose fair hair the sun was shining, as she knelt by Christian. She was unconscious alike of their pity and their forgetfulness, unconscious, I think, of the Curé's prayer; her eyes



never raised themselves from that white, unmoved face, even when Frau Plater put her kind heavy hand on her shoulder and tried to draw her away.

Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided, and the news of the disaster which had overwhelmed the little village began to spread. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake. They came laden with odd jumbles of things—pathetically inappropriate; but one at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this Something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the Curé walking before it. Lisa Stürm rose from her knees, and went to meet it, putting out her hand, and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest, the men obeyed. Her instinct was true—there, clam and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and riveted it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the attitude, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself, and knelt down beside these still, passionless figures; Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also. Death is a very beautiful angel sometimes.

About an hour afterwards one of the boats came back with a doctor. There were a great many trifling hurts, such as cuts and bruises, and Heinrich Lenz suffered more seriously; but first of all the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Else still

kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze. Would they ever open again? Was it life or death that was veiled by this long unconsciousness.

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor, gravely. He gave them rapid directions, and went off to Heinrich Lenz, promising to return immediately. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Else, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. The waters subsided fast, men were wading about, their wives begged to be taken in the boats to see the ruins from which they were pulling up such poor sodden muddy treasures. By-and-by, too, they managed to carry Heinrich Lenz to one of the standing houses, and so no one was left in the quiet church except the silent dead with their watchers, and the one who yet lingered on the border-land, silent as they. Silent—yes—but the border-land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor, who was profoundly interested in these two, was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wondering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Else, wandered away, returned; the lips parted: "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh; her arms were around him, and the doctor, half scolding, half laughing, became peremptory at once.

There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet, thank heaven, so much happiness! Now that my little story is at an end, one would like to leave it with a pleasant bright glow resting upon it, and to say and think no more about the tragedies. After the crash of the storm, the beautiful vox humana making its perfect music. But life will not let us do so; here, as always, we must turn away and leave weeping and smiling, sunshine and shade. For this one's husband was saved, and that one's taken from her; Else's lover was given back, but her mother slept under the blue-green water; Lisa Stürm's other children played at her side, but her little Marie's golden head lay quiet upon her father's breast; the village was full of sad ruin, of great cracks and holes and depths scooped out, huge stones and rocks brought down

by the flood, sheets of yellow mud, and trees overthrown, and yet—the warm sun shone down healingly, green things began to shoot with strange, quick life, everywhere was the work of repair and renovation. Nay, in places it seemed as if the very scars had revealed a new beauty, the delicacy of veined stone, the loveliness of flowers clothing them. Does

this seem insufficient? Do we ask for more? Is the story incomplete? Ah, yes—like other stories, like other longings. For the completion is not here: time is not eternity, earth is not heaven; although sometimes there comes a waft of sweetness inexpressible from the land which is not very far off.

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#### TWO NIGHTS IN A FRENCH PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

WANDERING about among the *avant-postes* of a besieging army, or, indeed, of an army in the field at all, is not a particularly safe or prudent amusement. If the army in question happens to be a semi-disloyal French army engaged in a furious civil war, such a proceeding approaches to the bounds of madness. Let it not be supposed, then, that the following pages are meant as an appeal to the sympathy or condolence of Britannic readers, or that the writer, having gone in for so insensate an amusement, looks for any such consolation. On the contrary, he neither deserves nor expects any other comment upon its consequences than the true verdict of "served him right." But that need not prevent him from relating a few of his experiences of the amenities of prison life, as it existed a few days back among the "Versaillais." In return from the board and lodging so kindly furnished by these "loyalists," he owes them a small debt of gratitude; and it is by the publication of the following true story that he hopes to pay it off.

There is a sort of fascination in the feeling of being under fire—only known to those who have been in that situation—which naturally keeps a man from turning back, and urges him on open-eyed to his destruction. Curiosity, no doubt, is the motive power, and a ridiculous motive enough it is; but, laugh at it as you will, it constitutes a vague impulse which prompts one with an almost irresistible force to get nearer and nearer to the scene of action. Thus, during the bombardment of Paris, have I seen an old gentleman and his wife tottering along with white faces and trembling limbs towards a dangerous barricade. Their fear was inordinate; but their curiosity was paramount. A wound, or the sight of a

nasty "accident," will check the feeling or keep it within bounds, but it will not eradicate it; inhabitants of a bombarded city will tell you that one of their keenest trials was the necessity of stifling their curiosity to go out and see what was going on.

This feeling, and the assurance of soldiers and peasants, that nothing but the shells and bullets were to be feared, encouraged me to set forth rashly to investigate the lines of the besieging army. Having explored on the other side of the river the line of defences manned by the Federals, it was doubly interesting to get an idea of the assailant works and operations going on in the other camp. Then the delightful liberty in which one wandered round the insurgent *avant-postes*, without any other obstacle than a warning to be careful of one's precious life, lulled one into a dangerous want of caution as to the perils to be met with on the other side. Thus, in fatal security, did I prolong my rather objectless walk far into the black country, where shells fell thick around, and the cottages stood or lay in unsightly ruins along the path. On the right hand rolled the omnibuses on the high road to Versailles; on the left cracked the rifles and the exploding shells, and bellowed the iron voice of the batteries. But the sights and scenes of that devastated country are not to be told here, nor the stories recounted by the peasants and soldiers collected in the several villages. Everywhere one met with French politeness, and as it turned out French insincerity. "Ah, a stranger may go on, without doubt; only take care you do not 'catch' a piece of shell or 'essuyer' a volley of Chassepôt bullets." And so—chatting and fraternizing along the left bank of the Seine to—

wards the great, grim, noisy fortress of the west—past Colombes, with its garrison of swallow-tailed, goat-bearded gendarmes—now dignified with the title of marching regiments, and fighting for the cause of the Republic with Imperialism in their hearts; past Asnières, with its ruined bridges and unburied corpses, where the Chassepôts cracked merrily from the loopholed walls of the park; right on to Bécon, where the shells fell half-a-dozen to the minute round and upon the twice-pillaged, twice-bombarded château. It was beyond Bécon, between there and the great battery of Courbevoie, that imprudence met its fate. There was a smaller battery established right across the road just to the westward of the park. Beside it was a *piquet* of line soldiers and a couple of officers, young, foppish, and consequentially bumptious. An undisguised Britannic accent, and Granville passport perfectly *en règle*, were wholly ineffectual against the suspicion of these veterans. They had had their spell of prison life very lately in Germany, and they thought it was their turn to play the other game: “*Seulement il faut régulariser la chose; on vous amenera devant le maire pour être plus sûr.*”

A private soldier was commissioned to conduct me before the mayor of Courbevoie. As he walked me across a ploughed field on the road to the headquarters of the “place,” I had a happy thought of leaving him to drag his short legs *solus* to the office of the worthy official. He had no weapon but his side arms, and ten minutes would have put me out of his sight, safe on the high road to Versailles. But a false reliance on his assurance that the mayor would be *gentil* and provide a pass, made me abandon the design. Of course the natural consequence followed in due form. The mayor took the opportunity to insult *perfidie Albion* and the rest of the cursed stranger nations. It remained to appeal to the commanding officer of the place. He was very sorry; it was *très-ennuyant*, but he could not interfere with the orders of the civil power. Then to the commander of the Gendarmerie. He was *désolé*, but what was he to do? He had not authority. “Would he send to the ambassador? Would he telegraph?” “Alas! there are no wires.” A French army has no means of communication between its staff offi-

cers and its commander-in-chief. But he would send me on to Versailles at the first opportunity. In the meantime, there would be no maltreatment; it was only a matter of form. “One sees very well that you are not a spy.” A few hours in a barrack prison did not seem a very formidable affair. I was hardly prepared for the sequel, less still for its opening scene.

Passing across the courtyard of the barracks, the bang of exploding *obus* sounded pretty thick all round. The prison consisted of a stone hut facing towards Paris and the east. In it were half a dozen peasants of the regular French type. Communicative as Frenchmen only are, they had soon divulged their different stories. I was anxious to know among what sort of criminals fate had cast in my unexpected lot. But their cases failed to impress me with an idea of the heinousness of their guilt, or to inspire me with any great horror of the accused, as rebels, conspirators, and enemies of the State. Two of them—ragged, ignorant old *ouvriers* of the lowest class—had been seized for the crime of collecting *éclats d’obus* about the fields; another for collecting something even still more dangerous and suspicious—common snails for the subsistence of his family. The same hunger which had driven this unfortunate into the fields to gather up this rather primitive kind of food, had persuaded another peasant to leave the safe shelter of his cottage, and to bring back from the next baker’s shop, some distance away, a store of loaves for himself and his children during the coming hostilities. The suspicious circumstance of carrying loaves was to the Versaillist officer a convincing proof of guilt; and the wretched peasant, for attempting to save his family from starvation, was condemned to long days of misery in a worse than felon’s prison, and may not improbably be languishing there to this very day. Another man was imprisoned for having walked out of Paris, and two others, who came in subsequently, for wearing the uniform of the National Guard. Although they had the clearest proof that they belonged to the party of order, and had escaped with difficulty and danger from the Communists, the fact of their being clad in the obnoxious garb was amply sufficient to convict them of being

spies. It never seemed to occur to these clever officials and officers that a real spy or guilty person would choose any costume rather than the suspected uniform in which to carry out his plans. But the French, with all their cry and fuss and spy-hunting mania, rarely arrest the real offenders. A very little caution enables a clever spy to throw them off the scent, and in this case the innocent most commonly suffer for the guilty, and fools pay the penalty for knaves. The poor creatures amongst whom I found myself came so clearly within the former category, that it was impossible to doubt their story. They were much too stupid to have invented or maintained a clever lie, and a few minutes' cross-examination would have utterly demolished their attempts to "stick to it." The plain, unvarnished tale of their offences amused me heartily; I should not have laughed so loud had I known the sequel to their arrest and summary imprisonment.

The big door was open towards the court; round it were several of the gendarmes quartered in the barracks. On my arrival, the captain and lieutenant in command of the *dépôt* came up to the door to see the newly captured spy. Surprised at not being answered in a cringing tone of supplication, they resorted to insolent menaces, and, ordering the gendarme in charge to keep a special eye on "that tall insurgent," were about to leave the spot, when their course was arrested by a strange and effectual intrusion. The few seconds which succeeded are not very easy to describe. There was a tremendous noise, a great shock, a smoke, a strong smell, and a considerable loss of breath, and I found myself against the wall, looking down upon a number of writhing bodies. They were the mutilated forms of men, or what had been men, a moment before. Of the whole group collected just outside the door, hardly one was left standing upright. As for the captain and lieutenant, who had been standing close to the threshold, they presented an awful sight indeed. The former, as pale as death, was bleeding in torrents from his foot, a great part of which had been blown to atoms, and had disappeared utterly. The latter lay like a heap, against a litter of rags and scraps of flesh. One of his legs, with the scarlet trouser that once belonged to it, was literally cut to pieces. The stump,

torn and jagged by the cruel iron, quivered with a sickening agony. Pools of blood began to trickle on to the gravel soil, while the other victims, struggling and crawling about like reptiles over the ground, marked it with ghastly trails of crimson in the agonies of their pain. Meanwhile the groans and yells of pain alarmed the whole barrack yard. The soldiers rushing to the spot found the ground strewn with horrid fragments. Pieces of boot with their hideous red contents lay here and there—almost all the victims had been hit in the feet or legs; "fragments of iron and stone were scattered around, with rags of red uniform. It was some seconds before we had the heart to examine the real cause of the "accident." A percussion shell had fallen against the very door post of the building. It had blown away part of the stone doorway, and its fragments had distributed themselves with awful effect both inside and outside the prison. Of the prisoners one only was badly hit; a large piece of iron entered and left itself within his thigh. Two more were slightly wounded,—one with an *éclat*, the other with a piece of masonry. Of course the officers and gendarmes were carried off straight to the hospital. Their comrades silently cleared away the ghastly evidences of the "accident." As for our wounded fellow prisoner, he was only an insurgent. He lay there feebly moaning without sympathy. The soldiers were rather inclined to curse him and us as the cause of the occurrence than waste any assistance or sympathy upon us. It was impossible to bind up the wound of this unfortunate: he could not bear a hand near the wounded place. He lay with the blood drying on his drenched clothes, and with his wound stiffening in the raw air, till some one of the gaolers, more merciful than his race, happened to bestow a thought upon him. It was deemed advisable to shift his quarters to the hospital, and he was rather roughly lifted on to a tumble down litter with no head-rest on it, and carried off out of our sight. I shall not forget the look with which he stretched out a feeble hand and grasped gratefully those of his fellow prisoners. Probably he thought, poor wretch, that it was his last chance of exchanging a kindly greeting, and that he was saying farewell to the last person from whom in this world he would receive the



little kindnesses that the dying prize so much.

We were removed into an adjoining cell, as I supposed for greater safety's sake, but, as it turned out, merely that the *débris* caused by the explosion and the blood of the wounded man might be cleared away for our accommodation. We were restored before nightfall to the scene of the little incident which had disturbed us, and which had attended so promptly my introduction to the delights of prison life. Our warder, a surly but not bad-hearted Corsican, enabled me to procure some food, a rough sort of *galantine* of meat and two bottles of *vin ordinaire*, with which we all did our best to restore our spirits and keep up an attempt at conversation. The bronze wealth of the wretched French prisoners had been confiscated when they were searched. I don't know why my more precious metals had escaped, but this piece of good luck materially acquired me huge popularity. More fortunately still, the officials had missed finding my return ticket from St. Denis to Paris, which would have been a conclusive proof of guilt. I saved also a good store of cigarette papers; and a supply of tobacco, furnished by the good offices of our friend the Corsican, set us in a fair state to spend the night without over-great *ennui*. Meanwhile, fresh captives kept arriving, almost all of them victims to the zeal of the same youthful captain who had arrested me "for greater certainty." One of the late arrivals was a young peasant farmer who had fought in the *chasseurs à pied* during the Prussian siege, a man "of an excellent wit," who enlivened marvellously our long hours of durance vile. He had been arrested for being a Frenchman, and though well known in the neighborhood, where he had a little *propriété*, could not succeed in proving his innocence. Even his brother, who came to visit him, and the priests of a neighboring village, who sent him a certificate, were unsuccessful in procuring his release. These gentlemen refreshed us with some new and admirable anecdotes of the siege, and confessed to an accusation which I fear in this country will utterly deprive him of the sympathy of my readers, that of being a cannibal. "Ah, it's all very well," said he to a real or pretending squeamish hearer, "you have not tried what it was at the outposts during the

siege. If you had had nothing to eat for a day or two, with the frost gnawing into your bones, you wouldn't be so particular. What harm does it do any one, I should like to know?"

The provision made at the Courbevoie prison for passing the night was not sumptuous or expensive. Our bed consisted of a row of rough planks very much covered with a sort of whitish brick-dust. There was no straw, far less a pillow or a bench; we were lucky not to be condemned to the cold earth. But then, as there was a great hole in the doorway where the fragments of the shell had entered, and the glass of the tiny windows had been all blown out by the shock, we had nearly enough draughts to keep us wide awake; and if that did not suffice, there was the music of the *obus* exploding all around, one of which would very possibly pay us a visit before morning. The wretched cowardly peasants cowered and shivered at every loud discharge; and as those great humming-tops, the 48-pounders, went growling and whizzing over our heads, one could feel in the darkness the flinching of these poor terrified boors, as they crept closer beneath the shelter of the wall. One of them, the oldest, ugliest, and perhaps most innocent, walked up and down almost incessantly, smoking uninterruptedly the supplies of *caporal* which I was able to afford for his consolation, and muttering about his wife, who was at that moment hunting dismally for his corpse. It was not a comfortable night, and when we arose in the morning, very brickdusty and rather sore in the bones, we did not feel much refreshed or inclined to dispense with performing a *toilette*. But this was a luxury far too great to expect. It was a great boon that we got some fresh water to drink,—wine was no longer obtainable.

Late in the morning I thought it might be worth while to try the effect of an epistle to the commanding officer, reminding him of the orders, which to my knowledge he had received, to forward one prisoner at least immediately; and suggesting that a safer place might possibly be found if we were to be retained indefinitely in his custody. The result was a removal to a loathsome dungeon somewhere deep down beneath the barracks. Two of our number were told off

on pain of starvation to clear out this mouldy habitation. With herculean labor they expelled the spiders, cockroaches, centipedes, and other inmates of this undesirable lodging-place, and scraped off some little of the slimy crust that covered its mouldy wall and floor. We then descended *en masse*, and dragging in with us each a damp unsavory straw mattress, ensconced ourselves at our best ease on them, round the tallow candle which faintly illuminated the den. We formed a scene truly worthy of Rembrandt. A dozen as ill-assorted individuals as fate could bring together—lying, sitting, or now and then standing,—there was not room enough to walk a step; sleeping, smoking, talking, or chewing the black bread which was cast to us in lumps, we made up a picture wholly indescribable. In costume, in face, and in the manner of braving our captivity, we differed variously. Besides the actual darkness of the dungeon, the utter want of ventilation increased the picturesque horror of the scene, for a veil of foul air mixed with the fumes of tobacco added to the dimness of the atmosphere, and almost overwhelmed the feeble rays of the wretched candle that flickered in the midst. As the hours rolled slowly on, the "bears" who had betted against our release on that day began to prevail over the "bulls" who had backed us to escape, and at three we had almost given up all hopes, when the order came to mount to the upper air. It was a veritable resurrection; the fresh air of heaven smelt like the fragrance of a paradise. We were to march under escort to Mont Valerien, and thence be sent on straight to Versailles.

Our walk from Courbevoie between a double file of gendarmerie was festive and hilarious. It resembled rather a triumphal march than a procession of doomed criminals. Yet had we known what fate was reserved for us at the Royal City, we should have walked in with heavy hearts and dire forebodings, or even regretted mouldy quarters in the barrack cellar. But of our march and its sights—not few nor uninteresting—I must not pause to give account. It must be imagined how we were hooted by the populace, and cursed by the passers-by: how we were shelled in descending Mont Valerien by the Communist batteries in Paris, who, naturally enough, took us and our gallant escort

for a hostile company of infantry issuing from the fort. It was here that our cannibal, the man of excellent wit, shone to marvellous advantage, retorting upon our revilers with chaff of irresistible efficacy, and turning the gall and bitterness of our various escorting guards into laughter and civility. At the last stage where we changed escort, we fell to the lot of half-a-dozen mounted gendarmes. It was getting dark, and in consideration of our ferocious character and heinous offences, we were chained two and two together. The fool of the party, being odd man—in both senses—without a pair to be chained unto, was attached by a cord as sort of *dexio-seiros* to the cannibal and his associate. The trio led the way, and we thus marched up the street of Versailles attended by a huge *queue* of yelling "loyalist" rabble.

Arrived at the cavalry barracks and before the *pro tem*. Commissaire de Police, our miseries very speedily recommenced. I had been assured by every one at Courbevoie, Mont Valerien, and everywhere else, that immediately on reaching Versailles my letter would be forwarded to the Embassy. I applied therefore with *empressement* to the dignitary before whom we were presented for inspection, to send on my little note without loss of time. "Do you think, then," responded this polite authority, "that I am here as a postman, or that I have men to send about on errands for you or the like of you!" Perhaps a gendarme might be persuaded for a napoleon to do this very moderate service. No, the eye of the stern man of justice was upon him, and he was incorruptible. We were thrust down, dusty and footsore with our twelve miles' walk, into another dungeon deeper even than the one which we had so lately and so hopefully quitted.

Here once more I feel how powerless are words to convey a picture of the scene to which I was introduced: a long, low-roofed corridor lined with a whole regiment of grimy faces of every form and type, from the degraded and semi-idiotic visage of the French country boor to the delicate and intelligent features of the born Parisian—from the scowl of crime and vice to the open mien of manifest innocence. The denizens of this frightful abode crowded towards the foot of the dark staircase to scrutinize the new arrivals. Far away into the black darkness of the

inner dungeon the rows of dirty faces could be seen. It was an event in their miserable lives, the coming of a new batch of unfortunates. They were not sorry to have more companions in misery; but, on the other hand, every new arrival diminished the amount of space and air, and added its quota to the horrible closeness of the imprisoned atmosphere. Even in this abyss of misery I did not wholly despair of getting my letter taken out. "Is there any one going up out of this hole to-night?" I shouted as a last chance, holding up my letter and my napoleon. The wretches around me laughed with a grim ridicule, "Ha, ha! on ne sort pas d'ici, citoyen. Parbleu! la poste ne fonctionne pas ici-bas. Eh? nom de Dieu!" But the bystanders had a certain sympathy for the tall Englisher. And a man with a napoleon who could write a letter might, after all, be a useful friend. If he *did* get out, he might carry letters, or at all events take messages. But the world of *ici-bas* was very incredulous as to any chance of sending a letter out by fair means. In truth I had never expected to see so good a realization of one's idea of the Inferno, and it began to seem as if Dante's motto might really be truly written over its subterranean portals—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

A short reconnaissance, under the guidance of one of the *habitues* of this hell, revealed its horrors in their full extent. The vaults had once served as cellars to a royal palace. "You will have the satisfaction," said my guide, "of saying that you have visited the cellars of Henri IV." "Thank you, that is pleasure rather dearly bought. I should prefer to visit them when their bins are stored with some of your French wines, than when they are crammed with your French unwashed humanity." The side alleys or galleries of these vaults branched off from the main corridors, and into them "gave" the square dens which once had been stored with the several vintages, but now were tenanted by parties of the more lucky captives. I say lucky, for those who were too late to occupy a place in one of these dens, or not strong enough to save it from invasion, had to sleep on the damp, rotten floor outside. Such was the lot of most of my fellow-travellers who arrived with me from Courbevoie. As for me, I was fortunate again. My London-

built coat, or my irreproachable hat, or some other peculiarity, recommended me immediately to the hospitality of a Garde National. "Will you have a place in my *appartement*, citizen? it is at your disposal; here, No. 6, in the Rue St Pierre." For even in this dismal scene the facility of French wit had already named the different filthy corridors. There was the "Rue des Martyrs," by which you entered first; the "Avenue de la Grande Armée," where the gendarmes on duty stood; at the far end, beyond the third and last tallow candle, the "Champs Elysées," over whose horrors I will permit myself to draw a veil, and—most appropriate, as I thought, of all—the grand "Boulevard d'Enfer."

Over these vaulted, unventilated passages, tallow candles stuck against the wall threw their dim, unwholesome rays. The wretched lights struggled almost unsuccessfully against the foul air which encompassed them. By day a faint glimmer of daylight forced its way down some narrow chinks at the very edge of the roof on one side of the vault; but neither by night nor by day would there have been light enough to read, had there been anything to read. Along the galleries hung and floated in loathsome slothfulness clouds of noxious air and horrible odors, poisoning the air one breathed, and oppressing the lungs with a sickly feeling that seemed as if it must produce some horrible pestilence. The creatures who had been living for days *là-bas* had got quite accustomed to it, and minded it apparently no more than rats whose home is in the sewers. One animal there was—he had put off almost all semblance of humanity—possessed of some loathsome and, it was said, contagious disease. This wretch, who was also idiotic in mind, or perhaps wholly devoid of that incumbrance, was shunned as a pestilence, and exiled somewhere to the Champs Elysées. At times he would appear like a phantom stalking along the passages, when his approach was heralded by loud shouts of warning, and a stampede ensued, every one fleeing before his path. I shuddered as the spectral figure passed down outside our den.

Into the square apartment to which I had been admitted as the sixth occupant, the *propriétaire* had collected a good store of straw. I was informed that this luxury had quite lately been added to the furniture of the dungeon. But there was very

little of it, and that little had all been appropriated long ago to the luckiest and strongest householders. In the other apartments and in the corridors the miserable prisoners crouched down on the dank slimy earth, or walked about by night, waiting for the day to get a lodging in the apartment of some compassionate *propriétaire*. Our chamber was, therefore, comparatively luxurious. It was tenanted by some of the most respectable of the "criminals," two of them being Gardes Nationaux. At bedtime the door was barred by an ingenious contrivance to provide against a nocturnal invasion of the destitutes. In the morning there was conversation, joined in by each in turn as he gave up his hopes of a longer sleep. By this talk I found out that almost all the prisoners here had been arrested on the same frivolous and unfounded charges as those which had lost my companions their liberty. There was a Dutchman there, a very intelligent fellow, who had been in goal nine days. He was not accused of anything except of not being a Frenchman, and not being where he ought to have been. Then there was a Belgian; and a Spaniard from the Indian colonies had been brought in the same day that I arrived. There had been an American, but he had been released; the rest were all Frenchmen, and, including the whole number of prisoners, there must have been very near upon a hundred in this one prison. The said prison was only one, as I was assured, of fifty then existing at Versailles; whether the accommodation was the same in their case as it was in ours I have no means of knowing.

The diet prescribed in our peculiar dungeon was of a very simple kind, consisting of black bread, rather similar to that to which we were treated in Paris in the last days of the Prussian siege. My kind host offered me a hunch from a private store which he had hidden away in his "apartment." "Nay, don't refuse," said he, as I assured him that I was not hungry. "You may be glad of it to-morrow. They only give it us out once a day, in the afternoon; and precious little of it when they do." As for drink, the most bibacious of mankind would hardly have indulged very freely in this place. There was a single huge can set on the floor in the Boulevard d'Enfer, to which every one applied his lips when he had occasion. I did not see

it replenished with fresh water as long as I was in the dungeon; but I believe that, before it was absolutely drained to the dregs, a complaisant gendarme would generally have it filled again. Whether the leper, or diseased outcast, whatever he may have been, ever got access to the water, I do not know. I should imagine it was "defended" to him to drink until the rest of the world were satisfied. Of course washing was an impossible luxury. It was beyond the thoughts of any one. The unshaven beards and matted dirty hair of all the "criminals" added greatly to the general effect of their appearance.

Yet even in this veritable hell one could not help observing the inextinguishable vivacity of the national character. Amidst even this pestilential and oppressive darkness there shone out occasionally the sparkle of French wit, and there went on continuously the hum of light cheerful conversation, and the railery that we stigmatize with the name of chaff. Your true Parisian must always be *acting* before the public eye. He must keep up his part even in a dungeon; and there his part as a philosopher is naturally the *rôle* of *toujours gai*. So he hides his tears and chagrin behind some corner in the dark, and he airs his *bon-mots* and his affected gaiety before his audience with creditable assiduity. The *grande nation* has its defects, and we have seen them pretty clearly just latterly; but for a partner in temporary misery, and a cheerful companion even up to the very steps of the scaffold, commend me to a modern Gaul of the free-thinking school. Of all remarkable differences which struck me as existing between these occupants of the French prison and a similar motley collection, if such could have been found, of our Britannic countrymen, the greatest was this—the almost utter absence of all blasphemous or obscene language. In an English prison the air, pestilential as it was, would have seemed doubly so by reason of the volleys of oaths that would too surely have flooded the passages. The English common people, and more especially the common soldiers, can hardly open their mouths without an oath; and their ordinary language is such, that no lady and no decent woman can venture within earshot of them. But the Parisians don't care for swearing any more than they do for praying or getting drunk. The lowest of the low have a certain pride in talk-



ing respectably and "Frenchly," as they call it. There were few moments when any one in the prison at Versailles need have stopped his ears to the talk around him.

It is not necessary to detail the steps by which I ultimately obtained my release. Still more superfluous would be a tribute paid to the kindness and prompt attention of the British Ambassador. I will confess that my satisfaction at escaping was tempered with a regret at leaving so many more innocent victims buried in this disgusting

tomb. There was some excuse for my confinement, but for the greater part of them there could be none at all. As I heard several of their *procès verbaux* read, I felt if possible more ashamed than ever of French justice and French common sense. I will just quote the pass which was given me on being discharged by the Provost Marshal: it is rather a curious legal document. "Le nommé ———, sujet anglais, est mis en liberté, aucune inculpation n'ayant été relevée à sa charge."

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St. Paul's.

## THE LITERARY LIFE.

### I.

BEGINNERS in Literature, or those who think of beginning, must be very much puzzled with the confusion of statement in what they read and what they hear about a literary life, taken in connection with their own observation and experience, if they have a little of either. Take the case of a young fellow who either is or thinks himself very clever; who reads (as he may read in a dozen respectable places) that editors are only too glad to enlist fresh talent under their flags; and who yet, while frequently sending papers to magazines whose editors he reasonably presumes to be discriminating, is always getting them returned. The conventional stroke of politeness (upon which a word of justification by-and-by), that the rejection of a proffered contribution does not necessarily imply that it wants merit, will hardly console him much, or clear up his bewilderment. And, in truth, I do not know that the case has ever been fairly and exhaustively stated.

Take, again, deliverances like that of Dickens, who, over and over again declared, in print and out of it, that all the talk about literary cliques barring the way of the young adventurer, about lions in the path, and the rest of it, was nonsense; he never found any lions in the way; and success in literature turned exclusively upon the same points as success anywhere else, such as merit, perseverance, and so on. How would this have sounded to Jean Paul, starving for ten years because the public would not listen to him? His was a peculiar case; but there are thousands

of people to whom such words as those of Dickens must seem false and cruel.

Let us try and make a little *honest* way into the question. I promise not to shirk a single point that occurs to me, out of my own experience or otherwise, or knowingly to overstate or understate a single fact.

In the first place, then, success, great or small, in literature, depends upon the same conditions as good fortune of all other kinds in this mixed and trying world. Much depends upon what we call chance. The good tradesman may be sent to the wall by the bad; the brave soldier does *not* always, or usually, carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, or even, as a rule, get the recognition he deserves, as desert goes under the sun. There is a chance of success for every man who tries after it. The normal order of things is for merit to win the prize. And this normal order is actually, verified in a number of cases sufficient to encourage any one who cares to try and make his own case illustrate it once again. This is merely general; but it must be borne in mind. I do not know that to men who fail there is any particular consolation in it. And, on the other hand, to speak out boldly the truth, that merit does not always succeed, too often acts like an infuriating red rag to the very people who have no merit at all. It encourages them to consider themselves victims when they are only nuisances, and they go on butting all the more at the barriers that will never fall before *their* style of attack.

Here, however, we must define. What is "success"? What is your precise object in literature? If it is money, immediate fame, or indeed fame at all, then you may be enabled, after a certain number of attempts, to say if you have succeeded, or, in any case, if success is probable. The same applies if your object is anything else that is immediately tangible, like a party movement or a social change for example. But the case becomes more difficult when we pass upwards from the ranks of the "Bread-Artist," as the Germans call him. Suppose a man has set his heart upon the production of poetry that will live, or the communication of a certain impulse to the thoughts or feelings of men. Here, we may affirm, to begin with, that, if he has once found an audience of much variety, genuine qualification is certain of some recognition. The *variety* in the audience is, however, essential if this is to hold true. Reason good: what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and numbers of persons, though sensitive to merit of one kind, are insensitive to merit of another. But the effect a man produces as poet, thinker, or what not during his lifetime, is no gauge whatever of the value of his communications to the world; that he is at once recognized by competent people proves that there is something in him; but what may happen in the way of subsequent recognition is all dark. Spinoza, while living, was known for an able man, but his influence has been immensely greater since his death, and the amount of this influence upon modern thought is utterly inscrutable. John Sterling has been much more influential since his death than he ever was during his life, so far as we can tell. But these are matters in which we never *can* "tell" much. So that no man who has found his capacity recognized need despair at what appears to him the limited character of the impression he has made. A clergyman named Gay lives in philosophy on the strength of a mere pamphlet, in which (what is called) the law of association is (said to be) first assigned its proper place. Waller, Richard Lovelace, Gray, Andrew Marvell, and others, are remembered chiefly by a few happy lines apiece.

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

It is this exquisite couplet which may be

said to have kept Waller alive. It is an awkward thing to refer to living poets; but I believe that very small, sweet fragments will keep Mr. William Allingham and some others in memory quite as long as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning will be known.

The statement, so often repeated, and by people who ought to know better than to say such a misleading thing as that naked statement—I mean the *dictum* that capacity need never fear of failing to find prompt acceptance, inasmuch as editors are always on the lookout for fresh talent—is one that must be received with much qualification and reserve. It may be taken as a general rule that very special talent, amounting to genius, stands at first a bad chance, especially with periodicals. What chance would anything as new as Richter's "*Hesperus*" or Mr. Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*" have with our ordinary magazine? The chances are a million to one that the editor, though able and good-natured, would reject it at once, as not being "suited" to his "pages." A reason which would perhaps be a sound one; yet nobody can tell till the trial is made what kind of public an eccentric intellectual product may find. We know what a hard fight a man like Mr. Browning has to wage before he wins his way to such a position that he is sure of being read; and it is precisely the same with eccentric capacity of a lower order. That also is under difficulties. Two or three kinds of capacity stand a good chance at once. First, brilliancy of a slightly *bourgeois* or "philistine" order. Ingoldsby is a case in point, and irreverent though it seems, so is Dickens.\* Secondly, talent of the usual journalistic or magazine kind, combined with adequate culture and knowledge of the world. Third, effective power, not easily fatigued and quick to produce, of an order which happens to suit the market at the time. At this moment, for example, the talent of the journalist and the talent of the novelist are in great request. It cannot be said that the supply of either exceeds the demand.

But here is perhaps the place to say that no capacity of any kind can hope to suc-

\* This truth being spoken—for the truth it is—only dull people will disbelieve me when I add that it is impossible that any one should have a more intense feeling for the genius of Dickens than I have.

ceed without preparatory study and self-culture directed to the precise end in view. Of this, however, we will say more in subsequent pages.

One of the reasons which tell against the mere outside adventurers is this—that every editor is surrounded by known and tried contributors, who now and then wish to recommend or bring forward others. Friendly feeling weighs with editors, like other people; and so it ought. You, the outsider and stranger, may send a fairly good paper to a given periodical; but unless it is very decidedly better than any which the literary adherents of the periodical contribute, among whom are personal friends of its managers, why should the editor give you the preference? He may be ever so ready to give you a chance; but, alas, it is morally certain that he has arrears, perhaps six months long or more, of good articles from valued contributors, some of whom are pressing him, more or less gently, to give *them* a preference.

Besides this, there is the policy of the periodical to carry out, or its character to maintain. This is a matter upon which the managers must be the judges, without appeal; and they will mentally have their own notions of the way in which the subject-matter should be, so to speak, mixed or beaten-up. The nicest shade of difference or resemblance or relevancy or irrelevancy (with reference to other articles or to current topics) may determine the acceptance, the rejection, the insertion, or the delay of an article. Then, again, reasons of personal feeling often induce a kind and conscientious editor to "pack" his periodical in a manner which he would, for its immediate prosperity's sake, prefer to avoid. That is, he may feel it his duty—nay, even in rare cases, his interest—to insert articles which the general principles of his procedure would certainly exclude. He might know that the public had had too much, for instance, of the Irish Church question, and yet be in such a position with regard to the author of an article too-much on that subject as to feel that it would be unkind or even unfair to refuse that article. In fact, the considerations which determine the packing of a magazine are incalculably intricate.

The question of the value of personal influence in advancing the beginner who is attempting to find his way into literature, has always, so far as my reading goes,

been untruthfully described. We have been constantly told that in literature introductions are of no use; merit everything. But why should literature be unlike any other thing under heaven in this respect? Put the case of obtaining an audience wholly irrespective of profit. Here, the speaking-trumpet that falls to a man's lot is of the very utmost moment. If he happens to have something strikingly appropriate to say of an immediately exciting topic, he has a chance of being able to get a good speaking trumpet. I am thinking now of the "Letters of an Englishman," which, as far as I know, were at once admitted to the *Times* solely on the strength of their merit and their applicability. But it is very rarely that so many favorable conditions concur as happened to unite in that particular case. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the value of an introduction in getting a writer a good speaking-trumpet is immense. A celebrated name is a kind of introduction which will illustrate the subject very well. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for example, inherits a name which is historical, and which has all the effect of most powerful introductions. Apart from his genuine capacities and high culture, he had been immensely indebted, as a political and social critic, to the speaking-trumpet—the *Pall Mall Gazette*—which personal accidents placed in his power. There was not another organ in the world in which his peculiar communications would have been welcomed and would have found, at once, so favorable and so large an audience. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was itself an accident, and the circumstances that gave him his speaking-trumpet were a sort of accident and nothing else. For myself, while the most felicitous literary incident of my life was what people would call fortuitous as well—that is, I was indebted to no introduction for it—I assert that it is mere rant and fustian to deny the value of introductions in literary business matters. They will not procure success for bad work, but they give a particular piece of ordinary good work the exceptional chance which is necessary for the acquisition of a footing. And for business purposes that is everything. It is true, all this applies more to journalism than to other kinds of literary work. But this just covers the largest field of all, and the field in which the competitors are, upon a superficial

view, the most nearly equal. Now, the hasty view which, alone, an overworked editor is able to take of the pretensions of a new-comer is necessarily superficial.

So very few persons have the requisite faculties for judging of poetry, that that is in a very peculiar position. Here, and in the better sorts of fiction, introduction can do—we may say—nothing. Perhaps a real gift for poetry, or a real gift for story-telling, is of all literary gifts the one that is most sure to find its own way. The number of persons who can tell a good story from a bad one is very considerable; so that though a new-comer, with startling peculiarities, may be snubbed here and there, the beginner in fiction, if really capable, stands a good chance. On the other hand, though the number of people who can tell poetry from mere good verse is few, it is easy, a certain degree of merit once reached, to get poetry printed. And then, the few who *do* know poetry have a quick scent for it. So those who have cast bread upon the waters in that kind may rest tranquil—they have been, or will be, found out. Besides, though it costs something, it is not so *very* difficult to get a volume of poetry into print now-a-days. And poetry is, I repeat, almost certain to be found out by somebody. This remains true, in spite of the fact that there is sometimes a conflict of verdicts. The least competent and most adverse critic of Keats and Wordsworth would not have denied, upon being pressed, that the *differentia* of their minds was poetic; the rest, it will be observed, was mere matter of (what is called) taste. The radical question put by the man who thinks he sings is, "Do you acknowledge this for singing?" All the praise in the critic's ink-pot that does not go to this point should be held worthless; all the blame that admits this point may be borne with, however unjust or foolish.

The following passage is quoted from an American periodical of high standing:—

"Perhaps no taste differs more than literary taste. Men of trained judgment and rare culture differ from each other almost as much as the boor and the philosopher. This is shown in the popular magazines, not only

occasionally, but constantly. What the *Galaxy* rejects, *Putnam* prints with entire readiness; the essay *Harper's* repudiates meets with favor in the *Atlantic*; and the poem the *Atlantic* 'declines with thanks' is published in the *Broadway*. Every month the editor of some one of the monthlies discovers in his rivals the manuscript he has returned to the owner, while he himself prints and praises what his contemporaries have pronounced unworthy. We know a very clever authoress—one of the most famous in the country—who sends her composition at one time, first to the *Atlantic*, then to *Harper's*, then to the *Galaxy*; the next time, first to the *Galaxy*, &c., just reversing the order. Some one of the serials usually rejects it, but another always accepts; and she says candidly she would not give a fig for the judgment of any of them. Concerning the taste of critics, who shall decide?"

This crude bit of comment may well be taken as an illustration of some of the foregoing hints. No doubt one magazine may reject what another will insert. Of course a religious Review might decline what a secular Review might welcome. But that is not all, or half; for the question goes far beyond "literary taste." The condition of the editor's pigeon-holes is a ruling element in the case. The *Galaxy* may reject a piece of "subjective" verse because it is already overdone with such matter, while *Putnam* may run short of it just then. Or, again, an article may be declined because if published in a particular magazine it might "take the edge off" an article or series of articles projected at the time. If an editor had engaged a well-known contributor to write for him a set of papers on a given topic, he would almost certainly decline to insert a casual paper on the same or a similar topic which happened to reach him at about the same date. In fact, there are a hundred, or a hundred thousand, ways in which a really good article may be "not suited to our pages."

There remains a most important subject; namely, that of the education or preparation for literary labor which one should in some way undergo before entering upon it. This, with the subject of what is called *cliqueism*, I beg leave to defer to a second chapter.

MATTHEW BROWNE.



Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE PORTRAIT.

PAUL was ushered into a room on the ground-floor of the house in Park Lane.

A gentleman sat near the fire at a small table covered with newspapers and reviews, but the room itself attracted Mr. Whitmore's notice before he so much as glanced towards its occupant.

It was large enough for a library, but there was a lack of books and bookshelves; there were cabinets filled with old china and other quaint rarities, a few good oil pictures on the walls, but the decoration of the room itself was more attractive than its contents: the walls were divided into large square panels, the dull red ground of these relieved at wide intervals by gold stars, the panel mouldings of satin-wood and ebony; the wainscoting was of pure ebony, and the mouldings at top and bottom of satin-wood. The ceiling was covered with arabesques in blue and red, relieved by gold bosses.

It was too full of color and splendor to be quite in good taste. But Paul had not time to take in the details of this magnificence; he merely guessed that the proprietor of such a mansion must be very wealthy, and that he was probably fond of art.

There was a complacent, well-kept air about Mr. Downes, which gave the notion of acquired wealth; his clothes, his very hair and whiskers, had the look of being newly put on.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitmore"—he bowed, but not as to an equal; "you painted a portrait for my cousin, Mrs. Winchester, which I am much pleased with; Mrs. Winchester recommended you to me, in fact. You are a portrait painter, I conclude?"

"No" (a smile began to curve Paul's mouth), "I am not a portrait painter; I painted Mrs. Winchester to please a friend of mine."

Mr. Downes looked slightly discomposed.

"Ah! but you will have no objection to paint Mrs. Downes, I suppose?"

"I object to paint a mere portrait, but I shall be glad to make a picture of

Mrs. Downes so long as I do it my own way."

"Dear me, what a very foolish person—he does not know how to get on in his profession at all." Aloud Mr. Downes said: "Ah, indeed, I leave you to settle that part of the business with Mrs. Downes; I fancy no one can help making a picture of her."

Mr. Downes went to the bell and rang it.

"She's a beauty, I suppose," Paul thought; "or her husband thinks she is."

"When will it suit you to have the first sitting, Mr. Whitmore? Mrs. Downes will prefer being painted at home."

"Yes," said Paul, "that will suit me best." Since his marriage he had avoided receiving sitters at the studio in St. John Street. "This day week about this time—I could not begin sooner."

Mr. Downes sent up a message to his wife, and while he waited for the answer he graciously condescended to show Paul his pictures.

Here he admitted equality; and Paul's manner softened as he grew interested, for some of the pictures were remarkable; but still his first impression of Mr. Downes remained, and when he went away that gentleman repeated to himself—

"Very foolish, conceited person that; I shall not tell Elinor how abrupt he is, or she may change her mind about the portrait. She was unwilling enough at first to let him do it, but I must have it. I never saw a picture that I liked so much as that likeness of Henrietta. He's clever; but what high-flown nonsense these artists talk! They should be thankful to get a commission instead of laying down the law how it shall be executed. Lucky for Mr. Whitmore that I saw his likeness of Henrietta before I saw him."

Mr. Downes was very much in love with his wife, and he considered the artist a fortunate fellow indeed who was honored by a commission to paint her loveliness.

He went up to her sitting-room to ask her if she were quite sure that the day he had fixed suited her. But when he opened the outer door there was a sound of angry voices; he drew back and shut it again.

"Poor dear Elinor, I never heard her speak so loud before. I feel sure that Miss Coppock is tiresome; really Elinor's championship of that woman is most surprising; I can't bear the sight of her, she is so ugly. I believe all ugly females should be destroyed when children: we might copy the Greeks in this respect with advantage."

When Mr. Downes reached his writing-room again, he looked round it with complacency.

"Ah! I saw that fellow's eyes taking in the decoration. Yes, I don't fancy many rooms in London will beat this style of thing as a whole. I wish I had shown him the other rooms—and yet I don't know; those sort of people live in such a small circle, and have such restricted notions, that he might think I was proud of my house. Well, considering what a sum it has cost to ornament it in this way, I suppose a mere vulgar, moneyed, man would be proud."

Mr. Downes went back to his newspaper with the comfortable reflection that, at any rate, his hands had never been soiled by making money.

His wife's words, if he had heard them, would have troubled him more than their loudness of tone did.

"I thought it was quite understood, Patience, that you are to forget all I do not wish remembered. Mr. Whitmore will paint my portrait quite as well as any other artist, I suppose; and if my husband chooses him, I really cannot refuse to employ him."

Mrs. Downes, as she spoke, stood looking at herself in a tall narrow mirror between the windows of her room. It was difficult to feel angry before such a lovely picture; her long trailing black velvet robe gave her height, and suited perfectly with the calm dignity with which she reproved Miss Coppock; the only betrayal of anger had been in the raised tone of voice.

Miss Coppock was seated by the fireside, warming her feet; she had regained her old paleness, but all evenness of skin had left her face, and her eyes had lost their fire; her dress was ill chosen—a ruby silk with elaborate trimmings and frillings; its want of repose added to her gaunt, haggard appearance.

At Mrs. Downes's last words a slight flush came into Patience's face.

"Oh, Patty, how can you! Why ar'n't

you honest? You know you want Mr. Whitmore to see your grandeur."

"Miss Coppock,"—Mrs. Downes turned her head, so as to get a distinct view of her face in a new position.—"I wish you would try to remember my name; pet names are well enough for children, but I have left off being a child."

"You never were a child!"—this was muttered between Patience's set teeth; she made a struggling effort to compose herself before she answered.

"I don't often advise you now; I'm willing to admit you are capable of guiding yourself;" a sudden parting of Patty's lovely lips gave a hint that she too had been mastering some impatience; "but at your age, you can't know men as well as I do, and I'm sure it's neither fair to your husband nor to Miss Beaufort—I mean Mr. Whitmore's wife—for you to give him these sittings."

"You said something of this kind once before, Miss Coppock, and I told you then that you mistook your office. One would think"—Patty broke out in a laugh, which brought back all the old winning look into her face—"you'd been born in Spain, where, I believe, women always have a female gaoler; but as I'm not likely to forget my position or what I owe to it, you needn't play duenna, or whatever it is, here. Now don't be cross; if you didn't run away so pertinaciously as you do from Mr. Downes, I should say you were in love with him; you are always taking his part."

It was happy for Patience that Patty's mind was bent on deciding which was the best side of her own face; and she did not look round at her companion. The blood rushed up to Miss Coppock's forehead, the dull eyes lightened for a moment with an expression that was very like hatred for the bright, beautiful creature sunning herself in the glow of her own reflected loveliness, actually feasting on the picture made by her flower-like skin and blue eyes and fair gleaming hair. A casual looker-on might have thought Mrs. Downes had a dangerous companion, and that in all probability this ugly, ill-tempered woman would work her a mischief: but if the looker-on had waited, this idea would have fled. Every movement of Mrs. Downes was soft and easy, in keeping with the exquisite repose of her beauty, but there was nothing undecided about her. She walked across the room to the sofa with a firm step, and

seated herself in an attitude full of grace and yet full of self-possession. But with Patience, the spasm of jealous fury faded into a sad, downcast look, and a quivering of the pale lips that told of indecision, even in her dislike. She muttered something about orders to give, and went out of the room.

Patty's face clouded over at once. "One always has to pay a price for rising in life, I suppose, and so I had to swallow that woman's insolence. How dare she venture to say such a thing? If I hadn't been quite sure before, I'm determined to see Paul now." She sat thinking; the cloud faded, and a thoughtful look came into her deep blue eyes—a look Patty never wore for the observation of others, and yet one which since her marriage had been her habitual expression when alone; it was so different to her playful, child-like sweetness that it would have puzzled Mr. Downes; it seemed to make her a full-grown woman at once.

"What did I marry for?" she said at last; "certainly not for the mere sake of Maurice,"—a fretful droop here of the full scarlet under-lip. "I mean to fulfil all that my position requires, of course; in De Mirancourt's last letter she says, 'Be sure to keep well with your husband, it makes a woman so looked up to;' but I might as well have done without education or refinement, if I am to keep to the commonplace 'all for love' idea: nobody does, I'm sure; it's a mere sham only found in books: if I'd believed in it, of course I'd have waited, and then what would have happened? First, as an unmarried woman not knowing anybody, I shouldn't have got into society at all, or at least only on the footing of an adventuress, and then directly my money got known about, I should have been a prey to all kinds of imposition. No, a husband is a shield and an introduction, and those were just the two things I wanted, and Maurice is very indulgent, and has a good deal of *savoir faire*. Of course, I must have admirers,—I could not escape them if I tried," she smiled; "and why not Paul among the others? I owe him something for having forgotten me so soon—that is, if he did forget me. I can't believe he really fell in love with that pale-faced, half-asleep girl; it was pique, I know it was; by this time he is less romantic and unlike other people, and he'll be able quite to understand that he can admire me,

though he is married, without any harm done. I suppose he reads French novels as other men do. Poor Patience, I ought to make some excuse for her; it's her vulgar bringing-up that gives her these notions—as if any possible harm could come to me from the admiration of any man, married or single. De Mirancourt always said—and she knew everything—that it is horribly underbred to fancy impropriety where none exists. I can't live without admirers, unless I shut myself up for the whole of the season. What does a woman dress for? why does she show herself in public, unless she means to be looked at? But I'm as silly as poor Patience herself, to trouble my head with her vulgar notions."

Patty's thoughts went off to plan, first, the dress in which she should receive Paul, and then how she should dispose of Miss Coppock, so that she might not be present during the first interview with him.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE FIRST SITTING.

THERE are, and always will be, plenty of people who do not believe in presentiments of either coming joy or evil; but Nuna was not one of these sceptics; and after she had kissed Paul and watched him from the window till he was out of sight, she felt oppressed to sadness with a vague sense of trouble. Paul was never very communicative, and he had taken an instinctive dislike to Mr. Downes, and, man-like, he kept his dislikes to himself: he purposely avoided any mention of his visit to Park Lane. So when he left Nuna on the morning he had fixed for the first sitting, he only said, "I have one or two places to go to to-day—don't wait dinner, darling."

There was nothing in this to depress her; she was accustomed to see him go away for hours. Mr. Pritchard had not come back from Spain, but Paul had plenty of artist friends, and he often painted away from home. There had been a group of horses in his last picture, and these he had been obliged to study from at their stables; but that had been for his Academy picture, and Nuna knew it had been sent in.

She tried to occupy herself in painting: she had made great progress lately, but she could not concentrate her mind on her work this morning. She was follow-

ing Paul in spirit, and the load at her heart grew heavier every hour.

When Paul reached Mr. Downes's, he was struck with the evident care that had been taken in receiving him. The room into which he was shown was in the same style as the writing-room, but the coloring was more subdued; it was chiefly white and gold, with an occasional admixture of scarlet. The curtains were in scarlet velvet, and Paul noted approvingly that the shutters of one window had been closed so as to avoid any crossing of light. He also saw that the canvas he had ordered to be sent was carefully placed on an easel, and that a chair had been raised so as to imitate the arrangement in his own studio.

"Ah, Mrs. Downes knows something, she has been painted before; well, so much the better: she will know how to sit."

A closed photograph case lay on one of the small tables, and Paul stretched out his hand for it lazily, as he sat leaning back in one of the easy chairs. Patty had placed it there herself. She wanted Paul to be prepared to see her; but she had counted on quicker movements on his part. Before he had got the case open she came into the room.

Paul rose, and then stood still; he did not bow or speak, but his blood rushed up in tumult to his face; he was stunned by this unexpected meeting.

His eyes were fixed on Patty; she, too, stood motionless: she had not been able quite to plan her part, but she took it at once from him. Her eyes drooped; her whole attitude became dejected, and at last she looked up with a timid, imploring sweetness.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Whitmore; won't you shake hands?"

The words came so tenderly, so softly, that Paul's anger seemed to be slipping away. He tried hard to keep it; he saw that she was more beautiful than ever, and he frowned.

"I ought to have been told," he said.

"I was afraid." Patty spoke sorrowfully—except for the changed accent, she might have been Patty Westropp. There was the drooping head, the childlike voice, and the little hands were pressed plaintively together. "I thought if you knew it was me, you wouldn't have come." She looked with such a helpless pleading

in her sweet blue eyes, that Paul felt their old power coming over him. He still fought against it, and answered almost audibly,

"No, I don't think I should."

"And then," she went on in the same soft imploring tone, "I could not be sure you would recognize me. I thought you might have forgotten all about me; I am so altered, am I not—so aged?"

She looked up at this and spoke impressively, as if to remind him of her changed position. Paul bowed, with a sort of scorn in his deference.

"Yes, you are altered; but you could scarcely think I could forget you."

He went up to the easel, and looked at the canvas.

"Is my dress the sort of thing you like?" said Mrs. Downes.

But Paul did not even look round at her: he stood thinking.

"Your dress is of little consequence to-day, so far as its color is concerned," he said at last, "but I don't think I will paint you."

The color sprang to Patty's face. "Oh, please do;" she spoke imploringly, without any of her newly gained repose of manner; "it is my husband's wish that you should paint me; what will he think?"

She looked so humble, so sweet, so utterly unlike the false Patty he had so long pictured, that Paul's impulses made him yield while he thought he was yielding to Mrs. Downes's arguments.

It was an entirely false position, but he must make the best of it; after all, it was perhaps better to show Patty how indifferent he felt.

"Very well."

He stooped over the table on which he had placed his materials, and selected a piece of charcoal; he thought he was really quite indifferent.

"Ah but, Mr. Whitmore,"—Patty had gone back to her old playful manner,— "why need you be so dreadfully industrious? Don't be in such a hurry to begin; we haven't had a bit of talk; I haven't even asked after Mrs. Whitmore."

Mrs. Downes felt horribly piqued. She fancied her beauty would assert its old magic over Paul, and instead of any devotion, he was treating her like a culprit. He did not seem at all impressed by the state of life in which he found her.



"I must make him feel it," she said to herself; "I won't submit to insolence, even from him."

"How is Mrs. Whitmore?" she said, politely.

Paul was conscious of a change in her manner; he was vexed to have betrayed his own vexation: he smiled, and tried to speak in a more natural voice.

"Thank you, she is quite well; but you must excuse me if I ask you to sit. I have no time to lose—you forget that I am only a rising artist, and have still to work hard for my living." He emphasized the word "I," and then felt himself silly.

Patty was relieved; Paul did still care for her; he must, or he would be more at ease, more indifferent. She answered, as simply as if she had not felt the sting under his words—

"Are you really? I'm so sorry: I never thought of you as being obliged to work hard; I looked upon you as a gentleman who followed art more as an amusement than anything else; but indeed I'll be careful not to waste your time now."

Almost without any help from Paul she placed herself so that it seemed impossible to improve on her attitude. It did not occur to the artist that this happy, easy grace was the result of study, and that Mrs. Downes had spent hours in deciding how she would be painted—he only saw a fresh beauty in it: he despised Patty from the bottom of his heart, but he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The past year and a half had matured and perfected her loveliness: she had gained so much, too, in expression; she had, as a Frenchwoman would say, so much more physiognomy, and yet she had not surrendered one physical charm. Even in the arrangement of her rich chestnut hair, the natural irregular wave which had given so much wild grace to it in former times was preserved. Patty rather bent fashion to serve her beauty than yielded herself up to its trammels. Her dress this morning suited her exactly: it was a striped blue and white silk; she had felt sure it would not paint well, but she preferred to give Mr. Whitmore the opportunity of advising and directing her taste. Miss Coppock was possibly right when she said she had had a larger experience in dealing with men than Mrs. Downes had; but experi-

ence can never match the instinctive quickness and artistic power of such a nature as Patty's. She read Paul's mood truly, and she saw that for the present at least he must be left to himself.

So the sitting progressed silently enough: "A little more to the right—thank you," from the artist, and sometimes, "Do I keep still enough—are you sure I do?" from the sitter, and then his thanks.

Every now and then Mrs. Downes stole a glance at Paul. How rapt he was in his work: he frowned slightly, but no more as if he were concentrating straying thoughts than as if he were angry.

"Is he happy, I wonder? Why did he marry—how could he marry without money?" Patty gave a little shudder as she summoned up the picture of a poor artist's home. Poverty among folk of the class from which she herself sprang did not seem a hardship to Mrs. Downes. She told herself that the shrinking she had felt from poor, mean ways was a sure proof she had always been intended for a higher position. "I know I was a lady born," was an axiom she loved to repeat. Poor people, as poor people, ought to be content with their lot, she thought, but poverty to a man like Paul Whitmore must be dreadful—so lowering and debasing; for, to Patty, the possession of wealth was in itself a sort of brevet rank, and those who had not got it were only pretenders when they aspired to equality with rich people. There was quite a criminal presumption in such refinement and uppishness as she remembered at Ashton Rectory, considering that Mr. Beaufort could not even afford a carriage or a saddle-horse for his daughter.

Her feelings against Nuna took their old bitterness as she looked at Paul. In the excitement of her own hurried marriage—hurried because she feared her father might gain knowledge of her proceedings—in her triumphant exaltation at the state and splendor to which she saw her husband was habituated, and also in her satisfaction at the easy sway she held over him, Mrs. Downes had forgiven the Rector's daughter for marrying Paul Whitmore. There was a tender corner in her heart where she pleased herself with thinking he dwelt, but she had not counted on seeing him again, and when she thought of him it was

with a sort of regretful pity for the mistake he had made in marrying Nuna Beaufort.

But the sight of her old lover had stirred Patty strangely, stirred the atmosphere of worldliness that was around her: glancing at him as she sat there alone in his presence, feeling that presence nearer from the almost oppressive silence, a throb rose in Patty's bosom—a throb of wild, sudden anguish. She stifled the sigh in which it showed itself, and in a moment she looked as calm and sweet as the face rapidly taking shape on the canvas.

But this stifling brought pain with it, and Patty had no notion of bearing her own quota of pain: if she suffered, some one else must bear the penalty, and at that moment she hated Nuna with an intensity that De Mirancourt would have stigmatized as low-bred. It seemed to Patty, in the sudden passion of her soul, that Nuna had taken Paul and his love from her. "I had him first! What right had she to come between us?"

She gave another quick, sidelong glance, her eyes glowing with the mingled passions she could not keep out of them. Till now she had seen Paul's face in profile, his eyes bent on his work; but this time their gaze met fully.

Paul looked away as suddenly and sharply as if he had seen something loathsome.

There was a tap at the door. "May I come in?"—but Mr. Downes did not attempt to enter until his wife's soft voice answered.

Then he came in, and wished Mr. Whitmore good morning in an unctuous, benevolent voice—a voice that seemed to say, "My good fellow, I'm so sorry that you have to earn your own bread, that I must show you my compassion somehow."

He placed himself directly between the artist and Patty, and peered at the canvas through his eyeglass.

"Capital! really, do you know you've quite caught that pose of the head which is peculiar to my wife. Upon my word I think, if you go on as you have begun, that you'll make something of this picture, Mr. Whitmore."

"I hope so."

Patty saw the curl on Paul's lip, and she writhed in silence. How insignificant her husband was in her eyes! For the first time since her rise in life Mrs.

Downes realized that there are things unpurchasable by money.

"I should have preferred the full face being represented." Mr. Downes was still scrutinizing the sketch through his eyeglass, his under-lip pursed up, and his head on one side. "I suppose it's easy enough to alter, Mr. Whitmore; what do you think, Elinor, eh?"

Paul glanced up suddenly at the unusual name: a dim glimmering came to him that Mr. Downes was ignorant of his wife's early history.

"Mr. Whitmore must know best," Patty said, much more to Paul than to her husband.

"Well, I don't know. We should always try to have the best even of a good thing. I'm sure Mr. Whitmore will agree with me in thinking that I must know the best view of your face, and every turn and variety of your expression, better than he can, on such very recent acquaintance. I don't mean to say it makes as much difference in your case as it would in that of others." Mr. Downes's smile made the words a compliment.

Patty was thankful that she might cast down her eyes and blush at praise before a stranger. She could not help blushing; she felt very disconcerted: her husband's words had told Paul all that she least wanted him to know—that she had been false and deceitful, and had concealed her early history; and that moreover, if Paul chose to speak, he might ruin her forever with her purse-proud, punctilious husband.

She was too much confused to listen to Mr. Downes's next words, but she saw that Paul was gathering his materials together. She longed to escape, but she dared not just then leave Mr. Whitmore alone with her husband. It was an unspeakable relief when Paul went away.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

Paul had hardly thought at all while he remained in Patty's morning-room.

At any time the very violence of his impulses made concentrated thought a slow process; feeling had to be given time to subside before judgment could begin to act. When he saw Patty he felt the need of immediate self-control, and he sought it by throwing himself into his

work with a strength that might have been impossible to an inferior man. But Paul was a true Artist. He had chosen to follow Art, not only because he loved it and as a means of livelihood, but because it was embodied in him, it was his mode of speech for the gift he found within him; he worshipped Art as an abstract reality, and now in this moment of need his devotion stood him in good stead; he found himself armed against Patty and her attempts at reconciliation.

But outside the house, fairly on the way to his own home, the charm was over.

A feeling of strong indignation against Patty, against her husband, and against himself, for having submitted to such a false position, flamed up.

"I am a fool, a weak, irresolute fool! Just because I had the canvas there and everything ready, to let myself be led on to do that which I believe to be absolutely wrong. I'll throw the thing up; by what that simpleton said he knows nothing of his wife's beginnings, and of course she expects me to connive at her deceit." He gave a shudder here. "What a false creature she has been all through;" and then his thoughts went over the past. A deep sigh came, a sigh of relief, of thankfulness; he had been contrasting Nuna and Mrs. Downes; and Patty's conduct grew blacker in his eyes.

"Well, she has got her punishment in a man like that; one would not wish her worse off: it's easy to see that he is a slave to conventionalities and forms of all sorts. Her life must be a perpetual subterfuge; if he ever does find out, I don't envy her. I should not like to be the woman dependent on Mr. Downes's clemency. Poor little Patty; what a fate!" Under this new light Paul Whitmore's heart softened; he had been very hard on her after all; it was not fair to judge her by Nuna's standard. Patty's trial had been so exceptional that it could hardly be judged by ordinary rules; it was plain she did not love her husband, but under her peculiar circumstances an early marriage must have been a necessity.

"She could not possibly have stayed with that miserly old father. Poor girl! with another man she might have had a chance."

Paul did not tell himself that Patty still loved him; he would not allow himself to

dwell for an instant on the look which he had surprised in her eyes; but a strong feeling rose in his heart and quieted away his anger, a feeling of pity for the beautiful wife of "that old fool," as he termed Mr. Downes, and a resolution that he would not paint her portrait.

"And I will say nothing to Nuna about the matter; she behaved nobly when I told her of my folly with Patty, but women are all alike on one point, they are never quite easy about a man's previous love unless she is older and uglier: and it is not from jealousy either—rather in such a nature as Nuna's it would be from her humble notion of herself; she would feel completely inferior to Patty now. No, I shall say nothing about it. I shall write and get out of the whole affair, and there's an end of it. We are not likely to meet these Downeses; Nuna dislikes grand parties as much as I do, and the Downeses only visit swells, of course."

A load rolled off Paul's heart at this resolution, and yet it was the first time since their marriage that he had resolved to keep anything from Nuna,—her frankness had so far won him from his habitual reserve.

In his impulse to prove Nuna's superiority to Patty—it may be as a shield against the remembrance of that passionate glance, a shield which, if his love for his wife had been full and perfect, he never would have needed—Paul quite forgot that he had told Nuna not to expect him till evening.

He went on fast to St. John Street, impatient to be with his wife, and to show her that he truly valued her love and her truth; it seemed to him they had never shone out so brightly as they did in contrast with Patty's deceit. "Sweet, truthful little darling!" he said to himself.

He went softly upstairs that he might enjoy her eager look of delight at his unexpected appearance.

A sound of scrubbing made him pause. He opened the door.

He looked down on a face upturned to him—a face with a strong resemblance to a King Charles' spaniel; large dark eyes, a pug nose, and a bunch of black curls on each side of the face: here the canine likeness ended, except that, as the body belonging to the face was on all-fours, the attitude might be called in keeping. A black gown was tucked tightly round this anomalous being, most of it hidden by a

canvas apron tied behind : beside her stood a steaming pail, and she held a scrubbing brush at Paul as if she thought he looked in want of it.

"What's the meaning of all this?" Paul spoke dreamily: he was not quite sure he was in his own studio. The room was bare—cleared for action, except that in one corner was a barricade, a heterogeneous piled-up heap, of precious articles.

At this sight Paul gasped.

"By whose orders are you doing this?" He spoke angrily: he thought the owner of the house had been interfering and making suggestions to Nuna and her maids.

The black eyes sparkled and the curls wagged, while their owner got up nimbly and began to wipe her hands and arms on her apron.

"Missis's, sir, if you please." The woman drew in her pinched lips in such a spasmodic attempt at a smile that Paul thought she was laughing at him while she curtsied.

"Who do you mean by Missis?" He spoke very imperiously.

"Lord bless us, sir, why *your* Missis, to be sure, and a sweet young lady she his: she said as you wouldn't be coming anear the place till tea-time, and I was to clean up as much as I could so long as I got done by six." The charwoman felt herself the aggrieved person.

"And did you move all those things yourself?" Paul said ruefully: he had just caught sight of a pile of heavy books on the face of a half-completed picture.

"Misses did some, sir, and I helped. You see, sir," she added confidentially, looking up in Paul's face as if she had earned his everlasting gratitude, "the place was in that awful muck and litter as it warn't fit for pigs, let alone Christians. As to them there plaster casts, it took me a good hour or more to get the rough dirt off, though I did use the brush. That's all I've broke, sir;" she pointed to the chimney-piece—"I don't fancy it's of much account: it's only a nose, sir, hoff o' that little brown image; I put it safe on the mantel."

Paul could not speak: he walked up to the "little brown image," an exquisite statuette in terra-cotta he had brought from Italy. The nose was gone, the face scratched, and every fold of drapery, every wave of hair, encrusted with soap, which clung to the surface tenaciously, and entirely filled up the delicate modelling.

"I'm sorry you've come in so soon, sir;" —Black-eyes looked sharply at her scrubbing-brush: she wanted to get on with her work;—"you see, you'd have knowed nothin' about it if you'd stayed hout, and what the heye don't see, sir, as you know, the 'art never feels, though that's not allus true, 'cos one don't see when one's master goes to the public, but one feels it all a same."

"And a loving husband who comes home to his wife gets this kind of reception," said Paul to himself; why, it's death and destruction to everything in the shape of art. What awful recklessness! How could Nuna do it!"

He felt almost beside himself with anger. He had come home, longing for the domestic joy which he believed was unknown in the splendid mansion of Mr. Downes—for a quite afternoon's work, with Nuna beside him reading to him or sympathizing in the progress of his picture; and instead, he had found his studio in disorder and steaming with soapuds; so wet that it would be scarcely habitable by evening, and he could hardly calculate how much mischief done besides.

"Such petty, womanish fussiness," He fumed up and down the room; he had too much reticence to let the charwoman hear his angry words. "What can it matter about the corners of a room? I'm sure the table and all the centre was clean: it's so beggarly and wretched to have this kind of thing going on. I never saw it in my mother's house; I don't believe the rooms were ever cleaned in such a way, and yet she was particular enough."

His thoughts went back to the exquisite room he had just left—a room where nothing look formal or precise, and yet where all was spotless and well-placed.

"It will take me a month to sort everything I want out of that Douglas larder;" he went up to the window and looked out.

Black-eyes felt relieved when he turned his back; it was the next best thing to going away.

"Oh my!" She went down on her knees, and began to scrub again vigorously. "Ain't he got a temper, and no mistake! My! and they ain't been married but a few months or so. There's no pleasin' men, that's the long and short on it; they can't abide sluts, none of 'em can't, and it seems to me this here one ain't fond o' cleanliness neither. I'm



sure if some a' them partfolers in the corners hadn't been brushed and rubbed. they'd have walked by theirselves, they was that standin' in dust. Poor young lady! she's got a horkard temper to deal with: now I suppose he'll take hisself off in a huff to the public—gentle folks calls 'em clubs, I believe, but I take it it's the same meanin' in the hend to the wives as is left at home by theirselves."

Paul stood thinking a few minutes, and then he rang the bell.

Even the usually trim, prim parlor-maid seemed to be participating in the general disarray. She looked soiled and untidy.

She stood at the door, but Paul frowned, and beckoned her across the wet floor.

"Where's your mistress?"

"Mistress said, sir, I was to tell you, if you came in, sir, that she got a note this morning, asking her to take luncheon with a lady from Ashton, at the Langham Hotel, sir. Mistress said she felt sure you wouldn't come in till late, but I was to say so if you did."

"Did you hear the lady's name?" said Paul.

"Mrs. Bright, I think, sir." The girl had never heard Mr. Whitmore speak so harshly. She looked at the door.

"Can't you make that woman leave off this miserable slopping?" he said, "and can't you and Anne set to work to make the room straight at once? I won't have that woman touch even a portfolio."

"Yes, sir," said the girl demurely, but inwardly she laughed.

It was so likely she and Anne would put the carpet on the wet floor, and work themselves like horses in moving those great lumbering things, when Missis was going to pay the woman on purpose that they mightn't have to do rough work; the parlor-maid said this to herself, with the usual contempt inherent in the servant mind for the domestic interference of masters, while she held the door open for Mr. Whitmore to pass out, with more than ever of "prunes and prism" in the set of her demure mouth.

Paul fulfilled the charwoman's prediction, by dining at his club, and then he went off to the rooms of two young artists at the other end of London, where he got laughed at for his quiet, domestic ways, till he began to think himself a pattern husband.

He was not in a hurry to go home; the

remembrance of the studio came to him with a shudder, and he shrank too from seeing Nuna.

"I wish that old chattering Mrs. Bright had stayed at home; she is sure to say or do something foolish."

Paul was vexed that Nuna should have gone off in this sudden way without consulting him. It did not occur to him that his unpunctual habits had made his wife secure of his absence, and delighted to shorten one of her long, solitary days, by a chat with her old friend.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### IN WHICH PAUL "TREATS" RESOLUTION.

It was growing dark when Paul once more set out on his way home.

When he came into the hall, the gas was not lighted; it seemed to him he heard Nuna's voice on the staircase, and a sudden gladness came back to him: he ran upstairs; a tall man coming down nearly knocked him over.

It was Will Bright. The two men begged pardon, and then recognized each other in the dim light.

"I've brought Nuna home," said Will; "she stopped talking with my mother in hopes you would come and fetch her; we should have been so glad to see you."

"Thank you," Paul spoke stiffly: then he added, "Won't you come up and have some supper?"

"No, thank you," and the two men shook hands and parted.

"Poor darling," Will sighed to himself, "is this the way that fellow neglects her? I'd like to give him a good thrashing."

"Great stupid lout," said Paul as he went upstairs, all the glad light gone from his eyes. "How could Nuna bring the fellow here? She knows I can't bear him."

Nuna ran to him as soon as he opened the door.

She was radiant: she had had a delightful day; the Brights had been so kind; they had taken her to see exhibitions and for a drive in the park; she had so enjoyed herself. Paul listened; he was pleased she had been happy, but his discomfiture had not passed away; and in the midst of her animated flow of talk Nuna checked herself.

"Doesn't Paul like me to enjoy myself without him? Yes, it was selfish of me;" and a double flow of tenderness came to her voice.

"What have you been doing all day, darling? I was half in hopes you would get home before I did, and come to fetch me. You would have come if you had known in time, wouldn't you?"

"No; I did come home, Nuna. I came home to dinner. To tell you the truth, I was so savage at the mess I found the room in, and at the damage and mischief done, that I was in no hurry to come home again."

He spoke gravely and as he thought very leniently, considering all he had suffered, and the terrible mistake his wife had made in setting such an outrageous proceeding on foot without duly consulting him; and if Nuna had been sitting indoors moping after her usual fashion, she would have taken his reproof to heart, and expressed due contrition; but the open-air drive, the sight of her friends and their kindness, had brought back her old girlish spirits.

She laughed heartily in Paul's face, and then nestled close up to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling; but, you dear old fidget, why didn't you stay away, and then you never would have known anything? I meant to tell you, of course:" she blushed at Paul's look of annoyance. "And I am very, very sorry I was not in when you came, but stay at home to-morrow instead, darling, won't you? and we'll be so happy. It feels all so clean and comfortable; now do sit down and listen; I have so much to tell you still."

Paul sat and listened, while Nuna rattled on full of the sparkle of happy feelings; but he was silent; he was profoundly vexed, and yet too proud to show his vexation.

"There is nothing like association," he said to himself. "A few hours with these commonplace people, and Nuna is quite changed; I could not have believed she would laugh at me when she must have seen I was vexed. I won't damp her spirits now, but I'll take care that this sort of upset is not repeated; if it is, I paint away from home."

"Poor old Will," said Nuna. "I wish you would call on him, darling, and be a little kind to him."

"I don't mind calling," Paul smiled, "but I don't think I can be very pleasant society for him, and to tell you the truth I think he's a lout."

Nuna blushed: she thought Paul the least bit ungenerous. "Poor Will, you are hard on him; he asked very kindly after you;" and then she left off talking about the Brights.

She was so thoroughly gay and happy that the evening passed over without any further cloud. Paul wisely kept his eyes off his treasures: but as soon as he was left alone he took a lamp and gave a rapid glance at the new arrangements.

So far as he could see, everything was much as usual, but when he remembered the clay statuette he felt as angry as ever.

"It was unjustifiable. So much mischief might have been done. I wish those confounded Brights had stayed at home. That's the worst of country acquaintance: they come upon you when you wish for them least. Nuna will want to spend every day with that silly old chatterbox."

Next morning was full of sunshine, and Paul even was forced to admit that the studio was all the pleasanter from the absence of dust: he was mollified, too, by finding his wife had carefully stowed away his chief rarities in her own little room—a tiny retreat hardly bigger than a large closet, a striking contrast to Patty's luxurious sitting-room.

It seemed to Paul this morning that he had been unreal and exaggerated in his ideas of Mrs. Downes and himself. There could be no greater harm in his going to Park Lane to paint her portrait, than in the pleasure Nuna showed in talking of Will Bright.

"From what Mr. Beaufort said to me, that fellow will go on loving Nuna in his calf-like way to his dying day, and yet she evidently considers herself free to talk to him and walk with him. The truth is, I am too strait-laced in my notions: I did not know I was such a prig. Why should I lose the money I mean to make that fellow Downes pay for his wife's portrait just for a squeamish scruple? I'm sure she can't care a rap for me, and I can answer for myself. When the picture's done I shall go my way, and Patty will go hers, and I can't see that we shall be the worse for having met again."

He tore up the note he had written at the club to Mr. Downes, and resolved that he would keep the appointment he had made with Patty.

(To be continued.)

Fortnightly Review.

## MICHELANGELO AND HIS PLAN IN ART.\*

IN Greek art the love of design seems to predominate over that of imitation; in Michelangelo's, the two seem to hold an equal place. I do not mean that the Greeks had less of the imitative faculty, but that they kept it in subordination to that of design. Nor do I say that Michelangelo in any way excelled the Greeks in anything that he did in the way of study from Nature; for the work of Phidias is brought to a perfection of truth and beauty which Michelangelo may have striven after, but which he certainly never achieved, at all events in his sculpture, though I shall presently allude to one of his painted figures, which, to my mind, equals in perfection of beauty anything done by Phidias, and that out of the force of his own single genius, for the work of Phidias was completely unknown to him. But this I say, that Michelangelo's best work is in no way inferior to the very highest Greek work in point of design, and that his imitative faculty not being kept in subordination, he was enabled to see truths that no Greek ever dreamed of expressing. Above all, his vast imaginative gift, the stormy poetry of his mind, the passionate Italian nature that was in him, the soul of Dante living again in another form and finding its expression in another art, led him to contemplate a treatment of the human form and face which the intellectual Greek considered beyond the range of his art.

The Greeks aimed at the perfection of decorative design, and in so much as the study of the human form helped them to arrive at that perfection, they carried it further and to a more consummate point than has ever been done before or since. But they gave themselves small scope for the display of human passion; when they represented it, it was in a cold and dignified manner, which fails to awaken our sympathies. The figures of fighting warriors on the pediment of the temple of Ægina receive and inflict wounds, and meet their death with a fixed smile, which shows that the artist intended to avoid the

expression of pain or passion. The Greek artists have the supreme right to the title of Idealists; they are the true worshippers of the Ideal; the ideal of beauty once achieved, they cared not to vary it. Witness the most perfect specimen of their decorative art which remains, the most perfect in the whole world—I mean the frieze of the Parthenon. There is not in the hundreds of figures which form the Panathenaic procession, except by accidents of execution, any variation of character in the beautiful ideal forms represented, whether they be of man, woman, or animal; enough remains of the faces to show that they conform to two or three types throughout, without variety of character of expression; all is as perfect as the most profound knowledge, the most skilful workmanship, and the highest sense of beauty can make it. But with the great Florentine, the realistic tendency is obvious from the beginning, not to work up to an ideal of humanity, but to study it in its countless forms of beauty and grandeur, and its ever-varying moods, and to represent these as truthfully as the deepest contemplation of nature could enable him to do.

In Michelangelo we have an instance of a mind gifted with the highest imaginative faculties, and with the most profound love and veneration for all that is most noble, most beautiful, and grandest in Nature, following with unwearying perseverance the road best calculated to develop these faculties, by studying with accurate minuteness the construction of the human form, so as to be able to give the highest reality to his conceptions. Luca Signorelli's imaginative faculty was akin to that of Michelangelo's, and some go so far as to think that this painter's work had an influence on Michelangelo. This may possibly be true, and no doubt Michelangelo may have admired this painter's work greatly; but I do not see the necessity for supposing that Michelangelo was indebted to him for ideas, when we consider the vastness of his genius. The difference I wish to point out between two men alike in the character of their genius is, that Michelangelo's marvellous knowledge of the human form, in which he

\* The above is from a lecture by E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., entitled "Beauty and Realism."—ED. ECLECTIC.

stands alone, enabled him to give that splendid and truthful beauty to his figures, and to dwell on subtleties of modelling and of outline, which are not to be found in Luca Signorelli's work. Astonishing as is the power of Luca Signorelli's imagination, and admirably true as are the action and expression of his figures, he fell short precisely on that point of realism which makes the enormous gulf between him and the greater artist. Michelangelo I consider the greatest realist the world has ever seen. The action, expression, and drawing of his figures, down to the minutest folds of drapery and points of costume, down to the careful finish given to the most trivial accessories (where used), such as the books his figures hold, and the desks they write on, are all studied from the point of view of being as true to Nature as they can be made. He left it to his imitators and followers to make human bodies like the sacks of potatoes I have alluded to; he who never made, never could make, a fault of anatomy in his life, has had such followers, who gloried in thinking how Michelangelesque was their work. It is his followers, again, and not he, who make their saints and prophets write with pens without ink, on scrolls of paper without desks, and such-like absurdities.

And here there is a very general misconception, which I must dwell on for a short time, as it is so very important that it should be set right. I have heard it said again and again, by artists (who ought to know better) and others, that Michelangelo's works may be grand in style, they may be imaginative, they may even be beautiful (sometimes), but they cannot be said to be true to Nature on account of their exaggeration. You will all recognize that this is the common way in which Michelangelo's works are spoken of. Now, my first notion connected with a lecture was that of vindicating Michelangelo's honor on this point. There are, I think, many reasons, and perhaps some good ones, for this opinion. The best and most universally known of his works is the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, a work executed when he was sixty years old, by which time his magnificent manner had possibly developed into somewhat of a mannerism; that is to say, that whereas throughout his life the necessities of his subjects, chosen, no doubt,

especially for the purpose, obliged him to depict the human form in every beautiful variety of action and position, in his later years this pleasure of exercising his ingenuity in inventing and correctly representing difficulties of foreshortening seemed to grow upon him, and in some parts of the Last Judgment, especially in the upper part, outweighed the more simple dignity with which most of it is invested. The stupendous work which does most to make his name immortal is on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed twenty years before the Last Judgment, which is on the end wall of the same chapel, was done; and it is on this work that I take my stand in placing Michelangelo as the chief of realistic painters; not so much on the Last Judgment, tremendous as it is both in conception and execution. Another, and the most important reason, for the charge of exaggeration, is that from some cause or another no great man has ever suffered so much at the hands of the engravers. All with one accord have taken it into their heads that Michelangelo's work cannot be properly copied unless limbs and muscles are exaggerated in a way which they would never dream of using with another man's work; in fact, they think it necessary to import into their work every exaggerated defect which they find in the works of his imitators, or rather the defects of exaggeration to be found in the preposterous school formed upon Raphael. Raphael indeed himself is not exempt from having made exaggerated imitations of the great master. The "Incendio del Borgo" is perhaps the beginning of that lumpy and inflated style so different from the simple and elegant work of Michelangelo. Engravers, at all events, find that Michelangelo is not so Michelangelesque as they expected, so they try to improve upon him; and the greatest master of drawing the world has ever seen has had the most ill-drawn travesties of his finest works passed off on those who are unable to visit the originals and judge for themselves. Still those who have eyes to see can very plainly make out from the wretched stuff that engravers have given us what manner of man it was whose work was thus travestied. It is obvious that the mind which could conceive figures so amazingly grand in intention could not be guilty of altering Nature for the purpose of producing the grotesque forms and



faces shown us by the engravers. I, fortunately, a little time ago, had the opportunity of verifying for myself what I had surmised to be true, but much as I expected in the way of beauty before entering the Sistine, I was prepared rather to be overwhelmed by a magnificent grandeur of imagination and design than to be charmed by refined beauties of form and face; and another element of beauty I found which I had not expected, for the engravers carefully avoid representing it in their copies, and on a point of excellence for which the palm has generally been given to another painter—I mean the amazing subtlety, variety, and truth of expression in the faces of the Titanic beings who sit enthroned over one's head in that amazing work. Raphael has been considered the master of expression and beauty of face; Michelangelo of grandeur of form. I find the latter supreme in all. He it was who found in Nature what beauty and what grandeur lie in the most trivial actions, and first had the power to depict them. Raphael's receptive mind seized at once on the idea, adapted it to his style, and followed close on the great master's steps. The possibility of verifying the truth of what I say is now fortunately within reach of all amateurs of art, for within the last eighteen months this amazing work of which I am speaking, in which the variety is so great that Vasari may well say, "That no man who is a painter now cares to seek new inventions, attitudes, draperies, originality, and force of expression"—this great work has been reproduced in all its details in photography; the enterprising German who has rendered this most important service having taken no less than one hundred and forty negatives, all (with the exception of seven or eight from the Last Judgment) being taken from the ceiling. These photographs are a revelation in art. No one until now who has not seen the original has had the slightest idea of what Michelangelo's work is.

I will allude first to the naked figures which sit in pairs on the architectural projections which form the sides of the prophets' thrones. Each pair of these holds between them a large medallion, on which, in imitation of a relief in bronze and gold, is painted a subject from the Book of Kings, or supports a ponderous festoon of leaves and acorns—a common feature of

decoration in classical architecture, but employed in a totally new way by Michelangelo, which the original inventor of the idea was far from dreaming of. For there are no less than twenty of these figures, and Michelangelo has taken advantage of their employment to represent not only almost every kind of action of which the position of these figures could suggest to his great genius, but for the display of every variety and mood of the human mind. One of them seems the very type of life and activity: he laughs as he shifts the ribbon, by which he supports his medallion, from one shoulder to the other; he is in the act of uncrossing his legs as he does it, and the great master of design has arrested him in the middle of this complicated, and to any other artist almost impossible, movement. An instantaneous photograph could not seize on the action with more absolute accuracy; and there is that look of life in his light and active limbs which almost makes you expect him to continue his movement. More grand is another, as he sits calmly reposing on his ponderous burden, profoundest and most melancholy thought reflected on his god-like face. Others seem to catch some faint sound of the inspiration which the cherubs of God are whispering in the ear of the prophet or sybil below, and start with affrighted and awe-stricken looks. There is another laughing figure even more beautiful than the one described; he lifts with ease his heavy weight of leaves and acorns, while his fellow looks at him with an angry glance as he struggles to raise his own share which has slipped from his shoulder. There is a pair who converse over their task, and another pair perform it with careless indifference, as if weary and uninterested; and all these various figures are depicted with a realism of expression and action, a beauty of form and face, an absolute accuracy of anatomical expression, a splendor of light and shade, a roundness of modelling and minuteness of finish to the perfect drawing of every nail on hand or foot, and the graceful turn of every lock of hair, which never flags for a moment, and which is never at fault. The beauty of the heads of these figures is beyond all that ever was done in art; nothing of Raphael's to my mind approaches them; and on one point he has utterly surpassed the Greeks—while giving to many of his faces the beautiful refine-

ment of a woman's, he has never sacrificed one atom of the manliness. The figure before us, with all the melancholy tenderness of its face, has nothing but the character of a man, and the limbs are massive as rock, with all the beauty of their forms. Not so the Greeks, who made their Apollos so effeminate that it is often difficult to tell from the head whether a man or woman is represented. The beauty of the heads of these figures is, as I say, beyond all that ever was done, but it is hardly more extraordinary than the beauty of the bodies and limbs; the heads and feet especially are most perfect, and being the most difficult part of the figure, are, in contrast to most of our modern work, precisely the parts that are always the most perfectly done and the most finished. But more wonderful than all is the harmony of design; the figures being in pairs, and facing each other, they are made to a certain extent to correspond. The perfectly natural way in which this is done, without forcing the action of the figures into similar forms, is not the least astounding part of the work. One pair is in action, another in repose, and yet it never occurs to the spectator, till he begins to examine the work as a composition, that this is a matter of most careful arrangement. The lines of composition, too, of each figure are not only most harmonious in themselves, but in perfect harmony with every figure round it. And what shall I say when I come to speak of the inspired beings, sybils and prophets, who sit enthroned below? The realization of these sublime forms is carried to the highest pitch. Nothing so true as their expression and action, down to the most trivial points, has been achieved in painting. The most magnificent of these figures, to my thinking, is the prophet Isaiah; he receives inspiration from a cherub, who, with excited looks, is pointing behind him, his flying drapery indicating that he had come, like the winged Mercury of the pagans, with a message direct from heaven; with all the grandeur of this figure, the movement and expression are as exactly true as any painter of child-life could desire. Turn to the prophet himself; what a subtle combination of expressions on his face! His right hand drawing forth the book wherein he records the inspirations he receives from heaven, he listens to the divine message with a

mingled expression of attention and wonder. His downcast eyes have a fixed look, as though they saw not; his brow is half raised in wonder, half frowning in deepest thought, and a slight look of bewilderment plays hesitating round his mouth, as with his left hand he seems to indicate that he has received the message, and turns with the intention of recording it. The massive grandeur of his features is in accordance with the dignified repose of the action, and over all there is the lofty look of the prophet not unaccustomed to hold intercourse with his God. I believe this to be the most triumphant realization of a complicated expression and action, combined with the most consummate grandeur of face and form, ever achieved in art. The first impression on the sight of this figure in its gigantic size on the ceiling, sixty feet above one's head, is that of amazement at the mighty art that produced it; in this case Nature really seems to have been surpassed, and a new creation made. And the imagination of the artist—how justly called divine!—rises to yet higher flights when he treats of the creation of the world, and the history of our first parents, in the centre compartments of the ceiling. But throughout, from beginning to end, through all the hundreds of groups and figures which make up this triumph of the decorative art, there is this one predominant fact, that no matter how supremely difficult the position or action of the figures, no matter whether he be representing prophet, cherub, or ordinary mortal, or even those scenes where the Almighty manifests his glory in acts of creation, the expression of face and figure is realized with the utmost attention to truth. The draperies take not the least important place in this expression; they clothe and express the forms of the limbs without affectation, and in the most natural manner; as the figure moves so the drapery moves, as the figure rests so the drapery falls. Everything is in perfect balance; the turn of the shoulders follows the movement of the head, the limbs answer for and balance each other exactly as in Nature; and thus the figures have a more absolute vitality than any other artist has ever been able to give. All other painters—except perhaps Raphael, and he only when he had caught the inspiration from Michelangelo is to be excepted—seem to place their figures in

poses; it is his amazing and almost incredible power of seizing the passing movement, that makes Michelangelo's figures appear positively alive; an instant more and the position is changed; for this reason, to draw from one of his figures is like drawing from Nature itself, and to achieve a result like this is to achieve that highest form of Realism, by which alone he has arrived at the expression of the highest Beauty. These are the mighty works that, like the gorgeous symphonies of Beethoven and the choruses of Handel, stand out in sublime solitude above the efforts of other men. Let all artists remember that, if they wish to catch some reflection of the

beauties that appear revealed in these lofty creations of genius, they will fail most egregiously if they aspire to imitate them; whereas it is in the power of each one to follow in the steps of this most glorious master, by seeking in Nature, as he did, for some of her hidden truths, by never condescending to substitute dexterity for knowledge, or to catch applause by wilfully falsifying for fear that truth should be misunderstood. In this way they will find that it is not necessary to treat of angels or prophets to produce a thing of beauty, for realism of this noble kind can glorify the humblest subject.

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Chambers's Journal.

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD'S.

In one of many letters written to me, when a very young man, by Mary Russell Mitford, there occurs, with reference to a certain biography then about to be published, and which afterwards became famous, this significant passage: "Of course, ~~am~~ my letters to H— might have been published at Charing Cross; only, one does not like a private letter to be printed—at least in one's own lifetime."

With that sentence before me, and remembering the sheaves of Miss Mitford's letters which have of late been so liberally showered upon the public, I have no hesitation in contributing a few good ears of that fine literary corn from my own granary. I shall, of course, omit all private matters, save what may be necessary for elucidation; and confine the extracts to those subjects upon which the writer must be admitted to be an authority.

I was a very young gentleman at the time I first made acquaintance with her—of unsettled prospects and feverish hopes; so "unpractical," indeed, that I had even published a volume of poems. Without supposing such extreme rashness to be common, I cannot but think that many a youth finds himself placed to-day in a somewhat similar position to that which I then occupied, and that the advice from Miss Mitford's pen which proved so useful to myself may also benefit others.

One of the peculiarities of young people who feel that their natural calling is Literature, is to be "touchy" when re-

monstrated with by their parents and other common-place persons (who have to provide the oatmeal for the cultivation of the Muse), and to complain that they are misunderstood. The task of persuading them is indeed, it must be confessed, but too often roughly undertaken, and the logic mingled with contempt. Now, Miss Mitford was eminently practical, and at the same time she thoroughly sympathized with and understood that yearning for literary fame, which is the nettle-rash of intellectual youth. Whether, in case the disease were spurious—if the voice that called to literature were that of a lying spirit—her natural kindness of heart would have permitted her to tell the patient so outright, I doubt. But I think she would have found some delicate means of letting him know it. Her tact was exquisite, and her good sense was set in it "like apples of gold in a picture of silver," as Solomon has it.

As I look at these old letters, with their cramped but perfectly clear handwriting, which economically occupies every scrap of paper, including the flap of the envelope, without erasure, blot, or flaw, I am astounded at the industry their mere mechanical execution—let alone their composition—must have demanded. Nothing is more unusual than for a literary man to be what is called "a good correspondent." He has enough of scribbling in the way of his profession, and leaves letter-writing to his wife, or other amateur amanuensis, as much as he can.

But Miss Mitford was for ever writing letters; and though she wrote them hastily, in point of time, they are so far from careless as regards thought, and so full of criticism on books and men, that a late editor of her correspondence has expressed his opinion that she actually designed them for posthumous publication. I do not share this view, though I think I have adduced proof in her own words that she had no objection to such a course being taken. The fact was, her life was so entirely one of Letters, that literature was with her as much a topic of home news as their family affairs are with other women, though her correspondence is full of home news too, and breathing everywhere the wholesome breath of friendship and domesticity.

When, then, as I have said, I was a very young gentleman—before even my college days, but not before I had written reams of poetry, and was meditating the publication of a little volume of immortal verse—I ventured to write to the authoress of *Our Village*, soliciting her literary advice. I knew no one else to whom to apply, and only knew *her* as having long ago been a friend of my father, many years deceased. Her reply, except in its kindness (of which I had heard in other cases, and which had emboldened me to address her), was very different from what I had expected. It chiefly consisted in recollections of my father—a curious photographic description of him which realized him to me (for he had died when I was quite a child) far more than anything I had heard of him from other lips; and then a few words of earnest praise of some poetical specimens which I had sent her. (How they made my young ears tingle, and my heart beat!) But she sent a longer letter to my mother, congratulating her upon the possession of so hopeful an offspring, and warning *her* (not me) against my taking the bit between my teeth, and soaring away on Pegasus.

"There is in my mind no doubt that your son will write better and better; but, so far as poetry is concerned" [the judicious little lady knew she would have me there], "my firm opinion is, that he will succeed all the better if he embrace some profession as a daily occupation, and leave the inspiration to visit him at its own will. All authors by profession write too much now-a-days, and either become mannered,

or weakened by sitting down to write verse, instead of letting the verse come to them. You have certainly a son to be proud of; he"—[But modesty, even at this distance of time, forbids me to quote further; like Walter Scott, this veteran woman of letters was a great praiser of little folks.] "The chief thing, however, you will have to think about is repose and calmness for his mind, and, above all, some regular calling." [This I did not like at all, though the postscript somewhat redeemed it.] "I have once more read the poems; they seem to me full of merit; the translations having much of the peculiar zest and savor of Leigh Hunt, by far the best of our translators from the Italian. Adieu, my dear Mrs. —; say everything for me to my young brother-poet, and believe me ever faithfully yours, M. R. MITFORD."

That "young brother-poet" put me in an ecstasy, and was as a *bonbon* after the unpalatable draught of the "regular calling."

But she was never tired of administering that draught. I have scores of her letters, all sermons upon that same text, though, unlike sermons, all sweetened by some delicate touch of commendation. She would, to my great chagrin, persist in identifying the profession of verse-making with idleness.

"Be sure, my dear friend" [for we soon got to be on very affectionate terms], "that labor is the lot of man, and that it is best for us that it should be so. 'Restraint that sweetens liberty.' A life of play is a life of misery. . . . Except a few lords' sons (eldest sons), who can afford to be idle? And do *they* encourage idlers by their gifts or their happiness? . . . Look at our poor friend N. Do you think, in the bitter anxiety that is not yet over, that he has not a thousand times repented going counter to the advice of his friends? What has come of *his* poetical visions? Scott and Southey, the two men of the last age who have left an imperishable name, worked like dray-horses. And yet they would have done much better for their own happiness in any profession."

I took all this good advice in the spirit in which it was offered. I would have forgiven my kind correspondent anything; but I did not like the examples which she set before me—the Tommy Goodchilds



of her own acquaintance, who had succeeded in common-place callings, and had earned for themselves leisure to indulge in poetry as an amusement, or even a solace. I resented their excellent sense, and especially their prosperity. There was one merchant-prince in particular, whom I will call V., who was so constantly held up for my admiration, that I could have burned him in effigy, and almost in the flesh. And yet the character of this man, as drawn in my old friend's letters—and I have no doubt most accurately drawn—was a noble picture, worth looking at by all eyes, and none the less so since he is still alive. It will be no breach of confidence to exhibit V. in combination with other imaginary initials, while it should put one in love with human nature to know that such men are.

"My excellent friend V. is a great City man who has waited to make his fortune before 'he began to write, but who did not wait for that to show kindness to every human being that wanted it, especially to authors and artists. He was the Providence of W. ; X. is, I verily believe, at this moment maintained by him ; he went down to Y. the other day, and carried him off from his sick-bed to his own house, and has given him a thousand pounds to support his family until health is restored to him. The last I heard of his doings was his causing Z. to be properly provided for. With all this, he is the merriest, frankest, most open-hearted man alive : full of information and talent, but so kind and genial, and thinking so little of his own doings, that one forgets every other claim than that of personal character, and loves instead of admiring. He is superlatively kind to me, and I should like to make you known to one another."

Unfortunately for this promising scheme, Miss Mitford sent the great V. a copy of my poems, and he evidently didn't much like them, a fact which did not warm my indifference to his excellent example into admiration. (I got some specimens of *his* muse subsequently, and took it out of him by expressing my opinion of them with cheerful candor ; but in the meantime I suffered.) "I have just received a letter from V., to whom I had sent your volume. He says: 'There is ample promise in these poems, but great want of care and correction' ["Confound him!" thought I] 'in measure, rhythm, and

rhyme. The first line, for instance, of the first poem is exquisite in rhythm and diction, while nothing can be worse than the second. Carelessness or idleness is his sin.' ["If this gentleman had made a little less money, and given a little time to learning manners!" was my mental ejaculation.] 'Will nothing but literature satisfy his soul? Would he not stoop to a desk, take to a ledger, receive interest for his capital, and a share in a business that would allow him from five o'clock to ten for his poetic studies?—and that is more, by four hours on the average, than I ever had.'"

I quote Miss Mitford's quotation to illustrate the difference between *her* treatment of my delicate case and this man's. He was doubtless an admirable person ; but his advice, or perhaps the words in which it was conveyed, filled me with loathing. I felt that when he wrote of "satisfying my soul with literature," he was cutting his jokes at my expense ; while that touch of "more by four hours than ever I had," struck me as the vulgar boast of one of those men who, "by being self-made, relieve the Creator of an unpleasant responsibility." The advice, in short, such as it was, was a failure, but it had the good effect of throwing me more than ever into the arms of my more judicious mentor. This, however, was certainly not her object, which was simply "the good" of that very intractable young gentleman, myself. "Now, my dear friend," continues she, "I have thought it best to send you Mr. V.'s own words—the opinion of a most practical man, and also one of very fine taste. Of course I could easily have made you a pretty message, but truth is invaluable where a career is in question. In journalism," [I had had an idea of getting my friends to purchase for me a share in a newspaper, which, in my stupendous ignorance, I thought would be something akin to the cultivation of the Muse] "you would have very hard and distasteful work—dirty work I must fain call it ; and (unless you edit a country newspaper) you would have to live in London or the suburbs." [I was resolute to pass my days in Lakeland—and Dreamland.] "Again, so far from poetical reputation being in your favor as a journalist, it would act against you ; and the journalism would act against the acquisition of poetical reputation, nay, even

against authorial reputation. . . . Then a man in business (I don't suppose dear Mr. V. keeps a shop—not that I should mind *that* in the least) fills a better social position than a journalist. Or rather, it all depends upon character; for a man in this country makes his position by his conduct. Men in all professions, unless utterly unsuccessful, work hard now-a-days; even clergymen no longer enjoy lettered ease; and if I were you, I should not hesitate for a moment to take a share in a business. If I had fifty sons, they should all be in trade. It is the most independent career, the most useful, the most powerful for good, as the press is the most powerful for evil. . . . I wish you knew Mr. V.; his frankness, his cordiality, his cheerfulness, his universal information, his knack of bringing friends together, his perfect high breeding. Mr. K. was enchanted with him; so was L., who has painted almost every great man and celebrated beauty in England, and who has the courtly manners of Sir Thomas without the insincerity. If you knew Mr. V., in short, you would see at once that the calling which such a man has followed can have nothing in it that is not honorable. He and J. F., the American bookseller (for these great publishers keep a store), are by far the most princely persons both in heart and manner whom I have ever known, and each of them has made his own fortune—the one at five-and-thirty, certainly not more—the other perhaps ten years older—both with hair as glossy and curly as your own, and not a single silver thread among the curls. Well, now, I have had my say. God bless you."

She had not done with me, however, wise, kind soul, by any means. I marvel now, in my own old age—for old it seems by contrast with that inexperienced epoch—to think what pains she took to win an ambitious boy—at that time not even personally known to her—from his wilful way. She must have persuaded the great V. himself to write to me, I suppose (though I have no recollection of that circumstance), for here is a note in answer to some dissatisfaction I had expressed that this eminently practical man had proposed nothing practical. Perhaps I had expected him to offer me a salary of five hundred a year in return for my stooping to accept a place in his office; perhaps

(and I should think very likely) he was bored to death with Miss Mitford's account of my "aspirations," and rapped me over the knuckles. "True, my dear friend," writes she, "it *was* only advice; but everybody who knows Mr. V. feels certain that when he gives advice he will find out the opportunity of conveying it into practice. Ah, you should know him; the talk of a mere man of letters seems pale, and thin, and dead, compared with his life and energy." But I never did know him, and hated him unknown (Heaven forgive me!) as I had hated the *Balbus* of Arnold's Exercises, who was also always about to do impossible things.

I think my guardian angel must have had her wings ruffled by some flippant remark of that kind, and have sent me a "set down," though I can find no trace of it among "these dead leaves that keep their green, the noble letters of the dead"—for they are all kindness and patience. "Ah, my dear friend, you took my lecture like an angel. I wrote just as I should have done to a son of my own, if I had happened to have such a thing, and with Mr. V.'s spirit-stirring praises of industry ringing in my ears, and did not open your letter to-day for a full half-hour, from sheer fright. It is, however, true, believe me, that in choosing a vocation for life few men can, or do, consult the fancy of the moment, and that the mind soon gets trained to its work, provided this be honestly followed. You will find a newspaper as inexorable as a railway." [She seems, however, to have done her best even in that matter, for she continues:] "I have not heard about it yet, but in the meantime I could not bear that you should think me as cankered as a stern old father in a comedy. The fact is, that I have seen dozens of young men of talent die away before their time, or sink into miserable poverty, by that one fault of want of sturdy determination in whatever career they might embrace. . . . I don't believe that one man out of ten ever takes his own chosen path in life, but the energetic man accepts the course offered to him, and shapes his fortune, ay, and his fame, in *that*. I believe in the choice of relations and friends rather than in that of the individual, just as I have a considerable faith in a *mariage de convenance* in preference to a love-match, being the least romantic person who ever wrote plays. By the way, I

have just been reading Disraeli's *Alcaros*. I never read it till now in this new cheap edition. His *fort* is mimicry upon paper. Poor old Lady Cork, whom I knew, and who is as like as the looking-glass; and Croker! It's wonderful how many pens have punished him. Lady Morgan's, Thackeray's, Dizzy's. Thackeray's the worst, Dizzy's and the lady's admirable both."

From this time the letters from Swallowfield became even more numerous and friendly, for I had gone thither, and seen my beloved mentor face to face. She was already an invalid—not able, indeed, to leave her bedroom—but as bright and cheerful as any bird in cage. Her bright, bird-like eyes were curiously suggestive of that simile. She talked admirably well upon all subjects, but gossip in particular became in her mouth etherealized, something very pleasant and titillating, like the effect of champagne, even though one knew nothing of the persons about whom she talked, except that they were people of mark. Her letters were often full of such gossip, and I told her how I enjoyed them. "Since you like them," writes she, "you shall have them; but I must make a condition. Sometimes an invalid finds an amusement in writing, sometimes it is an exertion." [She is speaking, I think, not of her own condition, but of myself, at that time in very bad health.] "Now you must treat me just as if I were an old maiden aunt, and answer or not as you find yourself inclined. I shall know by the letter if you write to me out of ceremony, and shall think it an unkindness; mind that." The above is an extract from a much later note than any I have yet quoted. We met, as I have said; she was even more cordial in the flesh than she had been on paper, and we parted, fast friends.

The newspaper adventure, it seems, came to nothing; and the would-be bard consoled himself with a determination to marry and go into the church. "I congratulate you heartily, dear friend, on the double tidings conveyed by your letter. I have seldom seen any one whose taste I could better trust in the matter of a wife, and her happiness is not to be doubted. So far so good. As to the 'clergydom,' I am equally disposed to rejoice, though on none of the principles mentioned in your letter, and quite as

little for the graver reasons of your graver friends. It seems to me (notwithstanding what they say) that you are the very man for a clergyman, and that your letter goes far to prove the fact." [I had very good spirits in those days, which probably shocked my graver friends as much as they pleased my genial mentor.] "Ever since the days of Rabelais, the wittiest men have belonged to the cloth; and pleasantries have seemed dying away in England since Barham and Sydney Smith (not only of the same profession, but the same chapter), those two great luminaries of prose and verse, went out, so to say, together. Now here are you to the fore to succeed to the 'easy-chair,' and the sooner you establish yourself in the canonry which seems *de rigueur* in such cases, the better. For my part, I heartily wish that your divinity lectures were duly listened to, whether with or without help from Mr. Thackeray's book" [I was at the university, and had probably confessed to her having beguiled the tedium of a lecture with one of the great satirist's novels], "and that you were already in orders, for I am at this very moment looking about for a curate for my friend Mr. A., whom you must know well by reputation. . . . I have heard from better authority than reviews much the same account as you give me of—. I care little for popular books, and am perhaps the one person in England who have not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I have a copy of my own, and got to the hundredth page, or thereabout, when I put it down, because it was so exaggerated, so false—but there, I had forgot we had agreed to differ upon this subject; and you will not imagine that I defend slavery. By-the-bye, what a death-bed was Webster's! How noble a conclusion to a noble life! And how much I prefer the simple funeral at Marshfield, to the gloomy pageantry preparing at St. Paul's." [An allusion, of course, to the Duke of Wellington's funeral.] "I continue better, although still very feeble. As to my spirits, they are always excellent. I shall be delighted to see you at Christmas. Let me know a day or two before, and come at two o'clock to luncheon. Then you will stay longer. —Ever yours."

Here is some honest criticism, which, I daresay, made me wince:

"I tell you the couplet is bad. Read the two lines aloud, or get somebody else to

read them to you (for I know how a poet humors his own verse), and you will see that they differ altogether in metre; and the metre itself, in my mind, most hobbling and bad for a translation from one" [Lamartine, I think] "whose ear is never at fault, however he may fall into sentimental absurdity. Above all" [It is clear she did not think "the church" a certainty even yet], "read the five novels of Balzac—it is all one story—the story of a young provincial poet who goes to Paris to make his fortune and reputation by writing as a journalist. . . . No man should devote himself to literature as a profession without reading that story—written, observe, in the stirring days of the French press, when it had given Guizot and Thiers, and a score of less known names, to the Chambers and the Government; written, too, by a man of the keenest information and the most graphic power; as true as Hogarth or Crabbe. I am very glad of what you tell me concerning—," [Referring to the public favor with which certain effusions of mine had been received.] "Everything that tends to publicity does good. . . . When you come (and I shall be heartily glad to see you), bring Arnold's Poems with you. I should like to see the one you mention. I have not seen dear Mr. K. a long time. You should hear *him* talk against poetry as a profession. He says that no man who makes it so will ever write so well as those who combine other works with it. The conversation arose out of the Alexander Smith case; but he went on for above an hour, with all his fervor."

Doubtless I felt glad in my still recalcitrant heart that I had not been there to listen to him. I was just about to publish a second volume of still more immortal verse than the previous one. It came out in due course without setting the Thames on fire; but I must be allowed, at this far distant day, to say that it was not bad. The praise of my good friend at Swallowfield was unstinted. Even now as I read it, I feel, as it were, the reflection of the glow which it then called up to cheek and brow. She criticized each poem one by one with patient care. Not vanity, but the simple desire to show that Miss Mitford was not throwing away her pains upon a mere idiot, induces me to quote some words of general commendation.

The poems, it should be premised, were upon very unambitious themes.

"It is the great test of the true poet to say new things on subjects that seem exhausted. But all through the volume there is, what is very rare in the books of so young a man, infinite fertility—abundance—profusion even. Oh, if it had come before Tennyson! There is not the slightest imitation, but it is of his school. . . . There is in it what the painters call 'the truth of the Touch.' Having felt, you make your readers feel. Thank you, dearest friend, for this richest gift; I cannot tell you how I prize it." [She even adds a postscript the next day.] "To-day, I have to thank you, once more, for your most charming volume. If poetry can make an impression now-a-days, when not written by a pattern-drawer, this, I think, must." Well, it need not be said whether it did or not. I have quoted the opinion, partly for the reason above stated, but principally to exhibit the cordiality and tender kindness of the writer. Imagine her ill, lame, and feeble, penning whole pages of such encouraging praise, and even adding a postscript the next day!

I have endeavored as much as possible to keep my own affairs out of this paper, which is intended as a mere framework to Miss Mitford's letters; and if I am compelled to resort to matters personal, it is only because I wish her kindly wisdom to benefit others in like case, as she designed Balzac's keen and worldly pen to tutor me. I did forsake the Muse, but still clung to literature; wherein I found my old friend's advice even more valuable than before, besides being infinitely more palatable. "You have a name to make as a prose-writer," writes she; "blot, then, and throw away all that is not positively good. You will find this answer; at least I did; and if you can only earn as much as I did (setting two or three thousand pounds for dramatic work out of the question), it will do."

I had sent her rather a "creepy-crawly" story (as the children call it), which had been published in some magazine, and earned for me both praise and pudding (the latter of which had filled me with gorgeous visions of prosperity), and she had taken no notice of it. I had the imprudence to call her attention to this,



as I imagined, unintentional neglect, and this was the result:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—My reason for saying nothing of — was my dislike to the class of tales to which it belongs. However excellent a specimen it may be of that class, I still hold it cheap and easy as compared with the delineation of human character and motive. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says he who best knew the value of such portraiture. However, people soon come to an end of ghostly inventions; and I do assure you that none of their admirers can more earnestly rejoice than I do at the admiration expressed for — by persons so influential, or can more sincerely wish that it may bring forth the most abundant harvest both of reputation and money. . . . Be very sure, my dear friend, that you will find yourself miscalculating, like all young housekeepers. Think of your poor old friend when you strike your balance-sheet this time two years. Once again, I heartily hope that literature, in whatever form it may please those old-fashioned persons the Muses to descend, or rather to inspire, may supply the deficiency."

Could anything be more kindly than such good wishes, expressed as they were, so far as literature is concerned, at the expense of a prejudice—for she rather prided herself, in the matter of books, upon *not* having a catholic mind. Her state of health, too, at the time was such as might well have accused irritability in an angel.

"I am pretty much as when I wrote last—kept alive by help of a teacupful of grouse-soup in the morning, and half a teacupful of turtle-soup at night, but almost sleepless, and quite skin and bone; of course hanging by a thread. God bless you and your pretty wife."

And yet, even in this state, her activity of mind was as great as ever; her pen was never still. "This is my twelfth to-day," begins a subsequent note, "so that it must needs be short." But it is not short, and, besides criticism, contains some graphic accounts of the Crimean War, then raging, which she had just received from camp. "I have no faith in our wretched government," she concludes, "nor in anything but the French." As in the case of most women of genius whom I have had the honor to know, the French

were her favorite nation, and many a fight we had over "the dear Emperor," and that "heroine," his wife. I had sent her a humorous story, in hopes to win a smile from her, to which, indeed, however great her pain, she was easily won, and in return she sent me something much more valuable, in these views of the vexed question of "writing with a purpose:"

"I am quite delighted with your story, having read it a second time—a second time, while the *feuilletons* containing George Sand's *Memoirs* were at my side unread. It seems to me that you have just hit a rich vein. All the pleasantry now-a-days is mingled with a sad alloy. Thackeray's is bitterness; so is Douglas Jerrold's. Dickens has descended to caricature; Lever has lost his animal spirits; and nobody has come to succeed these writers in the genial task of making people laugh, without trying to do them any other good—that, indeed, being quite good enough for one man in his generation. I don't think there is a greater mistake than that of everybody taking upon him to mend the world. It always ends in cant of some sort or another—cant religious, cant socialist, or cant of the poor against the rich; class cant, perhaps the most dangerous of all. . . . I am glad to see you avoid slang: always vulgar, and which goes out of date (thank Heaven!) as generation succeeds to generation."

Next to slang, Miss Mitford had a wholesome prejudice against the use of foreign phrases. "The false quantity in *Foscari*" [our correspondence had been of late respecting her dramatic works] "is derived from the Kembles. John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble (I don't know about Mrs. Fanny), all Anglicized proper names, as Shakespeare *cid* before them. Indeed, it is the best way to avoid discrepancies; and I have always found the most accomplished persons doing it wherever they could, and eschewing French phrases as a vulgarity—one of these worst vulgarities that smack of Theodore Hook and the silver-fork school. Remember, too, that my play was written before the publication of Lord Byron's. You are wrong, I think, in preferring it to the other tragedies. *Otto*, *Inez*, *Charles*, and, as mere writing, *Julien*, are all far before it. It acts well, however, and was the only one well acted. Tell your friend how gracious his praise is to me. I al-

ways made such a point of dramatic construction that I never remember any play in which I had not parts of every later act written before the first was concluded, so firmly was the whole arrangement and march of the tragedy formed in my own mind. I do not think you could detect this dove-tailing, nor could I now point the joins out; but so it was. And often with my *Village Stories* I have done the same thing. I did it in *Atherton*, so lately as last winter; but this demands the writing, whatever it be, three times over. So far as dramas are concerned, I am quite sure that those which act best will also read best; that if only meant for the closet, every tragedy should be fitted for the stage, my version of dramatic effect being not startling improbabilities, but natural events occurring at unexpected moments, or in an unexpected manner. I send you this fruit of my experience, lest you and your friend should some day Beaumont-and-Fletcher it together. What for no? God bless you, my beloved friend."

Of her own works her favorites were the plays, and she rather resented that the public did not take the same view with herself of the matter. In a previous letter to the foregoing, she thus introduced them to my notice: "Pray, dear friend, did you ever hear of me as a Dramatic Writer? Don't mind saying No; but it was the thing I was born for; and never should I have done anything else, but that the want of money compelled me to write the little stories which have made my fortune; and this good English people, who never will allow anybody to do two things, have latterly ignored my plays in favor of my prose: another reason being that there are now, and have been for many years, no tragic actors. . . . God bless you, dearest friend. You ought to get health in Scotland, and come back strong for the winter. Only keep well, and you will be heard of. It is in you."

I had asked for a copy of *Our Village*, and in place of it she sent me these same dramatic works, which, of course, I had already read.

"I cannot send you any of my village stories, except *Belford Regis*, not having copies myself. You have no idea, when books really sell, how difficult it is to get a copy for a friend. Publishers part with them as if they were drops of blood.

Often I have none for myself. Of *Our Village*, for instance, since I have been in this house, the first volume has been stolen from the bookroom!!! Otherwise, I should sooner, dear friend, have sent you such a token of regard. I make a point of sending you the Plays, just to show you that I have some right to talk of clearness and closeness of style, and of carefulness of construction. Remember that all these plays were written for acting, and that they act far better than they read. Ladies used to be carried fainting out of the theatre from *Foscari*. You are right about the scene in *Rienzi*. It is the best, although individually I have a liking for the quarrel between Rienzi and Angelo, in the fourth act, that where he turns round upon his son-in-law, and magnifies his own low birth. Does it strike you that there is anything like the first Napoleon about my Tribune? I certainly thought of him when writing the play, and no doubt he must often have felt similar regret and indignation when at St. Helena. Did you expect what you have found? These country stories are so different, and in conception their pure English so inferior. Remember, in your review, to quote from the new plays of *Otto* and *Inez*. If ever there be an actor or an actress capable of the parts, they will of course be done. All this sounds very vain, but if you had seen those four tragedies acted, and had heard actors, as well as the best judges of literature (Thomas Hope, for instance), talk of them, you would understand my regret at being driven from my proper walk, for the sake of earning bread for my family in a perfectly secure though humble path. I tell you, for your own benefit (though, perhaps, I have told you before), that I generally had parts of every act written before the completion of any, and often finished the fifth act first. The best speeches, and even dialogues, would come gushing out almost faster than they could be written, although I always worked on the plays until I got all to my mind, giving three months' hard labor to every drama. . . . I do not expect an immediate success, but those volumes will not altogether die. Forgive this egotism, my dear friend—and write to me about the plays."

Criticism of her own works was always welcome to Miss Mitford, even if it were not praise; but she had little faith in

those hebdomadal dispensers of immortality, the newspaper writers, of whom perhaps she had seen too much in her youth. Letters, too—even such coppers as she got in change for her own gold from myself—she was always glad to get, and estimated far beyond their value. “Your letters are”—— But I really even now cannot quote what her friendly bias impelled her to say. She was sick, and confined to her room, and all news from without was pleasant to her.

“If you were a travelling American, you would pay your expenses by corresponding with newspapers. They all do: I mean those who have no fixed occupation, but who travel as young men to see the world before settling down to work. Also, I am sorry to say, women—Margaret Fuller, for instance—who had better stay at home. . . . I am glad, indeed, we have been friends. Your father and I were so when I was a girl of fifteen, and he a man of your age. I doubt if you knew the manner of man he was, for age and cares of the world had changed him much before *your* time. In his brilliant youth, he was much like a hero of the fine old English comedy (which you would do well to read. It is quite certain that Thackeray, who lectured on it, never did), the Archers and Mirabels of Farquhar and Congreve: not a poet, but a much better thing, unless the gift be great and genuine—a true lover of poetry, with a faculty of writing verse, which is amongst the most graceful of all accomplishments. He was one of my earliest friends. Your sweet mother I have loved ever since I knew her, and in right of your parents and your own, I have also loved you, and shall do so to the latest hour. Take an old woman's blessing now, and if I be alive in October, and you return into Berkshire as you purposed, come and fetch it in person. . . . Ever since I knew you, I have been more or less declining, confined to the country, and narrowed in literary connection, and in meeting influential people in literature. My chief reason for lamenting this has been, that it has prevented me from making you known to many who might have been most useful to you. However, you have done already excellently well, and found your own legs; and yet I hope I have sown some seeds which may hereafter bring you good fruit.”

Let that suffice of the private relations

between us two; I have quoted it only as an illustration of my friendly mentor's excessive tenderness of heart. The seeds she speaks of no doubt bore fruit in due season; but I have especially to thank her—though she thought of that far less—for her own personal encouragement and advice, which at that time were priceless to me. May others, similarly situated, profit, as I did, from her counsel; I would it were possible for me, to that end, to reproduce the tone and manner that rendered it, when spoken, as agreeable as convincing.

Up to this time, Miss Mitford had been only occasionally confined to her room, though she was sometimes too ill and weak even to be lifted into bed, and passed the night in an arm-chair supplemented by a leg rest. In the summer-time, there were days when she was, even yet, carried out on to the little lawn before her cottage, and set down at her table to write—as she loved to do—in the open air. To her, who so delighted in country scenes and odors, these were gala days; though, as she pathetically writes, “the being lifted down-stairs and up again is a terrible ceremony.”

The time, however, was coming fast when she could get out no longer; and a circumstance, trivial in itself, but which had, I think, a certain significance to her, occurred one evening in late July, by way of omen.

“A night or two ago, something happened here, which I cannot help telling you, always hoping that I have not told it to you before, for my memory is now so treacherous that I cannot be sure. If so, you must forgive me. Well, a night or two ago, my maid K. (that initial, by which she is always called, stands for her very Scriptural and most unmusical name of Keren-happuch, one of the daughters of Job)—K., then, while putting me to bed, broke into a series of exclamations, which it was impossible to stop, and from which it was impossible to collect her meaning. Her attention, however, was firmly fixed upon the candlestick; and following her eyes, I saw only what seemed a dusky caterpillar. On turning to observe it, it moved, and then appeared the bright reflection of a tiny spot of greenish light, now increasing and now diminishing, according to the position of the insect. It was a glow-worm. Upon

the same table were two jars of flowers—one of roses, one of pinks from the garden—and another jar of wild woodbine from the lane had not long been taken away. With one or other of these flowers it doubtless came. But was it not singular? Extinguishing the candle, I sent the candlestick to the little court in front of the house, where it was deposited on the turf; and in ten minutes it had crawled out upon the grass, where it will, I trust, live out its little life in peace and comfort. K. (who has lived with me for fifteen years, and whom you must learn to like) said, knowing how fond I used to be of those stars of the earth, that ‘now I could not go to them they came to me.’ . . . K. is a great curiosity; by far the cleverest woman in those parts, not in a literary way, but in all that is useful. She could make a court-dress for a duchess, and cook a dinner for a lord-mayor; but her principal talent is shown in managing everybody she comes near—especially her husband and myself. She keeps the money of both; never allows either of us to spend sixpence without her knowledge; and is quite inflexible in case she happens to disapprove the intended expenditure. You should see the manner in which she makes Sam reckon with her, and her contempt for all women who do not manage their husbands.”

The end was now drawing very near—my old friend's pains and feebleness increasing daily. “I hang on life,” writes she, “as one of these November leaves upon the tree.” Yet even thus she was full of solicitude for others. I had myself been ill, and was supposed at that time to have an interesting tendency towards con-

sumption. “How selfish of me, my dear friend,” says she, “to write to you of my aches and pains when you are yourself laid up. . . . You must not come for more than a few hours this winter weather; all the cottages round here are damp; and it would be the death of me if you caught a fresh cold.”

In the spring, her ready pen for the first time began to weary. “Write to me, dear friend, without being particular as to my writing again: you will not have me long. . . . Writing causes me such intense pain, that I must be brief. I am happy in your happiness. Give my best love to your fair wife. God bless you both. . . . I grow worse and worse, weaker and weaker, every day, and never shall get down-stairs again. I see scarcely any one, but shall admit you to my bedside, unless unable to see any one. Poor Talfourd came there a fortnight before his death, and we talked heart to heart, with a gush of the old friendship, and parted most cordially. Once again all happiness be with you. . . . Write to me whilst I am here, and pray for me. . . .” The rest of the letter is full of devotion, thankfulness, humility, and patience—one, in short, that cannot be published. Even at this pass she did not think of herself alone. “I have just seen —” [naming a person of great literary eminence]. “I recommended you to him in the strongest terms. He had heard of you. And when I am gone (not before), address yourself to him if you feel the need to do so. He will remember our last interview. Farewell.”

That is the last letter I received from Mary Russell Mitford.

Temple Bar.

MARAT.

“THE DELIRIUM OF THE REVOLUTION.”\*—BY THE AUTHOR OF “ROBESPIERRE.”

SHORT in stature, big-boned, but emaciated by disease; high cheek bones, deeply set yet prominent eyes, bold and insolent in expression, but shrinking cat-like from daylight; a cavernous mouth, twisted by a perpetual sneer, short, broad nose, with expanded nostrils, that seemed for ever sniffing, hyena-like, for blood; a livid skin marked with leprous-like

blotches; hair cut short over a low receding forehead, worn long behind and tied with a leathern thong. Dirty shirt open at the breast, exposing the cadaverous chest; cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, and rolled up at the bottoms; blue worsted stockings; workman's boots, the soles studded with nails; a filthy rag tied round the head. Such is the portrait of Marat.

France is spared the disgrace of numbering this ghoul among her sons. Jean Paul

\* Lamartine.



Marat was born at Neuchâtel in 1744. Of his parentage, of his early life, but little has been bequeathed to history. Here is his own account, extracted from one of the numbers of *L'Ami du Peuple*:

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory, brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without ever having abandoned myself to the fury of my passions.

"I owe to nature the stamp of my disposition, but it is to my mother I owe the development of my character. She it was who implanted in my heart love of justice and humanity. All the alms she bestowed upon the poor passed through my hands. At eight years old I could not bear the sight of any ill-treatment exercised towards my fellow creatures, and the sight of cruelty or injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"In early youth my health was bad; I never knew the pleasures and games of boyhood. Tractable and studious, my masters could do anything with me by kindness. I was never punished but once; I was then eleven years old; I was shut up in my room; the punishment was unjust—I jumped out of the window into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five, I should have chosen to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, a professor; at eighteen, an author; at twenty, a creative genius; as I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. . . . I wrote eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical science. . . . The quacks of the Corps Scientifique, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Lalande, Monge, and Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. *During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression.* When the Revolution was announced by the convocation of the States-General, I soon perceived whither things were tending; and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, in aiding to burst her fetters, *and of mounting to my right place.*"

The italics in both sentences are my own.

Could this man ever have possessed a

sensitive heart, a love of humanity, a horror of cruelty? Could he ever have been a docile child fondled by a mother? Yet even in these confessions we can trace how the hopeful child developed into the monstrous man. The restless fever of mind creating a burning thirst for fame, now in one thing, now in another, ultimately in all. Then came a life of wandering through Switzerland, England and France; now an author, now an empiric vending an universal medicine, then a stable doctor. Feeble in health, of mediocre abilities, yet with a profound belief in the greatness of his talents, ever pursuing the phantom of glory, never approaching it; eternal disappointment and thwarted hopes fretting the acrid humors of a bilious temperament. At forty every better feeling of his nature was absorbed by its gall. Every being rich or more fortunate than himself was, to his jaundiced vision, leagued to crush him. Envy and the bruises inflicted upon intense vanity engendered a monomania of hatred against all aristocracy of wealth or of intellect, against every human being who could pretend to the shadow of superiority over himself.

The two most sanguinary leaders of the Revolution were martyrs to bile. What if their crimes were due rather to the humors of the stomach than to the humors of the brain? What a satire it would be upon psychology!

At forty years of age he was a veterinary surgeon to the Comte d'Artois. Five years afterwards the Revolution burst forth. Into this he threw himself at once with the fury of a wild beast. *L'Ami du Peuple* appeared, preaching its crusade of blood. After the unhappy affair of the Champ de Mars, when Lafayette fired upon the people, he sent forth the first yell for massacre. *L'Ami du Peuple* demanded two hundred and sixty thousand heads! Lafayette and other members of the Assembly demanded his arrest, and he was compelled to fly. Then commenced a life of concealment. At one time hidden by Legendre, the butcher, in a cave; at another hidden by Danton in the subterraneous cells of the convent of the Cordeliers. Forth from these tiger dens issued fierce pamphlets, denouncing king, queen, aristocracy, generals, officers, ministers, priests, members of the National Assembly—people of whom he had no knowledge,

good or bad—clamoring for their indiscriminate slaughter.

After the arrest of the royal family and the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the 10th of August, he fearlessly emerged from his lair, and marched through the streets with a crown of laurel upon his head and a drawn sabre in his hand, amidst the acclamations of the mob. But again and again he sought those lairs at the first shadow of danger. In the damp and darkness of his subterranean abodes he had contracted the seeds of a hideous leprous-like disease. When he again appeared upon the upper earth he was scarcely recognizable, so frightful had he become!

A small chamber in the rue St. Honoré was his future abode. His companion was a young and beautiful woman, the wife of his printer, who had abandoned all for this monster, whom she adored as the benefactor of the human race! Here, except when absent at Convention or the Jacobins, he was always to be found. On a table within his reach was a pair of loaded pistols—he lived in constant dread of assassination—around him piles of newspapers and pamphlets, letters, lists of proscriptions, and all the litter of an editor's office, and, of all things in the world, a BIBLE usually lay open before him! Yes, this man professed religion! He never spoke the name of Jesus Christ without reverentially bowing his head. "The Revolution is in the Gospel," he used to say. "Nowhere is the cause of the people more energetically pleaded, or more maledictions heaped upon the heads of the rich and powerful of this world!" In these things, to him, as to the Puritans and Covenanters of old, lay the charm of the Gospel.\* Incredible as it may read, this man had a certain superstitious belief that his fury was the result of supernatural promptings—that he was an instrument in the hands of God!

Barbaroux, whose instructor he had once been in some branch of philosophy, visited him soon after the arrival of the Marseillaise in Paris. He afterwards reported to one of his colleagues

\* Strange, that the two most ruthless heroes of the Revolution, Marat and Robespierre, alone professed tenderness for human life in the abstract, and reverence for religion. Both wrote books to condemn capital punishment; both wrote books to prove the immortality of the soul.

the conversation that passed between them.

"Give me," cried Marat, "two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and I will raise the revolution through France. Anarchy cannot cease until two hundred thousand heads have fallen. . . . Let all the moderatists, constitutionalists, and partisans of the foreigner be collected in the streets, and then slaughtered.

"But good patriots might fall in such an indiscriminate massacre," urged Barbaroux.

"What if ten such fall in every hundred? Ninety traitors will have been destroyed. But cut down all those who possess carriages and servants and wear fine clothes, and you cannot be far wrong. The dagger is the only weapon suitable to the free man; with that he can destroy his enemy at the corner of a street or in the midst of an army."

The king, the queen, the court, were overthrown; the rich were falling beneath the guillotine or flying from Paris, and yet the people still cried for bread. The misery increased daily. Gold and silver almost disappeared; paper money called "assignats" took their places, with the usual results that attend an artificial currency—continued depreciation of value. Artisans who lived by the luxurious wants of the rich could get no employment. No person would invest capital, the fields were ill cultivated, no new buildings were erected, trade was utterly prostrated, and provisions rose enormously in price. Now the aristocrats had grown scarce, *L'Ami du Peuple* fulminated its thunders against the bourgeoisie. "Pillage the shops! hang the shop-keepers at their doors!" was its cry.

In vain did the moderate party endeavor to silence these appeals to assassins; Marat had become the idol of the mob, the most powerful man of the Revolution. Boldly, to their faces, he demanded the heads of the Plaine and the Gironde. Appalled by his audacity, in sheer desperation, the members voted, by a large majority, that he should be cited before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The movement served only to secure him a further triumph. Crowds of the vilest offscourings of Paris filled the streets, shouting "*Vive l'ami du peuple! A bas les modérés!*" The assassins of September surrounded the building, pressed round the entrance,

upon the stairs, into the assembly, brandishing their knives and howling down his accusers. In this free republican court of *justice* but one side must be heard—the popular one.

The accusers tremble for their lives, and—*honorably* acquit him of all charges! His friends raise him upon their shoulders, crown him with garlands of oak, form a procession, and with howls of rejoicing bear him through the streets. The citizens, terror-stricken, close their shops and shut themselves up in their houses. To proclaim their contempt for constituted authority, the mob carry him to the Convention and place him in the tribune; all the Girondists rise and leave the hall, to express their disapprobation of the proceedings. After uttering an inflammatory speech he is borne to the Jacobins. His reception is tremendous, they rise *en masse*, cheering until the gloomy walls re-echo their voices; they fawn and flatter and bow down in worship before their filthy Moloch. The streets of Paris are illuminated—anarchy goes mad with joy.

From that day none dared dispute with him in the Convention; to oppose his decrees, though ever so mildly, was to evoke the wrath and threats of death from his bravoës. Whenever he appeared, even Danton and Robespierre ceded the tribune to him. He spoke out with a hardihood that not even the latter dared to imitate. He was the only man who dared propose a dictatorship.\* When the Commune murmured, and threatened him with arrest as a traitor to the Republic, he drew a dagger and threatened to plunge it into his own heart if a finger were laid upon him. The mob uttered a fierce shout, and pressed forward to support its idol. The Commune shrank back dismayed.

But day by day his terrible disease grew upon him, constantly inflamed by the tumults of his life; the mob-idol was passing away, his very hours were numbered. A bath afforded the only assuagement to his torture, and in that he passed the greater portion of both day and night. But as death came nearer his thirst for blood grew more insatiable; he dreaded its approach only because it would snatch

from him the power of immolating more victims. Lying in a bath, with a book, supported on a plank, open before him, he unceasingly inscribed fresh names for the guillotine. He had already marked down two thousand five hundred of Lyons, three thousand of Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand of Paris, and three hundred thousand of Brittany and Calvados, when the vengeance of God closed his horrible career.

Let us turn aside for a time from the foul details of this monstrous life—from the scent of blood, which fills our nostrils and oppresses like a nightmare—to the contemplation of one of the fairest, most beautiful and touching images that history has bequeathed us.

Of the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. It seems almost presumptuous to touch the subject after him.

Charlotte Corday was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the grand-daughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was at the same time a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at haymaking and harvest time she helped in the field-work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with grey walls, weather-stained, and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the courtyard. A narrow, low doorway, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass framed in lead-work dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy de-

\* Marat from the first persistently advocated the election of a dictator; to this he was secretly urged by Danton and Robespierre, both of whom desired to grasp it.

lights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old courtyard, sat Charlotte in the summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds and the sleepy monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were moulded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately-chiselled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

Out of the books of Greece and Rome she had created for her contemplation a beautiful Utopia, in which there should be no more oppression, no more kings and princes, no more cruel distinctions of rank, no more poverty, no more suffering; but in which there should be an universal brotherhood between all men—all happy and equal in the sight of God and man. Alas! how many noble souls have wasted in such visions! In the first tidings of the Revolution that burst upon her quiet home she beheld the realization of her romance.

Formed by nature for love, her poverty, dependent position, and modest pride closed her heart against such thoughts; and those noble virtues and that exquisite tenderness of soul that would have made of man's home a paradise were wholly concentrated upon a pure unselfish adoration of liberty and her country. It was to the Girondists that she gave all her sympathies, for in them she beheld the reflection of those ancient republican virtues at whose shrine she worshipped.

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and ath-

wart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes comes the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm—the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark grey walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the Revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grows pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea; undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte; she has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that, but her pride will not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down



the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design; she seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution. The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Caen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism."\*

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she had accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a

Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress she walks quickly towards the rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la Republique*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destination. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, the woman with whom he cohabits, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with anything but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she cannot see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this unfortunate woman.

It is a small room, dimly lit even at noon-day, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she cannot summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries exultingly.

\* The false pretences under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderess stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies the corpse, hanging half way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood*.

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gendarmes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the death-knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre, consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins, and thus, with her long bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a veil, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and above all the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with

tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, alone were merciless; as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unflinching step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sunlight playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe; then with the serenity of a martyr she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away; the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German named Adam Lux; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale earnest face attracted her attention, and though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a "Defence of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His last words were, "Thank God, I shall die for her!" When the young Norman who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen heard of her execution, he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. Need I say that his behest was fulfilled?

There is one portrait of her still extant. She appears in it as she was attired for execution. The head alone is perfect, the body is only sketched. The impatience of a fraternal government prevented its completion. It is in the possession of the descendants of M. Hauer, the artist.

Of all the heroes and heroines of the French Revolution, Charlotte Corday was the purest and most sublime; of all those who drew their inspiration from the pages of Plutarch, and their number was legion, she alone caught the pure fire of ancient republican virtue; in the others it was dimmed and sullied by envy, by malice, by selfishness, self-interest, or timidity; but in her it burned only for liberty, for love of country. Not even the annals of Greece and Rome record a nobler example of self-devotion. Of the *Christian* morality of her act it is superfluous to speak; of its *legality*—if the executions of Louis XVI. and his queen were justifiable, the execution of Marat was trebly so; the forms of justice were as much regarded in the one case as in the other. Her object signally failed of its attainment. Her immolation utterly destroyed those for whom she died—the Girondists and Moderatists—secured the triumph of the Jacobins whom she abhorred, and led the way for that Reign of Terror. But amidst the hideous horrors of the Revolution the sad image of the beautiful enthusiast must ever be to the ardent and poetical as that of an angel strayed and lost in the halls of Pandemonium.

The Assembly decreed Marat an altar, and that he should be worshipped as a god! His heart was taken out, embalmed, and placed in an urn, which was suspended from the roof of the Hall of Convention.

The character of such a man affords but little scope for analysis. He was essentially the representative of the mob;\* the only one who really sympathized with the lowest stratum of society; who recognized its position in the Republic. He was of it by nature; fierce, turbulent, hating the shadow even of coercion or superiority, insatiate for blood, happy only in anarchy, unreasoning, swayed by every impulse that led to destruction, ever destroying, never creating, merciless, pitiless, a slave to every evil passion. He imitated it in his dress, in his habits, in his filth, and it was his glory to do so. To this condition he would have levelled all mankind. His passion for levelling was a monomania; he would have razed the mountains of the

earth, and with a gigantic roller have smoothed down the inequalities of matter as he would those of society. Like all demagogues, from Cléon to M——, well, we need not mention names—he was a coward, brave only with his pen and in his words; while inciting others to revolt, he fled at the first approach of personal danger, leaving his dupes to bear the brunt. He was once flogged in the streets by Westermann, an officer of Dumouriez, whose head he had been constantly demanding; and he took his chastisement very tamely until he found himself surrounded by his bullies; then he hectorated and shrieked and foamed and howled for blood like a demoniac. He was a brave man behind a sheet of paper or when the mob was behind him. He was at once the most extreme of democrats, and the most absolute of tyrants. Liberty, to him, bore but one signification—the propagandism and enforcement of his own principles. No man should have spoken, lived, or thought but as he directed; he would have controlled not only the actions, but the very hearts of men. Every mind should have been remodelled, cut, trimmed, and exactly fitted to his own. All humanity should have been but multiplied and inferior images of himself—should have borne but one aspect—MARAT. In that hideous body was enshrined the perfect type of unlimited democracy, which, from the times of Greece and Rome unto the Paris Commune of to-day, and so on to all ages to come, has been, is, and will be the bloodiest, narrowest, blindest, most besotted, and most bigoted of despotisms.

With all his omnipotence he was at times simply the mouthpiece of Danton, through which the latter sounded the Convention and the people upon the practicability of his designs—the hand by which he felt his way to the dictatorship.

Marat is the darkest blot upon the history of the Republic. Each one of his fellow assassins possessed some redeeming virtue; but this man, like the hyena, loved blood for blood's sake. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, have their apologists, their admirers; but did ever any man, except, perhaps, a French Communist or an English Socialist, write or utter one word in praise or extenuation of Marat? Bloody was his life, bloody was his death, and so let him rest.

\* In using the expression "mob," I do not intend here or elsewhere to indicate *the people*, but simply the vile offscourings of great cities.

Chambers's Journal.

## TEETH.

EVERY dentist insists upon it that he, above all others, is the one who has made the most felicitous discoveries in odontology. We hear very little about dentist-failures; because those unhappy beings who require a new mouthful of teeth shrink from saying much about it. A good box of ivories is a precious treasure when real, and a costly one when artificial. We ought to have our fair proportion of incisors, to bite through the beef and mutton; and of other teeth, to break and to crack harder substances, by means of saw-like serrations and file-like roughnesses. Professor Owen tells us that the teeth of the lower animals perform many more kinds of work than those of man—weapons of offence and defence, aids to locomotion, means of anchorage, instruments for uprooting or cutting down trees, and apparatus for the transport and working of building materials. As to our own species, he proceeds to say that the milk teeth or children's teeth ought to be twenty in number; comprising four front teeth, or *incisors*; two dog-teeth, or *canines*; and four double teeth, or *molars*, in each jaw. When we come to man's estate, however (or woman's), the permanent teeth should be thirty-two in number, to enable us to seize, tear, divide, pound, and grind our food—four *incisors*, two *canines*, four *premolars*, and six *true molars*, in each jaw. It is rather mortifying to learn that a pig (who is his own dentist) beats us hollow in this respect; since he has no less than forty-four teeth.

Some old folks cut their teeth when far advanced towards centenarianism. An old woman named Dillon, living near Castlereagh, in Ireland, cut an incisive tooth in the lower jaw when seventy-five years old; it confirmed a strange hallucination with which she had long been possessed—that she had been dead, and was come to life again, with the usual infantine career of teething, &c. Mrs. Fussell, living at Acton about a dozen years ago, cut an entirely new set of teeth when about eighty years old, after having been many years toothless. In 1732, Margaret White, of Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, cut eight new teeth in the eighty-seventh year of her age—thus winding up a toothless

period of many years. Mrs. Page, a dame of Southwark, after being toothless from seventy to ninety years of age, cut several new teeth. The Rev. Samuel Croxall, translator of *Æsop's Fables* from the Greek, “died of fever, occasioned by the pain he underwent in cutting a new set of teeth at the great age of ninety-three.” Edward Progers, aged ninety-six, died in 1713, “of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof.” The late Sir George Cornwall Lewis was very sceptical as to people ever living to the age of a hundred; he would probably, therefore, have pooh-poohed the story of Robert Lyon, of Glasgow, who cut a new set of teeth at the age of a hundred and nine; and still more that of James Hook, of Belfast, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and at the age of a hundred and twelve, “gott a new set of teeth, w<sup>th</sup> has drove out all y<sup>e</sup> old stumps.”

As if to take revenge for these duplications, or rather triplications of teething, nature sometimes requires us to dispense with dental apparatus altogether. At Gayton-le-Marsh in Lincolnshire, there is the following epitaph: “Elizabeth Cook, a poor wowan, aged 86, and who *never had a tooth*, was buried June 11th, 1798.” On the other hand, some folks greatly exceed the orthodox number of thirty-two. Dampier, in his account of the Philippine Islands, says: “The next day the sultan came on board again, and presented Captain Read with a little boy; but he was too small to be serviceable on board, and so Captain Read returned thanks, and told him he was too little for him. Then the sultan sent for a bigger boy, which the captain accepted. This boy was a very pretty, tractable boy; but what was wonderful in him, he had *two rows of teeth*, one within another, in each jaw. None of the other people were so; nor did I ever see the like.”

The “pearly teeth” of the poet and novelist would not be valued by some of the Eastern and Polynesian nations. The Chinese blacken their teeth by chewing the fruit of the areca, or betel nut. The Tonquinese and Siamese gents and belles,



in bringing about the same result by nearly the same means, almost starve themselves for three or four days, while the dyeing is going on, lest the food should disturb the dye. The Sunda Islanders sometimes blacken all the teeth but two with burned cocoa-nut; covering the two excepted teeth with thin plates of gold or silver. The Macassar people sometimes pull out two front teeth, in order to supply their place with teeth of pure gold or silver! Two Italian girls, twins, have been known to have natural teeth of a light-red rose color—both the milk teeth and those which succeeded them.

The charms, omens, sighs, panaceas relating to the teeth constitute quite a formidable item in folk-lore. In some parts of Sussex there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left, you will never have toothache. To drink out of a skull taken from a graveyard; to take a tooth from such a skull, and wear it round the neck; to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth; to put a double nut into your pocket; to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails, and wrap up the parings in paper—all are charms against the toothache. If you catch a mole in a trap, cut off one of his paws, and wear it as a charm; you will "soon see the effect," provided a right paw be used for a left tooth, and *vice versa*. When an aching tooth is extracted, mix it with salt, and burn it. There is in Norfolk a custom of calling the toothache the "love-pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration; whether he (or she) fully assents to this, may perhaps be doubted. Many other items of tooth-lore have no connection with toothache. For instance: if the teeth are set wide apart, there will be good luck and plenty of traveling for the fortunate possessor. When a tooth is drawn, if you refrain from thrusting your tongue into the cavity, the new tooth to grow in its place will be a lucky one. Lady Wentworth, in a letter written in 1713, to her son Lord Strafford, spoke of the efficacy of wolves' teeth set in gold to assist children in cutting their teeth: "They are very lucky things; for my twoe first one did dye, the other bred his very ill, and none of y<sup>e</sup> rest did, for I had one for al the rest." Bless the good lady; her grammar and her logic are about on a par!

Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of the last century, Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America, and wrote sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and came to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, &c., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tic-douloureux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Catlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the white race specially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much; the Indian warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and respires through the nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.

There is reason to believe that the Greeks and Romans knew something about false teeth. Martial, in one of his Epigrams, said that Thais's teeth were discolored, while Lecania's were white. Why? Because the former wore her own teeth, whereas the latter wore those of some other person. There was an old Roman law, which allowed the gold settings of false teeth, or the gold with which they were bound, to be buried or burned with the deceased. There is also some indication that the Greeks were wont to extract teeth, and to fill up decayed teeth with gold. Dentistry was certainly known in England three centuries ago. Blagrove's *Mathematicall Jewel*, published in the time of Queen Elizabeth, tells us that "Sir John Blagrove caused his teeth to be all drawne out, and after had a sett of ivory

in agayne." Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, published in 1607, makes one of the characters say: "A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hog's bones. *All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars!*" An almanac for the year 1709 makes mention of one John Watts, who was the maker of artificial teeth in Racket Court, Fleet Street. The Sunda Islanders at the present day are in the habit of employing their old women to dress up the teeth of the youths and maidens at wooing-time; the canine teeth are filed to a fine smooth edge, and the body of the tooth made concave, or they will notch the edge of the teeth like a fine saw, as an additional means of beautifying. An imperial tooth-ache once made the fortune of a poor barber. The present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, having a touch of toothache one day, sent for the court physician; he was hunting, and could not be found. The domestics hurried about Constantinople, and at length found a poor ragged barber-surgeon; they took him to the palace, and furnished him up. He drew the offending tooth, and soothed the pain of the Commander of the Faithful. Whereupon a nice house and sixteen hundred piastres a month were awarded to him.

During the days of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers, when grave-yards were subjected to pillage for supplying anatomists with subjects for dissection, the teeth from the dead bodies formed a frequent article of sale to dentists. Sometimes graves were opened for the teeth alone, as being small and easily concealed articles. Mr Cooper, the surgeon, relates an instance of a man feigning to look out a burial-place for his wife, and thus obtaining access to the vault of a meeting-house, the trap-door of which he unbolted; at night he let himself down in the vault, and *pocketed the front teeth of the whole of the buried congregation*, by which he cleared fifty pounds! Mention is made of a licensed sutler or cantineer during the Peninsular War, who "drew the teeth of those who had fallen in battle, and plundered their persons. With the produce of these adventures, he built a hotel at Margate. But his previous occupation being discovered, his house was avoided, and disposed of at a heavy loss." He afterwards became a dealer in dead men's teeth.

The making of artificial teeth is a trade

in which a large amount of ingenuity is displayed, both in the adaptation of new substance, and in the modes of shaping and finishing. When artificial teeth began to be made, instead of using the natural teeth of dead persons, they were made of bone, or the more costly kind of ivory, from the tusks of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, walrus, or narwhal. If only a single tooth were wanted, it was customary to cut a bit of bone to the proper shape, and tie it to the next tooth by a ligature of wire. It is still found that tusk-bone possesses the best combination of properties. It combines, as a learned authority in the dental world, tells us, "lightness, strength, and solidity, with a natural appearance and a certain congeniality to the mouth, possessed by no other material, which render both partial pieces and entire sets at once the most useful substitutes for the lost natural teeth."

The mechanical dentist must be a genuine workman. When he is about to make bone or ivory teeth, he cuts a tusk into pieces, and shapes each piece by an elaborate series of mechanical processes. Sometimes for a customer who has plenty of guineas to spare, he will make a whole set, upper or lower, as the case may be, out of one piece. He saws his block of ivory roughly to the size; and then, with infinite patience, files and graves it into shape. He has at hand a model of the patient's gum, and works to that model with exactness. The teeth are not separate pieces; they are cut into apparent rather than real separation, like the teeth of a comb. An artistic workman will take care that the teeth shall present some of that irregularity which our natural grinders always exhibit; a learner falls into the mistake of making them *too* good. Many persons do not like to wear dead people's teeth; there is something uncomfortable in the idea; there is also frequently a germ of decay in such teeth; and these two reasons led to the custom of making artificial ivory teeth. Ivory, however, with all its excellences, becomes discolored; and hence the chief motive for making teeth of certain mineral or vegetable compositions. There is, in fact, a sort of triangular duel always going on among the ivory dentists, mineral dentists, and vegetable dentists, each class fighting stoutly against both of the others.

Whether your dentist really makes the teeth which he inserts in your cranium, is a question he does not deem it necessary to answer. In truth, he very rarely does anything of the kind. There are certain dealers who sell sets of teeth, half-sets, twos or threes, singles or doubles, front or back, top or bottom, finished or unfinished; as well as all the apparatus and tools required for the dentist's art. And some of these dealers themselves are supplied by manufacturers, who conduct operations on a considerable scale. There is one firm in the metropolis at the head of the trade, who built a really beautiful factory a few years ago, replete with steam-engines, tool-making shops, and all the appliances for a well-organized staff of two hundred operatives. How many incisors and canines, premolars and true molars, such an establishment can turn out in a year, we will leave Cocker to calculate.

Our American cousins, it appears, are not at all behind us in this art; while they are, perhaps, still more ready than ourselves to apply steam-power to its development. A recent computation makes the number of artificial teeth fabricated in the United States as high as three millions annually—symbols (according to some folk's notions) of three million attacks of tooth-ache. In one of the largest and most complete factories, where mineral teeth are made, the chief ingredients comprise felspar, silica, and clay; those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides, to produce those tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation

a good one. The felspar, silica, and clay are ground to an impalpable powder under water, then dried, and made into a paste. The teeth are cast in brass moulds, varied in size and shape to suit the requirements of the mouth. A special kind of paste, to form the enamel, is first put into the mould with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are to be fastened, are adjusted in position; and then the paste forming the body of the tooth is introduced until the mould is filled up. Next ensue powerful pressure and drying. When removing from the mould, the tooth goes through a process called *biscuiting* (analogous to a particular stage in the porcelain manufacture), in which state it can be cut like chalk. It is then sent to the trimmer, who scrapes off all roughnesses and unnecessary projections, and fills up any depressions which may have been left in the operation of moulding. A wash called *enamel* is made, by selecting various ingredients more fusible than those of the tooth, grinding them to a fine powder with water, and applying the thick liquid as paint, by means of a camel-hair pencil. The tooth then goes to the gummer, who applies a gum comprising oxide of gold and other ingredients. At length heat is applied. The tooth, when dried, is put into a muffle, or enameller's oven, where it is placed on a layer of crushed quartz strewed over a slab of fire-resisting clay. After being exposed for a time to an intense heat, the tooth is taken out, and cooled—and there it is, Beautiful for Ever.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE PLANET OF LOVE.

THE contrast between Venus and Jupiter (two orbs which at one time during the past spring seemed so strikingly alike that only their position distinguished one from the other) is in reality most complete. It was difficult even for the astronomer to realize the fact that of those orbs one was thirteen hundred times larger than the other, that the surface of the lesser was illuminated some fifty times more brilliantly than that of the farther and greater. It required, too, a strong effort of the imagination to picture to oneself how one orb was solitary, like Mars or Mercury, while the other was the

centre of the most symmetrical system of orbs within the planetary scheme.

It may be interesting to consider some of the facts which astronomers have learned respecting the beautiful planet which appropriately bears the name of the loveliest of the heathen goddesses. There is much, indeed, in what is known about Venus which rather tends to disappoint than to satisfy the questioner; much also which is more fitted to invite speculation than to afford any basis for sound theorizing. When we compare what has been learned about Venus with the detailed information which the telescope has given us respect-

ing Mars, or with the grand phenomena whose progress has been traced in the distant orbs of Jupiter and Saturn, we are apt to feel astonished that the planet which approaches us most nearly should have revealed so little, even under the most searching scrutiny. Yet it is only by comparison with what has been learned about these most interesting orbs, that our information about Venus seems small in amount. In reality there is much that will very well repay our attention, more especially when we consider Venus, not merely with reference to what the telescope teaches respecting her, but also in relation to her position in the scheme of worlds circling around the sun.

It used to be supposed that Venus is rather larger than our own earth. But more careful measurements made in recent times have shown that she is in all probability considerably smaller than the earth. A circumstance had tended to deceive the early telescopists. Venus shines with such exceeding brightness as to appear larger than she really is. The fact that bright objects are thus seemingly enlarged is, doubtless familiar to most who read this paper. It is strikingly illustrated by the appearance which the new moon presents when the unenlightened half of her globe is visible, or when "the old moon is in the new moon's arms." The dark part appears to belong to a smaller globe than the bright crescent; yet in reality of course the effect is but an optical illusion. Indeed, quite recently, astronomers had to reduce their estimate of the moon's mass on account of the very effect I am here referring to. In the case of Venus the effect is, of course, more remarkable, especially when considered with reference to the estimate of Venus's bulk; for she shines much more brilliantly (though of course giving out very much less light altogether) than the moon; and being so much farther away, the same amount of seeming extension outwards corresponds in reality to a much greater error in the estimated diameter. Thus it happens that in Ferguson's astronomy we find the diameter of Venus set down at 7,906 miles, while Sir W. Herschel and Arago set it at 8,100 miles; whereas the estimate now generally regarded as most trustworthy assigns to her a diameter of only 7,500 miles. Thus her estimated bulk has been very considerably diminish-

ed; for though her diameter has been reduced but by about one-sixteenth part from Ferguson's estimate, it is easily calculated that her volume has been reduced by fully a seventh part—in which degree it falls short of the earth's. Her surface, which is perhaps a more important feature when we consider her as the probable abode of living creatures, is less than the earth's in the proportion of about nine to ten.

Still, it is hardly necessary to point out that these differences are very slight when compared with those which distinguish the other planets of the solar system from our own earth. Mars, with his diameter of but 4,500 miles, on the one hand, and Uranus, with a diameter of more than 35,000 miles, on the other, seem startlingly unlike our earth after the relations of Venus have been considered; and yet they come next to her in this respect. We have to pass from Mars to small Mercury and the asteroids in following the descending scale of magnitude, and to pass from Uranus to Neptune, the ringed Saturn, and the mighty mass of Jupiter, in following the ascending scale. In the whole range of planetary bodies, from Jupiter, more than twelve hundred times bulkier than our earth, down to the least asteroid—a globe, perchance, not larger than Mr. Coxwell's balloon—we meet with not one orb which can be regarded as our earth's twin-sister world, save that globe alone whose glories now illuminate our evening twilight skies.

In one respect only the comparison fails. Unlike our earth, Venus has no moon. I shall not enter here into a consideration of the very singular circumstance that many observers, and some of them not unknown for skill and clear-sightedness, have declared that Venus has a moon, and that they have seen it. Astronomers are now agreed that these observers were deceived, and I suppose little doubt can remain in the minds of all who are competent to weigh the evidence, that Venus has no satellite. Still there are few chapters in the history of astronomy more suggestive than that referring to the supposed discovery of a secondary orb, which has, in reality, no existence. Sir William Herschel's temporary belief in the existence of two rings at right angles to each other around the planet Uranus can by no means be



compared with the strange deception which deluded observers in the case of Venus. For Uranus is so far off that his phenomena are seen only with extreme difficulty; and the telescope with which Sir William Herschel chiefly studied the planet was notoriously imperfect as a defining instrument, notwithstanding its wonderful light-gathering power. It "bunched a star into a cocked-hat," we are told, and in effect it *made* the rings round Uranus which for a time perplexed the great astronomer. But in the case of a planet so near to us, and so bright as Venus, one would have thought an optical illusion, such as the telescopic creation of a satellite, was wholly impossible. Here was an orb of which its observers felt able to say that its diameter was about one-fourth of Venus's, its light slightly inferior to hers in brightness, and its seeming shape horned, or gibbous, exactly as her own at the time of observation. And yet that orb was a mere moon-ghost, an unreal telescopic vision.

We shall inquire farther on, however, whether the want of a moon necessarily renders the skies of Venus at night dark and gloomy by comparison with ours, or, at least, with our moonlit nights.

The chief difficulty which the telescopist meets with in trying to examine the surface of Venus arises from the excessive brightness with which she is illuminated. Of course, I am here referring to quite another matter than that splendor which the unarmed eye recognizes in her light. Jupiter, when seen on the dark background of the midnight sky, shines with a splendor fairly comparable with that of Venus; and yet rather the defect than the excess of light is what troubles the astronomer in the case of Jupiter. I am referring now to the intrinsic brilliancy of the illumination of Venus's surface—this brilliancy depending on her nearness to the sun. The degree of her brightness may very well be illustrated by an example. Suppose the side of a hill to be so sloped that the sun's mid-day rays fall square upon it. Now, if the slope is covered with white sand, it will shine rather less than half as brightly to the eye as the disc of Venus.\* But we know how daz-

zling white sand looks when the sun shines full and squarely upon it; so that it will readily be conceived that the disc of Venus tests the performance of even the best telescopes. For it is to be noticed that although the astronomer can cut off a part of the light by suitable contrivances, yet these must needs impair to some degree the clearness of the definition. Besides, some features may be wholly obliterated by any contrivances for reducing the planet's lustre, precisely as the dark glasses used in observing the sun blot from view altogether the colored prominences and the sierra which really surround his disc.

But, although Venus is thus rendered a difficult object of study, there is one feature in her telescopic aspect which seems to place it in the power of observers to learn more about her surface-contour than even about the details of the planet Mars. Venus travels on a path inside the earth's. Hence she lies, at times, nearly between the earth and the sun, so that her dark half is turned towards us; while at other times she lies directly beyond the sun, so that her illuminated half is turned towards us. Obviously in one case she is presented as the moon at "new," while in the other she is as the moon at "full;" nor does it need much consideration to show that, in passing from one phase to the other, she must exhibit all the changes of aspect which we recognize in the moon. With, however, *this* further peculiarity, that whereas the moon remains always of about the same seeming size while passing through her phases, Venus, on the other hand, changes most notably in size, as seen in the telescope. When she is directly beyond the sun her distance from us is 66 millions of miles greater than the sun's, or about 157 millions of miles in

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rather more of the sunlight which falls on him than he would if he were a globe of white sandstone. Supposing Venus to do likewise, then as she is so near to the sun as to receive twice as much light as the earth does (surface for surface), her disc must look rather more than twice as bright as white sandstone fully and squarely illuminated. In all such cases (be it noted in passing) distance has no effect. Distance may diminish the brightness of objects seen through air, or other imperfectly transparent media; and of course distance diminishes the total quantity of light received from an object. But distance in no way affects the intrinsic lustre of bodies seen through vacant (or practically vacant) space.

\* This is easily proved. We may be certain that the reflective capacity of Venus's surface is not less than that of the surface of the ruddy Mars. Now Zöllner has shown that Mars reflects

all. When she is directly between us and the sun, her distance falls short of his by 66 millions of miles, or is reduced to about 25 millions of miles. Her distance in the latter case is less than one-sixth of that which separates her from us in the former case; and her disc is more than 36 times larger. So that as she passes from new to full she is at once crescent and waning. Her orb is becoming larger and larger, while a continually diminishing proportion of it is illuminated. In passing away from full to new she decreases in seeming size, while waxing in the sense in which we use the term when speaking of the moon. The reader will doubtless remember how the discovery that Venus actually changes thus in seeming magnitude and phase was among the earliest which Galileo affected by means of the telescope. That his priority might not be questioned he announced the discovery anagrammatically in the following sentence—"Hæc immatura a me jam frustra leguntur, d.y.," which is very bad Latin for the statement that "These matters still immature, and as yet (studied) in vain, are read by me." Four months later he published the key to the anagram in the following much more elegant piece of Latin—"Cynthiae figuras æmulator mater Amorum," or "Venus, the Mother of the Loves, imitates the changing figures of the moon."

Now when Venus presents her full face towards us she is much too far off to be well seen, and besides she lies directly beyond the sun, and his light prevents us from seeing her. On the other hand, when she is nearest to the earth, her dark hemisphere being turned towards us, she would be invisible even were she not in this case also lost in the sun's light. When she is best seen she presents much less than a full disc; and, in fact, she is actually best placed for study when showing a crescent phase, somewhat like the moon's two days before she is half full.

At first sight it might seem that this should render the study of Venus even more difficult than any of the circumstances yet named. The central part of her disc, just that portion which is alone unforeshortened, can only be seen when Venus is much farther off than Mars is at his nearest—when, also, he is most favorably seen in other respects; while the portion seen when Venus is nearer is seen

edgewise, and therefore very unfavorably placed for study.

But in one respect there results a means of studying Venus which is wanting in the case of Mars. I refer to that very means whereby astronomers have been able to measure the height of the lunar mountains. The boundary between the light and dark parts of the moon is the region where, as seen from the moon, the sun is rising or setting. The mountain tops near that boundary catch the sun's light earlier in the lunar morning, and later in the lunar evening, than the plains and valleys close around. Precisely as the traveller who views the phenomena of sunrise from the summit of the Rigi or Faulhorn,\* sees the valleys still enshrouded in gloom, while the mountain tops are all illuminated; so out yonder, on our satellite, if there are living creatures there, contrasts of like sort, but much more marked, may be witnessed by such Lunarians as care to climb the summits of the peaks around such craters as Tycho, Kepler, and Copernicus. The telescopist can see the lunar mountains lit up by the sun's rays, when the valleys around are in darkness; for, outside the boundary line, between the light and the dark portions, he sees spots and streaks of white light, which he recognizes as the peaks of lunar mountains, or the summits of mountain ranges. And, by measuring the distance at which a lunar peak, which has just caught the light, lies from the boundary between light and darkness—or, as one may say, by measuring how far off the tiny island of light is from the shore-line—he estimates the height of the lunar mountains.

In Venus, similar phenomena are presented. Only her greater distance renders it less easy to study them to advantage. Of course if the planet were a perfectly smooth globe the boundary between the light and dark portions would be quite smooth and uniform. But as early as the year 1700, La Hire could recognize irregularities in the boundary, when the crescent was very narrow. But we owe to the German astronomer, Schröter, the first satisfactory study of these irregularities. Towards the close of the last century he studied the planet with seve-

\* One is willing to believe that there are travellers who have been so fortunate.

ral powerful telescopes ; and he was able to recognize distinct inequalities in the boundary. These irregularities varied in figure from time to time, precisely as they might be expected to do when we consider their cause. Now a plain or sea, now a high table-land would be at some particular part of this border-land between light and darkness ; now valleys, now mountain peaks would diversify the seeming figure of the boundary. Some of the effects recognized by Schröter were so remarkable as to suggest that the mountains on Venus must be very much higher than those on our earth. Schröter, indeed, estimated the height of some of these mountains at no less than twenty-eight miles, or fully four times the height of the loftiest peaks on our own earth.

A circumstance of some interest may be here touched upon in connection with the researches of Schröter. Sir William Herschel, having failed with his more powerful telescopic means, in detecting any of the appearances recorded by Schröter, wrote a somewhat lively criticism upon Schröter's statement. Of this paper, which appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1793, Arago remarked that it was "*une critique fort vive, et, en apparence du moins, quelque peu passionnée.*" It must be said, however, in justice to the greatest telescopicist who has ever lived, that the severity of his tone, though not justified by the actual circumstances, was by no means unwarranted by the facts as he saw them. Misapprehension not injustice led to the warmth of his tone. Schröter answered dispassionately and effectively in 1795 ; and no doubt now remains of the general accuracy of the German astronomer's observations.

The irregularities, whose effects thus show themselves by notching or otherwise distorting the boundary between the light and dark portions of the disc of Venus, have been detected also as faint spots within the illuminated portion of the disc. It is only, however, with great difficulty, and under exceedingly favorable circumstances, that they can be seen. And, singularly enough, it would by no means appear as though the most powerful telescopes, or even the greatest observing skill, were the necessary conditions for the detection of these spots. On the contrary, they have been seen with small

telescopes when large ones failed to show them ; and comparatively inferior observers, like Bianchini and De Vico, have recognized them, when Sir William Herschel and the eagle-eyed Dawes have been unable to detect any traces of their existence. Indeed, all that Sir William Herschel could detect was a slight superiority of brightness in the part of the disc near the edge as compared with the part close by the boundary-line between the bright and dark portions. This peculiarity he misinterpreted strangely ; for he ascribed it to the existence of an atmosphere in Venus, failing to notice that it is clearly recognizable in the airless moon.

The spots in Venus are not seen distinctly enough to enable us to judge whether they indicate the existence of land and water, like the greenish and the ruddy markings on Mars. But they have enabled astronomers to measure the rate at which Venus turns upon her axis, and they have also shown us how her axis is placed, so that we can form an opinion as to the nature of her seasons.

Cassini was the first to time the rotation of Venus. He found that a certain spot returned to the same place on her face at intervals of about 23 hours, so that the length of the day in Venus would be slightly less than that of our own day. But Bianchini, in 1726, came to a very different, and a very startling, conclusion. He said he could not account for all the changes of appearance he had noted in Venus, without assigning to her a rotation period of 24 days and about 8 hours. Cassini had not been certain about his results, because he could not follow the spot far across the face of Venus. Bianchini's results were open to a somewhat similar objection. His observatory had not sufficient sky-room to enable him to follow the planet for more than about 3 hours. Now he was convinced that the spots did not appreciably change their place in that time ; and having made his observations at somewhat wide intervals, and finding that at the end of several days a spot seemed considerably advanced when observed at the same hour of the night, he concluded that all those days had been occupied in the advance *alone*. Cassini had judged that each day there was a circuit and a slight advance *as well*.

That excellent astronomer, Ferguson, whose book (out of date as it is) continues

far better worth studying than nine-tenths of our modern elementary treatises on astronomy, adopted Bianchini's explanation as seeming to accord best with the evidence. Working out the consequences after his usual sound and laborious fashion, he came to some very strange conclusions respecting the seasonal changes in Venus. Bianchini had seen reason to believe that Venus turns on an axis very much tilted down towards the level of her path round the sun; and the effects of this tilt would be very striking, even though the day of Venus were judged to be equal, or nearly so, to our own. But with the long day of  $24\frac{1}{3}$  terrestrial days, the resulting effects were found by Ferguson to be so strange that nothing we are familiar with on earth could be very well compared with them.

In the first place (according always to Bianchini's estimate) there are but  $9\frac{1}{4}$  days in the year of Venus.\* "We may suppose," says Ferguson, "that the inhabi-

tants of Venus will be always careful to add a day to some particular part of every fourth year, by means of which intercalary day every fourth year will be a leap-year, and will bring her time to an even reckoning, and keep her calendar always right."

Then the day lasting so long, the sun's mid-day height would be very different on successive days; so that if at any place he were overhead at noon on one day, he would be found far removed from the point overhead at noon of the next day. "This appears to be providentially ordered," says Ferguson, "for preventing the too great effects of the sun's heat (which is twice as great on Venus as on the earth); so that he cannot shine perpendicularly on the same places for two days together; and on that account the heated places have time to cool." One would have thought the long night of 292 hours would fairly have sufficed for this desirable purpose; but in Ferguson's day men knew more about the final causes of things than we do in our time, so that it is only with extreme diffidence that I venture this suggestion.

When Ferguson wrote, the astronomers of England were paying great attention to the problem of finding a ship's longitude at sea. Ferguson points out how much better off the people in Venus are as respects their means of dealing with this problem. "The sun's altitude at noon being very different at places in the same latitude, according to their different longitudes, it will be almost as easy to find the longitude on Venus, as it is for us to find the latitude on our earth, which is an advantage we can never have." Here is another instance of an easily interpretable design. For our seamen have the moon to help them in finding the longitude; and the voyagers over Venus would be badly off without a moon but for the peculiarity pointed out by Ferguson.

But it is as well, before inquiring what purpose was intended to be fulfilled by certain relations, to assure ourselves that those relations actually exist. For example, before asking why the people in Jupiter and Saturn get so much more moonlight from their many moons than we do from our single one, it is as well to calculate how much light they do actually get; because the argument from design is slightly interfered with when the multiple moonlight in Saturn and Jupiter is found

\*In my "Other Worlds" there is a note referring to a remark in Admiral Smyth's "Celestial Cycle," which had gravely perplexed me. For the Admiral says that in the year of Venus there are but  $9\frac{1}{4}$  of her days, "reckoned by the sun's rising and setting, owing to which the sun must appear to pass through a whole sign in little more than three-quarters of her natural day." In the note referred to, I remark on this, "he gives no reason for this remarkable statement, which most certainly is not correct." I might well, indeed, be perplexed, not only by this particular statement, but by the whole of the Admiral's treatment of the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus. For though he nowhere adopts Bianchini's estimate of Venus's rotation-period (on the contrary, he remarks that Schröter's researches have established Cassini's value), yet none of his statements are just if Venus turns round in about 24 hours. I have recently found that all Admiral Smyth's remarks on the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus were founded on Ferguson's examination of the matter. So that their incongruity is at once accounted for. But it is worthy of notice how important it is that no statement—however eminent its authority—should be repeated without due examination, or failing that (as may well happen when a subject is very recondite), a careful reference to the source whence the statement has been drawn. Admiral Smyth doubtless thought that so accurate a mathematician as Ferguson could not go wrong, and so, neglecting inquiry, failed to notice that he was himself misinterpreting Ferguson. On the other hand, I was somewhat sharply censured for questioning the dicta of so sound a mathematician as the esteemed Admiral; yet it is now shown how necessary such questioning was in that instance. But in truth it is always so. Doubt in such matters ought to be held as an almost sacred duty by the scientific author.



to amount in all to scarce a twentieth of that which our single moon supplies to us. So here, in the case of Venus, it is unpleasing, after calculating all the important advantages afforded by the long day of Venus, to discover that the day in Venus is actually rather less than on our own earth.

This, however, has now been abundantly proved. Schröter, by carefully noting the interval which elapsed between the successive appearances of a certain bright spot close by the southern horn of the crescent Venus, assigned a rotation-period of 23 days 21 minutes and 8 seconds. This was within a minute of the time which had been assigned by the younger Cassini as bringing his father's observations into agreement with Bianchini's. But the Italian observer, De Vico, attacked the question still more earnestly. He and several colleagues studied Venus at the Observatory of the Collegio Romano. They rediscovered Bianchini's spots, and by carefully comparing their own estimate of the planet's rotation with the observed appearance of Venus at such and such hours as recorded by Bianchini, they were able to deduce a very close approximation to the rotation-period of Venus. They assigned as the actual length of the day in Venus 23 hours 21 minutes 23 seconds and 93 hundredth parts of a second. Without accepting these hundredths as altogether beyond dispute, we may take 23 hours 21 minutes and 24 seconds as doubtless very closely representing the value of Venus's rotation-period.

Here, then, we have a day closely corresponding to that of our own earth, and also to that of Mars. In fact, the day of Venus falls short of our earth's day by about as much as the day of Mars exceeds our earth's. Instead of the year of 9½ of her own days assigned to Venus by Bianchini, we find that she has a year of about 230 days. There is little reason then, thus far, for supposing that the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus differ importantly from those on our own earth.

But undoubtedly when we inquire into other circumstances on which the seasons and general climate of a planet must depend, we find some difficulty in regarding Venus as likely to be a quite agreeable abode for creatures constituted like ourselves. Before discussing these relations, however, let me as an anticipatory cor-

rective present the enthusiastic description which Flammarion has given of that which he can have seen only with his mind's eye, and that eye gifted with exceptional, and possibly deceptive, powers. "Some ill-disposed minds," he says, as translated—most pleasingly—by Mrs. Lockyer, "have asserted that although Venus is beautiful afar, it is frightful on a nearer view. I fancy I see my young and amiable readers; and I am sure that not one amongst them is of this opinion. Indeed, all the magnificence of light and day which we enjoy on the earth, Venus possesses in a higher degree. Like our globe, it is surrounded by a transparent atmosphere, in the midst of which are combined thousands and thousands of shades of light. Clouds rise from the stormy ocean, and transport into the sky snowy, silvery, golden, and purple tints. At morning and evening, when the dazzling orb of day, twice as large as it appears from the earth, lifts its enormous disc at the east, or inclines towards the west, the twilight unfolds its splendors and charms."

This is very pleasant to contemplate; but it is desirable to inquire how far it is warranted by known facts.

To begin with the excessive light and heat which the sun pours upon Venus. I suppose no one doubts that quite possibly this great light and heat may be so tempered as to be not only endurable, but pleasant to people in Venus. But so far as terrestrial experience is concerned, we are assuredly not justified in saying that this *must* be so. Undoubtedly, if the sun began suddenly to pour twice as much light and heat upon the earth as he actually does, the human race would be destroyed in a very few months. In tropical regions the destruction would be completed in a single day. In temperate regions the beginning of the first summer would be fatal. Nor would the denizens of arctic and subarctic regions live through the heat of a midsummer's nightless day.

Suppose, now, we assume that the atmosphere of Venus, as good observers have judged, is considerably deeper than our own. This we may fairly do, because certainly the estimate of observers would be more likely to fall short of the truth than to pass beyond it; so that, when trustworthy astronomers say that they have seen the twilight zone of Venus extending farther than we know our own does, we

may fairly conclude that at a nearer view a yet greater extension of this sunlight atmosphere—for such is the real nature of the source of twilight—would be greater yet. Here, again, all that we know of the effects of a deep atmosphere would lead us to believe that the heat in Venus must be intensified by the action of her deep and dense atmosphere. As a matter of fact, it may not be so. All I urge is, that, judging from the only analogy we have to guide us, the depth and density of the atmosphere of Venus seem to promise no relief from the intense solar heat to which she is exposed.

But it is when we consider the effects of her axial slope that we find the most urgent reasons for questioning how far life would be comfortable to ourselves in that beautiful planet which now adorns our twilight skies.

Bianchini believed in an amount of axial tilt (a tilt of the axis, that is, from uprightness to the path of Venus) which has not been confirmed by De Vico and his colleagues. Still their observations agree in assigning an axial tilt much more than twice as great as the earth's. In other words, the arctic regions in Venus extend more than twice as far from her poles as ours do, and her tropical regions extend more than twice as far as ours from the equator. But we have only to take a terrestrial globe to see that, if we extend more than doubly the range of the tropics and of the arctic regions, these regions will overlap. There will be no temperate zone at all. Instead of it, there will be a region which is both tropical and arctic.

Now, when we remember what is meant when we speak of a region as tropical or arctic, the significance of this statement will be recognized. At a place within the tropics the sun is always twice in each year immediately overhead at noon. At a place within the arctic regions there is always one period in the year when the sun does not rise, and another period when he does not set, all through the twenty-four hours.

Conceive, then, first, the vicissitudes within the zone which is both arctic and tropical. Here we have, at one season, an arctic night—no sun shining all through the twenty-four hours; at another, an arctic day—the sun not setting during all those hours. Between these seasons, but nearer to the latter, we have two sea-

sons, when the sun is overhead at noon. The contrast between the bitterness of a season when the sun does not show at all, and the fiercely scorching heat of seasons when either the great sun of Venus does not set, or shines vertically down at noon upon such beings as may be able to endure his fury, is certainly not a pleasant prospect for terrestrial beings to contemplate. The young lady whom Flammarion lauds because she promised "swiftly to soar to Venus" when her "imprison'd soul was free," would have been justified in declining the visit on the score of expediency, while still encumbered with a body. And if "now," as Flammarion suggests, "she resides in that isle of light, and contemplates thence the earthly abode which she not long ago inhabited, perhaps she hears," not without amusement, "the prayers of those who, as she did formerly, allow their hopes to mount sometimes" to those pleasant-looking regions.

Nor are the tropical or arctic regions more likely to be comfortable abodes for creatures constituted like ourselves. The seasonal contrasts and vicissitudes in these regions are always very marked, and recur much more rapidly than on our own earth. If the arctic regions are worse off in having a more marked difference between the greatest cold of winter, the tropical regions are worse off in having two summers and two winters within the short year of two hundred and twenty-seven terrestrial days.

I cannot but think that on a fair examination of the physical habitudes of Venus, we are led rather to Whewell's than to Brewster's opinion; though I am by no means ready to admit that either one or the other opinion is strictly sound.

It is but barely possible, if possible at all, that Venus may be a suitable abode for creatures like ourselves and our fellow-inhabitants of this terrestrial globe. But we have no sufficient reasons for believing with Whewell that creatures so constituted as to exist in comfort in Venus must needs be wholly inferior to those which inhabit the earth.

One word on the celestial scenery visible from Venus. It is a circumstance worth noticing that, from all the three planets which have no moons, at least one orb can be so seen as to appear more beautiful than any star or planet in our

own skies. Jupiter, as seen from Mars, must appear a most noble orb, since his splendor, owing to the greater proximity of Mars (when most favorably situated for observing Jupiter), must be one half greater than that which he displays to ourselves. His satellites, too, may probably be visible from Mars. In the planet Venus, again, Mercury has a noble spectacle. Her lustre, indeed when seen under the most favorable circumstances, must illuminate the skies of Mercury with a splendor surpassing ten or twelve times that of the planet Jupiter as we see him on a midnight sky. From Mercury also the earth must seem a noble orb, her attendant moon being probably distinctly visible. Venus has not, like Mercury, a view of two planets surpassing Jupiter in splendor. But, on the other hand, the earth as seen from Venus must be the most beautiful spectacle visible throughout the whole range of the solar system. To vision such as ours the earth must present the figure of a disc, because we know that under favorable circumstances we can ourselves recognize the crescent form of Venus with the unaided eye. This disc cannot fail to exhibit varying colors; now appearing greenish, now reddish, according as the terrestrial seas or oceans are more fully turned towards Venus; while at times, when the atmosphere of our earth is heavily laden with vapors, the glory of the earth as a light in the skies of Venus must be greatly enhanced, the earth's lustre being at such times, however, purely white. In the meantime the moon must be distinctly visible, as a disc about one-fourth as large as the earth's in diameter, and not changing in color, as hers does, unless indeed it chan-

ces that the side of the moon we do not see differs very much in character from the portion we are able to study.\* The seeming distance separating the moon from the earth when they are farthest apart will be somewhat greater than the seeming diameter of the moon as we see her. It need hardly be said that the light actually received from the earth and moon under these circumstances must be very much greater than that which we receive either from Jupiter or Venus when at their brightest. We know that Mars, when seen under most favorable circumstances (once in about a century), is fairly comparable with Jupiter; but at such times Mars is half as far again from us as we are from Venus; he would show a disc much less than half the earth's if both were seen at the same distance; and he is illuminated less than one-half as brightly, owing to greater distance from the sun. On all these accounts the earth must shine many times more splendidly than Mars does, even on those exceptional occasions when (as once during the last century) his ruddy orb blazes so resplendently as to be mistaken for a new star. When it is remembered, too, that Venus is seen most brightly when by no means at her nearest, and when showing less than a half disc, whereas the earth is seen most favorably from Venus when at her nearest, and showing a full disc, it will be seen that the greater intrinsic lustre of Venus is much more than counterbalanced, and that the earth with her companion moon, as seen from the planet Venus, must form a far more glorious spectacle (besides appearing on a far darker sky) than the Planet of Love when most she solicits our admiration.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

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# PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

## I.

### MORE THAN HONEST.

THE character of my fellow-countrymen is too much judged of from those details which most commonly meet the public eye, which for the greater part are pictures of the worst part of the Irish population, and, when not portraying crime and violence, represent the Irish-

man as a ridiculous, improvident, blundering booby.

No doubt we have too many criminals, and a sufficiency of folly among us; but I am sure we have, notwithstanding many

\* The actual amount of light received from the earth and moon together, as seen from Venus, probably amounts to nearly the five-hundredth part of that which we receive from the moon at full.

adverse circumstances, a very considerable proportion of high and holy feeling, and of self-denying, active virtue as well as of thrifty industry. And if Paddy is often comical, he is quite as frequently romantically chivalrous in the degree which comes within his reach; and if this can only show itself in small matters in a small way of life, yet these small matters, like straws in the air, show which way the wind blows, perhaps more surely than greater things which imply more preparation and premeditation.

The scenes I shall describe and the events I shall relate are such light straws on the breezy life of the fifty years which I have spent very constantly resident in Ireland, after taking a Cambridge University degree.

Before the famine of 1846 and the following years, there was already a considerable flow of emigration to America; but few well-to-do people went then. It was chiefly young men and women, sons and daughters of poor families. It often happened that means were raised with difficulty enough for one of a numerous family to pay a passage to America, and on such and similar pleas I was often asked to lend the price of a passage, to be repaid by the emigrant.

I often lent the required sum—then only three or four pounds. They sailed in small sailing-ships from every little port, and with very inadequate arrangements for their welfare.

Contrary to what might perhaps be expected, these poor people generally sent me back the sum lent within a year, and the exceptions, I am ashamed to say, were the very persons of whom I had felt most secure—very decidedly of a class looked on as more respectable; while the poorer and less esteemed absolutely never failed me—and they were many. They were also for the most part persons over whose families or relations here I had no power, as they were tenants or cottiers on other people's estates.

Among these was a very large and a very poor family. The eldest daughter was sent for by a relative who had emigrated some time before, and who paid her passage to New York. She dreaded going alone, and succeeded in getting a loan from me sufficient to pay a brother's passage, which was duly repaid within the year. The next year, the same family

hearing of situations for two more of their number, borrowed the greater part of two passages, which again was repaid within the promised time.

Not very long after this, another brother borrowed the price of his passage.

But a year passed, and no return came. And a second year likewise.

In the course of the third year his brother came to me and brought the repayment (I think, three pounds ten shillings).

I asked him if his brother had sent anything to help his old mother, or to assist another to go to New York. He said he had not—not a farthing.

"Where is your brother now?" I asked. "I don't know where he is, it's so long since he wrote." And saying this, he suddenly stopped and colored. "Why," said I, "how long is it since you heard from him?" He stammered and hesitated, and said he did not know. "Is it more than a month?" "Oh yes." "Is it three?" No answer. "Is it six?" No answer. "Is it a year?" "No, sir, it's not a year." "Come now, tell me, how long is it?" "Well, sir, I got the letter in November." "And this is September. How is this? Why did you not bring me the money as soon as you got it?" He colored more, and said confusedly, "I couldn't come with it any sooner." "Nonsense!" said I. "You could not come four or five miles? Now I see what it is; you have used the money your brother sent to repay his debt, and you have traded upon it some way. As it happens, you have succeeded; but if you had lost your speculation, how would it have been? Your brother would have been supposed by me to have broken faith and neglected to fulfil his promise. Is it not so?" "No, sir; I never would let my brother's promise to you be broken." "Then how is it? Why were you so long?" "I couldn't help it." The poor fellow was greatly confused. But his flushed cheek changed to pale when I said: "Now you did not intend, I see, to be quite dishonest, as you have at last brought me the money; but you have not spoken the truth. Have you your brother's letter? Was that it out of which you took the banknotes?" "Yes, sir." "Let me see it." "I can't let you see it." "Why not, if all you say is true?" "No, I can't—I can't show it." "Well, then, I



must think it would make you appear more of a rogue than I thought you. You may go; but you are the first of your family that has given me reason to suspect your truth or honesty."

He turned and went slowly, and, as I thought, sullenly. I stood for a minute and watched him. He stopped, took the letter out of his pocket, opened it, looked at it, then looking round and seeing me still there, he returned slowly, and coming up to me he thrust the letter into my hand, saying:

"There! you can read it. I would never have let you see it, only I know he couldn't bear that you'd think me a rogue or a liar. He'd rather you would know all than that."

The letter was to this purpose:

"DEAR BROTHER:—I suppose you all thought me dead when you were so long without hearing of me. I was very near it; I met with an accident and broke some of my bones before I was three months in America, and I have been in the hospital ever since. They say I will be months yet before I am fit to work. I was hoping to send you some help before this time, but you see how it is. The greatest burden on my mind is the money Mr. Hamilton lent me to pay my passage. It ought to be paid long ago. So, brother, as soon as you have set the potatoes on mother's little place, go somewhere where money is to be earned, and get as much as will pay the gentleman, and take it to him, but don't let him know a word but that I sent it, as I made a promise to do."

Was it not grand—the confidence of the injured brother in his brother at home, and the worthiness of that confidence in the other? This, I think, actually throws the high sense of honesty into the shade—bright as that is also.

## II.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

On a tour round the north-west coast of Ireland, through districts unknown to me, and where I was unknown, I met with a striking instance of the double readiness often found in the poorer peasantry—readiness of will, and ingenious readiness to find a way to carry out that will when means seem to be wanting.

The following amusing adventure occurred to me in another part of Ireland.

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A car was hired to carry four passengers, one of whom was a very large, heavy man. The driver, on helping him up on the side of the Irish car, said, "Sir, please to sit aisy on this side, for she has a tinder spring." Everything that has wheels is "she"—a mill, a watch, a carriage, &c.

But to return to our tour. In a wild mountainous part one of our springs suddenly gave way, which indeed did not imply any *tinder*ness in the said member of our vehicle, for the occasion fully justified the breach. But this was little comfort to a party, chiefly ladies, miles from a forge or from any place where one could hope for means to repair.

A close inspection of the mountain sides revealed, at last, a cabin built of turf, roofed with heather, about a quarter of a mile off.

Little as I could hope to find there, I had no better way than to trudge across the intervening bog to this habitation.

There was no one there except a young woman and three or four little children. On hearing of our misfortune, she sympathized heartily in the hopelessness of our condition; "For," said she, "what would we have here that would help the likes?"

I said if we had a cord and a piece of wood we could tie up the spring, so as to get on to our journey's end. "But," she said, "for bits of wood, sure there's not a scarcer article in this place. There's not a bush, let alone a tree, for miles, and not a cord I have in the world." Looking up as she said this, her eye glistened joyfully, and she cried out, "And why would I tell a lie? Sure enough I have a cord for you;" and suiting her action to her word, she seized a knife, and with spring cut a line that stretched across the cabin, which was hung with two or three articles of dress drying.

"There now," said she, "there's half the work; may be we'll make off the rest too." So, encouraged by her success, she cast her eyes about, saying, "A bit of wood; oh, a bit of wood?" Suddenly she shouted, "Ay!" and turning up the one chair in the house, she with her naked heel thrust out the crazy wooden seat, and held up one of the little boards of which it was made, shouting, "There it's."

At this moment a man came in, and looking with bewilderment at his wife, cried, "Jinny, woman, is it mad ye are,

dear? What are ye at, woman, tearing and smashing?"

"No, dear, I am n't mad, but just getting the gentleman a bit of wood to mend his carriage."

I explained, and he said, "Ogh, Jinny, you're a foolish woman; sure that bit of old dale wood wouldn't hold over the first big jog on the road. It's oak it'll take to do it."

"And where would I get oak wood?" replied she. "Sure if I had it I'd give it it with all the joy in life."

"Where would you get it," said he, "but where it's to be had?" and before I could stop him, he had taken hold of a little barrel, half full of butter, and he tore a stave out of the side. It was exactly the thing, but I could not but be sorry to see the little vessel they were filling for market thus broken. The wife cried out, "Oh!" which he echoed before I could speak, adding, "Oh, Jinny, sure Tim the cooper will be here to-morrow, to make some tubs for the wee still-house" (where illicit whisky is made), "and he'll clap in a stave in no time at all. Come, your honor, and we'll see what we can do."

I stayed behind to give the woman some money, but she drew back and said, "What's that for?" and on my representing to her what I meant, she exclaimed, "What! wouldn't you give that much help to a creature in such black need without you'd be paid for it? No, thank you, sir."

It was said with dignity, and I could only heartily thank her.

The man handily helped to bind up the broken spring, which carried us two days' rough travelling. He was as steady as the wife in repulsing any gift more than hearty thanks.

### III.

#### EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN I was a young man, the part of my landed property which most interested me was a considerable extent of moor, or as it is called here, without any regard to elevation, mountain, which was pretty well stocked with grouse.

It is a district which ought not to be populous, and its soil pays ill for cultivation; but the unhappy legislation which made leases of the value of forty shillings a year give a vote for the county representative, had led my forefathers to encourage

subdivision to such a degree, that instead of five or six substantial tenants I found nearly half as many hundred. That they were poor I need not say. But they paid their rents duly, and were a more civilized folk than under the circumstances, and in a very remote corner of a very remote county, could be expected.

One trait I will mention which both surprised and pleased me much.

There is no village, much less a town, within many miles of them. The position is far from the proprietor's residence, and sixty years ago, and before it, there was no idea of taking any care for the education of these people.

But poor and ill-circumstanced as they were, they had spirit and energy to provide for the education of their children: and their custom was, under the advice of the priest to whose communion they all belonged, to depute one or two of the most trusted among them to go into the more civilized parts and engage a teacher to come for two years, and teach all the children from four or five years old to ten or twelve, generally alternately a male and a female teacher, so that occasionally the girls might learn to sew. The teacher lived from house to house, and was well cared for, and was paid a salary too. A curious assortment of books was provided. There was no school-house, but in summer a barn, and in winter a kitchen in one of the larger cabins, gave a place of education. There was then an interval of about four years, and again a couple of years of education. The result was that a greater proportion of intelligent readers and intelligible writers was to be found among these people than I think is to be found in most districts well provided with regular schools. Care has long since been taken to have means of education brought to their doors, but I question if it is as much valued or as effectual as the ruder method of a former time. In education, as much or more than in other departments, the endeavor to force forward improvement will always be a failure. It requires patient perseverance to lead a population to progress, and those who have tried it have found how severely tried that patience generally is; for the heart that earnestly desires the improvement of a people would fain see a rapid advance—and there seems no reasonable reason why the advance should not be

rapid, the means and opportunity being brought to the people's door, and urged upon their acceptance for their own weal. But so it is. He that would be an improver of his race must wait, and watch, and work, and then wait, watch, and work on. So he will at last make some progress—sure, if slow; but that progress, which is imperceptible as it goes on, like the hour-hand of a watch, will in the long-run make itself seen and felt. Perhaps nothing has tended more to retard Ireland's advance than the comparison suggested by the vicinity of counties more advanced, and the consequent efforts to bring Ireland *speedily* into as satisfactory a condition. Efforts well meant—devotedly carried on, but too impatiently—and the consequent failure, have disheartened many who truly desire Ireland's prosperity, but who, looking at these failures and judging too hastily and harshly those so slow to take up new ideas and operations, have overlooked the errors of those whose mistaken enthusiasm expected to do what cannot be done.

## IV.

## THE FAMINE OF 1846 AND FOLLOWING YEARS.

TERRIBLE as the word Famine is in itself, and trebly terrible to any one who has witnessed its progress and its ghastly consequences—still that famine did not fail to bring out some traits of character which have left *pleasant* remembrances.

This district is on the western coast—the side of Ireland which suffered most—but our people, nevertheless, did not suffer as much as in some other parts. Still it was terrible.

The Government was taken aback, and seemed not to know what to do. Apathy and spasmodic action alternated, and the result was that those landlords who did least came off best.

A person having property in two parishes found fellow landlords in one of them who united to meet the Government proposal that their contribution for the relief of the sufferers should be met by an equal sum. Several hundred pounds were raised, and augmented by as much from the Government; so far good.

In the other parish the proprietors declined to join him in raising a sum, and the destitution was altogether met by the Government alone. These both were only temporary measures, and did not involve

large outlay, merely stopping absolute starvation till plans could be formed to meet the emergency.

Then road-making was resorted to, and loans which were not at the choice of the borrowers to take or decline.

The roads were laid out by officials, who paid little regard to the mischief they did by running the roads through the fields, or to the probable usefulness of the roads if finished, or to the prospect of their ever being completed, which very many never have been to this day.

One instance is before me. An estate had been lately relet to tenants, the farms and fields laid out square and fenced. The omnipotent officials laid out a road diagonally through the lands, cutting both farms and fields into triangles, and leaving the landlord no redress to his expostulations, no alternative but such as would deprive the destitute in that neighborhood of the prospect of earning a living. The road begins in a field and ends in a field; there is no access to it at either end. By cuttings and fittings it makes a permanent hindrance to tillage, and abides to this day one of hundreds of the monuments to *red tape* in the Irish famine.

Having a property in a district which is divided among several proprietors, who did not all make any effort to maintain the people—it was in vain at first for a few to do so, as, besides maintaining the destitute, or those likely to become so on their own estates, they were chargeable with the maintenance of those on all the others—we were therefore compelled to accept a loan from Government to open charity stores and soup kitchens for gratuitous distribution to the destitute.

Soon after this a few of us borrowed each several thousand pounds from the Government, and began extensive land improvement works under the Board of Works; employing not only the poor on our own properties—who were by no means numerous—but all without distinction.

This soon caused a great reduction in the application for relief from the poor-rates—upon which the previous loan was charged—and immediately a demand was made for *repayment* of the money advanced a few months before.

I represented that we could not *then* commence repayment, and was answered that the rule was that, when a district had

only a certain amount of rate called for to support its poor, it should at once repay the advance.

I replied that the only cause of the diminution of poor-rate was that a few proprietors in the district had borrowed money from the Government, and were employing the poor on all the estates; that it was plain that we had no means to repay the late advance, or we should not be borrowers, and still less could our tenants, in the midst of famine, do so.

The answer was that such was the rule.

I replied, if I pay this demand, it must be out of the funds with which I am employing the poor, and I must discharge about a hundred persons, who will be driven, some on the rates and some to die.

The repayment was insisted on immediately. The poor were discharged of necessity, and I am certain death was the consequence in several cases.

One of the *reddest* cases of *tapeism* did not end in so sad a way, but was a curious instance of the system, while it brought out a bright instance of Irish character.

All the destitute within a certain distance of a road which was making under Government officials were appointed to work at it.

The Ordnance map had not the mountain elevations then marked, which I suppose is the excuse for the clerk at his desk, who included in the list of persons (women as well as men) who were to work at this road the inhabitants of valleys separated from it by mountain ranges.

However, these poor people did put in an appearance at the required place, and those who lived nearer came and worked at it.

At the end of the week they expected to be paid; but no paymaster appeared.

It was Saturday evening, and I think Christmas eve, when, happening to be in the little town of D—, I saw a crowd of hungry-looking mortals ankle deep in the snow, surrounding the Government official, a young artillery officer, who was endeavoring to pacify them.

They were the workers at this road, which was five or six miles off, and they had come to him as the ostensible manager of the concern.

He was in great trouble—deeply moved with pity—"but," said he, "what can I do? I must send up the accounts of all

the roads to the Office in Dublin. I have to make them up after I receive them from the various overseers, which will take time; and I shall receive orders to draw the money and pay the people probably by this day week."

A groan rose from the crowd: "This day week! We were destitute a week ago; we have struggled through the week working on starvation" (and their faces showed it), "and now we are to wait another week. Oh-oh-oh!"

"Good God, sir," said the officer, "what can I do? It is really terrible."

After a minute's thought I said, "I see a way through it. I will pay the men, and when the money comes you can just hand it to me."

"God bless you, sir," replied he. And I verily think he was as thankful as any of the poor hungry souls before us.

I managed to borrow from the shops in the town about forty pounds, as near as I remember, and sent the poor fellows away contented, though many had ten weary miles through the snow to their homes.

Three days after I went to the officer, who met me with a doleful face.

"I don't know," said he, "how to look at you; I have got into a sad scrape myself, but I chiefly regret having drawn you into it too. I have orders *not* to pay you your advance, but to pay each laborer; and my application to have the pay sent down each week is refused, and I am reprimanded for the 'irregularity' of our proceedings on Saturday! So you see the poor fellows can't, if they would, desire me to give it to you, nor can they hand it to you when they get it, for I shall not have it for them till Saturday, and then another week is due."

Remonstrance was in vain; the Government never repaid me.

But I was repaid with that interest which is invaluable to one who loves and respects his poor neighbors.

They could not, as was plain, repay me at once; but these poor fellows appointed one of themselves, who each pay day took an appointed proportion from each, and handed it to me. So that all those who lived through the work repaid me in full. Some failed, having died very soon after this occurrence, and a few fell off from the work and only paid part, but fully seven-eighths of the sum advanced was repaid with every expression of gratitude.



The deaths from actual immediate starvation were few that came to my knowledge. It was the effect of long privation in breaking down the constitution that was so fatal.

One of the saddest cases of death from famine was in a family of a small tenant not far from me. He had several children. They and his wife seemed to support the privation tolerably, but the father was failing fast—a hale, middle-aged man, and one who would make every effort, submit to every hardship, rather than go upon the rates.

He died. The doctor said nothing ailed him that he should die, and it was known that his little store of potatoes was not quite exhausted. He and his family were seen making a scanty meal of them daily. The doctor made an examination to discover his malady, and found that he was full of indigestible potato-skins, of which he had been in the habit of making his meals—giving the inside to his loved ones.

One of the good effects of the famine was—in this district at least—to draw together all the educated and wealthier part of the people—parson, priest, landlord, merchant. And the individual knowledge of the priests among the poorer portion made their hearty aid doubly valuable.

After the famine was over, though we were still smarting from the wound, the Government sent some gentlemen round the country (I do not remember under what designation) to inquire into the state of the people.

One of these officers came to me, and saying that my name having been mentioned in the report of the Board of Works, he begged of me to allow him to make use of me in his investigation.

Among other things, he asked me if, among the many laborers he saw I still had at work, I could show him one, not living on my land, who had worked with me steadily through the three bad years, 1846-7-8, and begged of me to let him speak to the man without my interfering at all.

We went to my farm, and I pointed out such a man to him.

He accosted him. The man rested on his spade and returned his salute.

"How long have you been working here?"

"Pretty regular these three years, sir."

"How much are your wages?"

"Why, sir, you see, we work all by measure. Tenpence a day used to be the pay."

"And is that what you can make now?"

"Oh no, sir. If we work as much as the leading squad, whose work sets the price of whatever is doing, we get eighteenpence. But I have a bit of land, and it suits me and the rest of us to work by measure, for we can come and go as it is convenient, and need not leave our little industry at home behind. But I and my son work here pretty regular, and generally have twelve or fourteen shillings a week to take home with us."

"Did you ever get any of the relief meal?"

"Is it the charity meal that they gave to them that were starving? No, sir, I thank God I never did."

"Did any of your neighbors get any of that meal?"

"Well, I suppose they did."

"Why did they prefer that to coming to work?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's nothing to me. They might have come if they'd liked, for the work was open to all."

"Maybe they got more by the way they took. How many of a family have you?"

"Nine of us, sir, altogether."

"Could you think of any neighbor who got the charity meal, who had about as many?"

"Just as many. I do know of such a one."

"Now do you know how much worth of meal his allowance was weekly for nine people?"

"To be sure I don't. What's it to me?"

"Well, I will tell." (And taking out his pencil and pocket-book, he calculated the quantity and price.) "Just one or two shillings worth more than you got by working. So which do you think was best off—you and yours, or he and his?"

My man looked very indignant, and was silent for a minute, and then said, "Ay, poor fellow, he might have more meat in his belly, but can he have the soul of a man left in him?"

And he turned abruptly away to his work.

The inquirer said to me, "I would gladly have come all the way from London

to hear that fine fellow's words. He has a sense of what he is saved from by the opportunity of earning his support, and by the manliness to choose the earned bread rather than the gratuitous. I daresay there are many others who would give nearly the same answers?"

I assured him that such was my belief.

Then I followed my man to speak to him. He accosted me gruffly. "I wonder, sir, what made you bring that Englishman here to insult us; the way he talked about us taking the charity meal!"

But when I explained the matter to him, he said, "Well, then, I'll forgive him. But he needn't think too hardly of them that took it. There's many a one, besides a poor laboring man, that would be tempted if he'd be offered more for idling than working. Only I thank God I did earn all I got, and with His blessing I will do so."

This is one of the very many instances in which the poor peasantry show a character which commands respect much more than it excites compassion.

Unfortunately the violent, hot-headed, misled, or the broken-spirited, pauperized, beggarly portion of the population, being naturally in the position to attract most attention, have been taken as the samples of Irish peasantry. This has occasioned scant respect to be shown or felt towards the mass of the people; and it must be confessed that the want of respect shown even by benefactors, who exhibit pity and benevolence enough, has tended to lower the respectability of the people.

If these reminiscences shall lead some of their readers to believe in the existence of a high, noble, virtuous spirit in my poorer fellow-countrymen, and to respect them accordingly, I shall be thankful to have been able thus to discharge a little of the debt of obligation to those among whom I have lived so long, and whose kindly and neighborly intercourse and behavior not merely makes me their friend, but makes me proud to call them my friends.

(To be continued.)

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PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is singular and at the same time eminently characteristic of his nation's scholarship that the most learned and most popular philologist who writes the English language is not an Englishman or an American, but a German. No writer has entered more deeply into the origin and development of the English language itself than Prof. MAX MÜLLER; none, we think, has done so much in tracing out and explaining those local idioms which are so prevalent in England, and which in one or two cases amount to well-defined dialects; and many intelligent readers, no doubt, especially in this country, have derived all the knowledge they possess of comparative philology from the books which he has published on the subject.

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER was born in 1823 (Dec. 6th), and, as our readers will see by the portrait, is now a hearty and sleek-looking man of forty-seven years. His birth-place was Dessau in the province of Anhalt, Germany; and his father was Wilhelm Müller, an author whose life and works he has embalmed in an admirable essay contained in the last volume of

his "Chips from a German Workshop." He was educated at the University of Leipsic, where he devoted his time almost exclusively to the study of Sanscrit and the oriental languages; and went to Paris in 1845 to procure material for an edition of the *Rigveda* with the commentary of Sayanacarya. While in Paris he met Humboldt and the greater and lesser lights of the French Academy; but three years later we find him in England, where the great work mentioned above was published in 1849-54, at the expense of the East India Company. Deciding to remain in England, he was appointed, in 1850, deputy Taylorian professor of literary history and comparative grammar in the University of Oxford, and a year later was made honorary member of the university. In 1854 he was appointed to the professorship of modern European languages in the same institution, and is now professor of the recently established chair of Sanscrit, the study of which he has done more probably than any living man to promote not only in Europe but in India.

Professor MÜLLER has been an industrious writer, and among the works which he has published since his settlement in England are a treatise "On the Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Languages in its bearing on the Early Civilization of Mankind;" "The Languages of the Seat of War," written during the Crimean war; "Buddhism and the Buddhist Pilgrims;" and a "History of Sanscrit Literature." His most important and best-known works are the "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution, London, the first series in 1861, and the second in 1863. These Lectures may be said to have made good for the first time the claims of Philology to be ranked among the sciences;

and by these and his popular series of "Chips from a German Workshop," comprising his miscellaneous writings for various periodicals, is he best known in America.

All of Professor MÜLLER's most important books have been written in English, and he uses our language with a fluency, elegance, and precision that could hardly be surpassed. The hypercritical *Saturday Review* says, "Prof. Muller is really one of the best English writers of the day;" and that this praise is well-merited our readers were probably convinced by the three articles from his pen in our last year's volumes, entitled "Lectures on the Science of Religion."

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Little Men: or Jo's Boys at Plumfield.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1871.

It is related of Miss Alcott, that when her first work was written and she had concluded to make a venture with the public, the publisher to whom she offered the manuscript advised her to "stick to school-teaching," for she was certain to make a failure in literature. It would seem like *ex post facto* wisdom to ridicule this publisher now, and it would hardly be fair to make his blunder the text for disparaging comments upon the judgment and discrimination of publishers in general, for Miss Alcott is precisely the kind of writer whom the average publisher suspects in the premises. If she had written an ordinary and orthodox book, in the ordinary and orthodox way, said publisher would probably have been quite ready to add her name to his list of bookmakers; but Miss Alcott has displayed marked and decided individuality from the start, and the publisher, if he understands the matter at all, knows very well that genius itself is not more capricious than the kind of reception which the public is likely to extend to an author who departs from the established type.

This mitigates the error of the publisher, but we should hardly say that it excuses him, for it would seem impossible for the dullest to read a specimen of Miss Alcott's work without seeing that not only did she have something to say, and that her way of saying it was fresh and vivid, but that she had in her all the elements of popularity. Such, at least, was the prompt and emphatic verdict of the public, for no sooner did "Little Women"—the first of her books fairly brought before readers—make its appearance, than it took the whole reading world, old and young, by storm; and from that time to the present, though its circle of readers has steadily widened, we have never seen or heard a criticism on it that was respectable and at the same time disparaging. "Little Women" is indeed almost perfect in its way, and the great success which it has achieved is not only a triumph of good literature over bad, but signally fortunate for

the little ones who find their ideals and companions in it instead of in the absurdly dull, priggish, and preposterous books usually provided for them. There is little doubt in our mind that it has been as productive of good as it has of amusement.

"Little Men" has been rather more criticized than "Little Women," and the objections are usually well taken, for Miss Alcott undoubtedly understands girls better than she does boys, and her conception of the latter is about as true to life as those mysterious abstractions which female novelists are fond of substituting in their books for men. It is not one whit less interesting, however, and it will probably satisfy the majority of readers to know that it introduces us once more to our old friends of "Little Women." Part second of that work left us at the end with Meg settled calmly down to her duties as mother of a family, Amy married to Laurie, and Jo married to Professor Bhaer, but still revolving in her mind original schemes of usefulness. "Little Men" brings us again into familiar relations with all these, and takes us besides into the school at Plumfield, where "Jo's boys" number about a dozen. What jolly experiences we go through with those boys it would be impossible even to hint, but the memory of them is pleasant and most vivid. We never meet exactly such boys, it is true, in real life, but one is better for having met them if only in a book; and doubtless many a reader is already looking forward eagerly to that other volume which must take the "little men" away from Plumfield, and into the larger relations which lie before even the smallest and most thoughtless of men.

Miss Alcott is, to our mind, the most wholesome and healthy-natured story-teller that New England has produced. She is not one of the

"Folks with a mission,  
Whose gaunt eyes, see  
Golden ages rising,"

but who see nothing in the present but "a tangled skein of will and fate" which each one's pen is to unravel. We do not know what her philosophy of life is, or even if she has any; but we are quite

certain of one thing, and that is that we should not envy the one who should take upon himself the task of convincing her of the total depravity of human nature, or that the world is utterly "out of joint." In addition to this, Miss Alcott possesses the prime faculty of a story-teller: that, namely, of inspiring interest. There is not a dull or commonplace chapter in her books; and one can pick them up anywhere and open at any page, and it will not take three minutes to inspire him with the desire to "read on."

If there is any household, or Sunday-school library, or collection of books intended for children, which is yet without these volumes, the duty of the head of such household or keeper of such library seems to us quite clear.

*Hours of Exercise in the Alps.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has been very liberal with his readers of late. This is the third volume he has published during the present season, any one of which would suffice to put the public under obligations, and it is probable that another one still, comprising his summer lectures, will be ready before the close of the year.

The character of "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" is exactly portrayed in its title. It describes the recreations which Professor Tyndall has enjoyed during the summers of the ten years extending from 1859 to 1869, and is complementary to the "Fragments of Science" which we noticed in these pages a couple of months ago. "The two volumes," as the author says, "supplement each other, and, taken together, illustrate the mode in which a lover of natural knowledge and of natural scenery chooses to spend his life." That such a life is as useful and noble as one as it is given to man to spend, we presume few would deny; for even the recreations are not of the kind in which one would suppose that so laborious a student and worker as Professor Tyndall would indulge himself, but are scarcely less bracing, stimulative, and instructive than the more technically scientific work itself. To a man like Prof. Tyndall a mountain, or a glacier, or a bit of scenery, means a good deal more of course than to the ordinary tourist, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the reader who follows him intelligently through these "hours of exercise" will learn more of the Alps and of the majestic phenomena which they present than from all the guide books and "souvenirs of travel" ever issued from the press. It must not be inferred from this, however, that the volume is oppressively instructive. The dullest of subjects are inspired with new meaning and significance under the hand of Prof. Tyndall, and in addition to this he sees scenery with the eye of a genuine artist and describes it with the fervor of imagination and of diction which belong to a poet.

The present volume, in fact, shows that the author is as much at home in narrative and description as in the more customary field of scientific exposition. One follows him through his record of "hair-breadth scapes," and of adventures amongst "rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven," with almost unalloyed pleasure. We say "almost," for the reader,

even when most interested, cannot divest himself of the consciousness that the man who is deliberately encountering these perils is Professor Tyndall, and that a slip, a misplaced step, the slightest error or accident, would deprive the world of his services while yet in the prime of his life and usefulness.

While "Hours of Exercise" is more especially a "record of bodily action," the scientific aspects of the subject are not excluded, and in the Appendix are notes on the structure, characteristics, and properties of ice and glaciers; an explanation of the phenomena of clouds; Snowdon in winter; and a narrative of the expedition to Algeria to observe the recent solar eclipse. The volume as a whole is a most attractive one, and we trust it will introduce Professor Tyndall to the large circle of readers who have been repelled by the strictly scientific character of his previous books. After once making his acquaintance they are not likely to part company with him hereafter.

*Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes; A Journal of Siberian Travel and Exploration.* By RICHARD J. BUSH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871.

THE successful laying of the sub-Atlantic cable suspended for a time at least the stupendous undertaking of the Russo-American Telegraph Company; but while their great labor and expense were rendered nugatory as far as practical results are concerned, it may be doubted if any purely commercial enterprise ever contributed so much toward the instruction and amusement of mankind. The greater part of what we know of Northwestern British America, of Alaska, of Eastern Siberia, and of Kamtschatka, has been derived from the engineers and explorers sent out by the Company; and the books in which they are described are among the most lively and entertaining in the long list of recent travels.

Mr. Bush's volume is the latest of these, and "pretends to no scientific value," but is simply a record of personal observation and adventure in Kamtschatka and that portion of Siberia bordering on the Sea of Okhotsk and including the country of the Tungusians, the Yakouts, the Koraks, and the Tchutchus. The region is pretty much the same as that described by Mr. Kennan in his "Tent Life in Siberia," but the narratives by no means traverse each other, and the two volumes should be read in conjunction. Mr. Kennan's is briefer and much the better of the two—is in fact almost a model of what a record of travel ought to be,—and Mr. Bush would have greatly improved his book by a little rigid editing; but we can readily appreciate the difficulty of abridging a journal the whole of which is strictly relevant and no portion of which is positively uninteresting, and if the author was as young a man at the time as we take him to have been from hints here and there, his journal is scarcely less creditable to him than the courage with which he encountered the perils of Arctic exploration, and the unaffected modesty with which he has related them.

As suggestions about "summer reading" are always in order with the critic at this season, perhaps we had as well adopt this plea as any other for recommending a speedy perusal of "*Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes.*" Campbell said that his idea of happiness was to "louge upon the rainbow



and read eternal romances of Cr billon." If anything can inspire pleasure with the thermometer at 90, we should say it would be lying at ease in the shade and following an explorer through a region where the temperature falls to 56  below zero, and where the taking off of mittens long enough to light a pipe involves the freezing of one's fingers.

The volume is published with the usual excellent taste of the Harpers in this field, and the illustrations are both numerous and good.

*Books for Girls. Little Sunshine's Holiday.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers.

AFTER writing more books for adults than any one person is likely to undertake to read—though they are well worth reading—Miss Muloch has turned her attention to children, and promises to supply the great want which exists everywhere, so she is told, of Girls' Books. The "address" with which she introduces her series is full of the author's usual good sense, and shows that she is very well aware of the nature of the task which she has undertaken to perform. She has written books for twenty-four years; books which, she says with pardonable pride, have been read over half the world, and translated into most European languages. Yet, she continues, it is less as an author than as a woman and a mother that she rests her claim to edit this Series; to choose the sort of books that ought to be written for girls, and sometimes to write them. "I leave myself the widest range of selection, both as to subjects and authors; merely saying that the books will set forth the opinions of no clique—I belong to none; nor will they advocate any special theological creed—I believe only in Christianity. Indeed there will be as little "preaching" in them as possible; for the wisest sermon is usually a silent one—example. But they will be, morally and artistically, the best books I can find, and will contain the experience of the best women of all countries, used for the benefit of the generation to come." Such is the substance of the "address," and there is no doubt that such a Series as it promises will supply a clearly defined want in juvenile literature.

In "*Little Sunshine's Holiday*" we have the first volume of the Series, and what we may suppose is a fair specimen of the books of which it is to consist. It is written by Miss Muloch herself, and certainly "begins at the beginning," for its heroine is scarcely three years old, and it is designed apparently for girls of that tender age. The story is a simple one, dealing only with the ordinary incidents of a trip to the Highlands, and the marvellous and the exciting are alike rigidly excluded. It is written in Miss Muloch's usual bland and agreeable style, it shows much knowledge of and familiarity with children and their ways, and it indicates a heart lovingly disposed towards them; but at the same time we fear that the little folks to whom the story is addressed would unanimously pronounce it dull. The mental sympathy which enters far more largely than mere literary art into the composition of good children's books is not possessed by Miss Muloch, her standpoint is essentially an objective one, and she describes Little Sunshine and her doings precisely as Darwin, for instance, would describe the ways of his pet monkeys.

The editor has taken upon herself the hardest task which her Series presents,—that of writing for the very young,—and she can hardly be said to have performed it successfully. The Series, however, will doubtless be a good one, and the second volume, "*The Cousin from India*," by Georgiana M. Craik, is said by the English critics to be an interesting, vivacious, and very amusing story.

*Till the Doctor Comes, and How to Help Him.* By GEORGE H. HOPE, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THIS is an excellent little hand-book, and will no doubt become quite as popular here as it is in England, where it has run through five editions. It consists of brief suggestions on all the diseases, affections, and accidents to which man is ordinarily liable, and what it tells on any one point can be got at in a moment. Those who get it expecting a detailed statement of the diagnoses, processes, and treatment of disease, will be disappointed; for it is only intended to serve *till the doctor comes*, and by no means encourages the substitution of a book for a physician. It is a very useful and a very necessary book nevertheless, and has been improved in some respects by its American editor.

Messrs. Putnam & Sons have also published recently several other excellent books, among which are *The Young Mechanic, Containing Directions for the Use of all Kinds of Tools, &c.*; *Ghardaia, or Ninety Days in the Desert*, a book of travel which we fear is more entertaining than true; and *Tent Life in Siberia*, of which our readers will hear more in our next number.

#### SCIENCE.

*Constitution of the Blood.*—An Experimental Inquiry into the Constitution of Blood, and the Nutrition of Muscular Tissue, is the title of a paper by Dr. Marcet recently read at a meeting of the Royal Society. The late Professor Graham, by his process of dialysis, showed that substances were separable into crystalloids and colloids, that is, those which are crystalline in their nature, and those which resemble starch or gum. By taking advantage of this process, Dr. Marcet finds that blood is strictly a colloid fluid. The small quantity of crystalloids which it contains is intended to preserve the fluidity of the blood, and it is of importance that they should be retained during the circulation, owing to the part they play in the vital phenomena of oxidation; in other words, in keeping the blood free from impurities. Among these substances are those known to chemists as phosphoric anhydride and potash, and these are found also in flesh, or muscular tissue, in its complete state. Besides these constituents, there are found in flesh the materials contributed by the blood on their way to impart completeness, and those which, having done their work, have become effete, and are passing out. In the healthy state, flesh contains in store a supply of nourishment equal to about one-third more than its requirement for immediate use; this, as Dr. Marcet remarks, "being apparently a provision of nature to allow of muscular exercise during prolonged fasting." And he concludes that "the blood corpus-

cles have apparently the power of taking up and preparing the material which they themselves supply to muscular tissue for its nutrition."

Certain considerations follow which are well worth attention by those who have the care of invalids, or have to prepare a dietary—namely, that vegetables used as food for man and animals, such as flour, potato, and rice, transform phosphoric anhydride and potash from the crystalloid or diffusible into the colloid or undiffusible state; and that, after having been thus prepared, only these substances appear to be fit to become normal constituents of blood, and contribute to the nutrition of flesh. In nature, a constant rotation from crystalloids to colloids, and the reverse, goes on. The substances destined to nourish plants must be diffusible, otherwise they could not be distributed throughout the mineral kingdom, and brought within reach of plants. Vegetables transform into colloids the mineral substances intended to form part of the food of animals. The excretory products of animals are crystalloid or diffusible; the solid portions decompose in contact with air and moisture, and become crystalloid compounds. In like manner, dead vegetable and animal tissue all return into crystalloids, to be distributed afresh either by gaseous or liquid diffusion throughout the whole of the mineral world. "Hence," says Dr. Marcet, "Graham's great discovery of the laws of liquid and gaseous diffusion lifts the veil which covers the mysteries of animal life, and throws light on very many physiological phenomena which had until now remained in darkness." A line of research is here opened, which, as we may expect, will be turned to good account by physiologists. Its importance could hardly be over-rated. As an immediate effect, it will rectify prevalent errors as regards nutrition. Many persons believe that beef-tea is very nourishing, and that it is an excellent strengthener for people of weak health. This is a mistake. Some few practitioners and chemists have long been aware of the fact, and now their view is confirmed by Dr. Marcet. There is no nourishment in beef-tea. Mixed with solid food, it imparts a relish which promotes digestion; and the best solid that can be mixed therewith is the beef from which it was made, reduced to a powder. In two, at least, of the London hospitals the mixing of powdered beef with the beef-tea has long been practiced, and there the patients get strong on a beef-tea diet. It is worth remembering, too, that the objections to the use of beef-tea apply equally to the preparation described as Extract of Meat, with the further disadvantage that the Extract is always stale.

*The Total Eclipse of the Sun on December 11, 1871.*—Attention is already beginning to be directed to this eclipse. It seems unlikely that any expeditions will be sent out from America or England to observe it; but as the track of totality passes over parts of India, Ceylon, and Northern Australia, it is probable that useful observations will be made. In India especially it is likely that skilful observers may have an opportunity of studying the eclipse, since the northern boundary of the track of totality lies but a short distance south of Madras, where there is an excellent observatory, under the management of Mr. N. Pogson. The following account of the most important features of the eclipse is extracted from a paper by Mr.

Ragoonathachary, communicated by Mr. Pogson to the Royal Astronomical Society:—"The central line of the eclipse will first meet the earth's surface in the Arabian Sea, and, entering on the western coast of India, will pass right across one of the most important parts of Hindustan in a S.E. by E. direction. In this part of the peninsula the sun will be about 20° above the horizon when totally obscured. The duration of totality will be two minutes and a quarter and the breadth of the shadow about 70 miles. On leaving the eastern coast of the Madras Presidency the central line will cross Palk's Straits, passing about 10 miles S.W. of the Island Jaffnapatam, and over the northern part of Ceylon, where the small towns of Moeletivoe and Kokelay will lie near the central line; and also the well-known naval station of Trincomalee, which will be about 15 miles S.W. of the line. Continuing its course over the Bay of Bengal, the shadow will cross the S.E. part of Sumatra, and will touch the south-western coast of Java, where Batavia, the capital, will be nearly 60 miles N.E. of the central line; and two other smaller towns, Chidamar and Nagara, will also be very near the middle of the shadow-path. In the Admiralty Gulf on the N. W. coast of Australia, the eclipsed sun will be only ten degrees past the meridian, and not far from the zenith; in consequence of which the totality will last 4m. 18s., or only 4 seconds less than the time of greatest duration. Lastly, passing through the most barren and uninhabited portion of Australia, crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria and the York Peninsula, the shadow will ultimately leave the earth's surface in the Pacific Ocean."

*The Solar Corona.*—More facts have come to light respecting the solar corona, as seen during the last eclipse, and there has been a good deal of discussion over the significance of the new facts brought to our knowledge. On nearly all sides the atmospheric glare theory of the corona has now been abandoned. But although the solar nature of the corona is now generally admitted, we are very far indeed from having solved the problems of difficulty presented by solar phenomena. Indeed, we may be said to have barely entered upon this difficult field of research. Various ideas which had been broached respecting the corona can now be discussed under somewhat more satisfactory circumstances than before the late eclipse. Two papers have appeared during the last two months which bear on the theoretical considerations suggested to the observations made last December. In one Mr. Proctor points to the significance of the observed connection between the corona, the prominences, and the solar spot regions; and he points out that, judging from the evidence now in our hands, the theory seems suggested that all the phenomena—corona, prominences, and sun-spots—are dependent "on the action of vertical forces, or, at any rate, of forces directed outwards from the sun's globe—though not necessarily exactly radial." Abandoning the meteoric theory of the corona, or rather speaking of it as insufficient to account for the observed phenomena, he considers the probable effects of eruptive or repulsive forces exerted by the Sun on matter in the first place within his visible globe, and he shows that many somewhat perplexing phenomena seem to receive an interpretation when this theory is (provisionally)

adopted. In the other paper, Professor Young, of America, after pointing out some objections to the meteoric theory of the corona, remarks that the low specific gravity of the coronal matter may depend on the action of "such solar repulsion as appears to be operative in the formation of a comet's tail." In this paper he points out very lucidly how small the influence must be which our atmosphere is capable of exerting in increasing the seeming importance of the corona. "Some influence our atmosphere must, of course, have; but remembering how much the inner portion of the coronal ring exceeds in brilliance the outer, it would seem that the illumination of the lunar disc must give us an exaggerated measure of the true atmospheric effect. This illumination makes the edge of the moon only enough brighter than the centre to give it the appearance of a globe, but of almost inky blackness." He remarks, "Mr. Lockyer, in 'Nature,' quotes from a letter of mine written nearly a year ago, to show that my opinions regarding the nature of the corona have been considerably modified since then; and this is true to a certain extent, though I think the present approximation of our views is owing quite as much to a change in his own ideas, as would be evident on referring to his papers of the same and even somewhat later date. But I should *still* write, 'I am strongly disposed to believe that the whole phenomenon (i.e., the corona as I saw it in 1869) is purely solar.'"

*Spontaneous Generation.*—Professor Crace-Calvert has made experiments which show the errors of those who advocate the theory of spontaneous generation. He has proved that the temperature of boiling-water will *not* kill all the living germs contained in the water. Hence, it is a mistake to say that living germs which appear after boiling have been developed from non-living matter. An experimentalist, wishing to be absolutely certain that he has destroyed all life in the fluid operated on, should pass it through a temperature of four hundred degrees. As an example of the rapidity with which, in one case, life is developed, Professor Crace-Calvert states, that white of a new-laid egg mixed with pure water, and exposed to the air for fifteen minutes only, in August or September, "will show life in abundance."

*A Sensible Step.*—The Royal Academy have announced that the profits derived from their winter exhibitions are not added to their general fund, but have been applied to charitable purposes connected with art, and to the formation of a small architectural museum, and that the balance will be expended in establishing a professorship of chemistry. The professor will be required to give his whole time to the study of the properties of colors and varnishes, with a view to arrive at purity and brilliancy, and to deliver lectures on all subjects therewith connected. In promotion of this object, the Academy contemplate the building of a laboratory where researches may be carried on; and they hope that, by faithful work, such a knowledge of pigments, and other materials of the painter's art, will be obtained, as will insure in modern pictures the same purity, brilliancy, and permanence of color, as are presented by some of the pictures painted from three to four centuries ago. If this can be accomplished, the Academicians will do more towards perpetuating

their own fame than by any of their previous undertakings; for, as is well known, many pictures painted within the last fifty years have become blurred and dead, with a constant tendency to deterioration, owing to the impurity of their colors. The "old masters" were acquainted with facts and principles which to modern painters are a profound mystery.

*Dr. Hall and Dr. Livingstone.*—Another expedition has sailed from the United States to make further discoveries in the Arctic regions, and to penetrate, if possible, to the Pole. Preparations are made for wintering in the ice, and if thorough equipment, enthusiasm, and experience are of value in an enterprise, then this one should succeed. Meanwhile, a word of good news has come from Africa: Dr. Livingstone has been heard of. In October last he was at Manakoro, on the west shore of Lake Tanganyika, in good health, but greatly in want of the supplies which would enable him to conciliate the natives, and pursue his exploration with advantage. It is to be hoped that he may fall in with Sir Samuel Baker's expedition. *Chambers's Journal.*

*Drainage and Sewage.*—The British Association Committee "On the Treatment and Utilization of Sewage," which was reappointed at the Exeter meeting in 1869, have just published their Report, in which is embodied information obtained from two hundred towns. This Report may be consulted with confidence by all who wish to know which methods of drainage and sewage are most likely to answer in any particular locality, and to learn something about the results of sewage irrigation on farms. The Report contains tabular statements in which all the details are given, as well as analyses of the air in drains and sewers. From the latter, it appears that the air of those places is less foul than is commonly supposed, and that bad smells are more disagreeable than harmful. And further, with a view to ascertain whether (as had been suggested) the crops of sewage-irrigated farms occasioned peculiar diseases in the animals which were fed thereon, the committee have instituted a series of experiments which will at least throw light on the question. A beginning has been made with three families of guinea-pigs, and, after a course of feeding, one member of each family was killed, and examined, and "no sign of entozoic disease of any description was found, even with the help of a powerful pocket lens, either in the viscera or muscles of any one of the specimens." In continuing the experiments, one family will be fed on sewage produce only, another on the un-sewaged produce, and others are to have now and then a meal of vegetables which *do* contain entozoic larvæ or ova. Consequently, when these guinea-pigs come to be killed, examined, and compared, some definite results may be looked for. Meanwhile, a chemist, who had examined specimens of grass, carrots, turnips, onions, and lettuce from a sewage farm, says: "I find nothing to report against any of them. They all seem to me in excellent order, and free from parasitic insects, or from fungi of any kind."

Not the least important part of the Report is that in which the committee give particulars of a sewage-irrigated farm near Romford. The crops there have proved surprisingly profitable. Onions

fetched £36 an acre in the ground; spinach, £22 an acre; cabbage and cauliflowers, from £24 to £27 an acre; lettuce, £30 an acre. A new kind of American oats yielded at the rate of 14 quarters to the acre. Three crops of rye-grass were taken in one season from 5½ acres of meadow, and produced in all nearly 13 loads. Three acres sown with "bunching-greens," a species of colewort, produced plants enough to plant 7 acres, and 470,000 plants and 3,240 full-grown roots for sale, the money value of which was £39, 15s. From this it would appear that the most profitable use for the sewage of a town is to cause it to flow across a farm.

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*American Survey of Iron and Copper Mines.*—From the "Report on the Progress of the State Geological Survey of Michigan," by A. Winchell, LL.D., we learn that the survey of the iron region near Marquette is nearly completed. Eleven large maps of the most important mines are nearly ready for the engraver. Discoveries have been made of new and large beds of iron ore in the forest unsettled country, upon lands owned by the State. The older beds belong to the Huronian system, several thousand feet thick. All the rocks appear to have been of sedimentary origin, though often presenting combinations suggestive of an igneous character. The copper region, under the superintendence of Professor Pumpelly, is being mapped upon the scale of 300 feet to the inch. The fieldwork has led to the accumulation of numerous details respecting the distribution of the several formations, which cannot be presented in a report of progress, but they have necessitated many improvements upon the Geological Map.

*The Geographical Distribution of Sea-Grasses.*—A paper on the geographical distribution of sea-grasses, by Dr. P. Ascherson, who has devoted four years to the study of this subject, is published in the seventh part of *Petermann's Mittheilungen*. The particular appearance and distribution of each species is described; and from the chart which illustrates the work, the general conclusions are drawn that the greater number of sorts occupy united areas, and belong either to the tropical or to one or other of the temperate zones exclusively. Of the 22 species known, 14 are found in the Indian Ocean, 13 in the Pacific, 7 in the Atlantic, and only one in the Arctic Sea.

#### ART.

*The Monuments of Yucatan.*—There exist in several places in Yucatan substantial indications of early civilization quite as remarkable as those of Palenque. Why then have the latter been singled out as the only ones worthy the attention of the inquiring and scientific world? It is because the monuments of Yucatan are not enveloped in mystery, while those of Palenque appeal to the imagination instead of to the remembrance. The imposing grandeur of these ruins; the majesty of the forests surrounding them; the almost sullen silence of the Indians; and the absence of all



traditions, have induced a supposition that they are of great antiquity. It is known that this region was uninhabited as long ago as when Cortes traversed it, on his march against Honduras. "There was no road whatever," says Bernal Diaz, in describing this journey; "we were obliged to clear the way with our hands and swords. The country was so thickly wooded, and the trees were so lofty, that we could scarcely see the sky. We climbed the tallest trees in vain efforts to catch a view of the country around." Cortez crossed the Grijalva at Istapa, and consequently was but a short distance from the town of Palenque, which even then had ceased to exist, for had there been any city of importance here it would not have escaped the observation of an army suffering from famine, and following Indian guides, who were searching for food with all the eagerness of despair. It was only after a long and painful march that the expedition escaped from this fearful wilderness. But admitting that in the year 1524 these ruins existed nearly in their present condition in the forests of Chiapa, it by no means follows that a fabulous age and origin should be ascribed to them. When first discovered, Yucatan was a flourishing and populous country, abounding with public edifices built of hewn stones laid in mortar, the extent and beauty of which greatly impressed the Spaniards. Besides the testimony of contemporaneous historians, we have that of the soldiers of Grijalva, who, in their enthusiastic admiration, called the country after their native land, which they fancied it resembled. These public edifices no longer exist; war, fanaticism, and political feuds have all combined to destroy them; but their remains are still scattered over the whole extent of the peninsula, from the island of Cozumel to the frontiers of Peten and Tabasco. They are evidently remains of the same structures which arrested the attention of the conquerors, and the number of which, according to Herrera, "was frightful to contemplate." Now, it can easily be demonstrated, by comparing the ruins of Yucatan with those of Palenque, that the monuments of which they are the remains were of the same general style of architecture, and constructed on the same principles, and in conformity with the same rules of art. The plans of them all, their pyramidal bases, the absence of arched roofs, the use of stucco and painting in their decoration, the bas-reliefs sculptured on their walls, and the resemblance between their hieroglyphical symbols, indicate, even in their minutest details, a conformity of ideas and of taste, the expression of which may have varied according to the time and place, without, however, losing their primitive and eminently national character. The analogy can no longer be denied between these ruins and the monuments of Mexico which tradition attributes to the Toltecs. These comparisons, which I have not space to prosecute in detail, show the action and preponderance of a common race over the whole territory lying between Cape Catoche and the Mexican table land.—*Travels in Central America, from the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet.*

*A Seventeenth Century Artist.*—Here is a curious note illustrating the position of an unsuccessful artist in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, likewise how many churches have

been villainously bedaubed. It is an extract from "A Cater-Character," a series of sketches of "characters," attributed to Richard Brathwait, author, amongst almost countless other works, of *Barnabee's Journal*. This is a part of the "character" of a "painter":—"If he bee of no frequent custome, hee trudgeth with a trusse of colours on his back downe to the countrey; where most humbly complaining, hee prostrates his art and industry at the feet of a most vigilant churchwarden, by whose wisdom if he be entertained, that the church may be beautified, and his intolerable art discovered; he belardes the walles with most monstrous false English; for which, if at any time he receive reproofe, hee returns this answer; He could paint better, but the countrey will not be at the charge of good English. And if you seriously aske him, where hee had those sentences, hee will with no less impudence than prophaneesse tell you, they are foolish conceits of his owne. Now and then he is employed at funerals, which he performeth most pittifully. His unoyl'd colours fall off like oter mourners; his horse-gold displaies the integrity of the artist. If hee be so ambitious as to fixe his lamentable elegy on the hearse, his leane lines fall so flat, and cloze with such unjoynted cadencies as they ever redownd to his shame. But in these, as they are a speare too high for his employment, he is rarely vers'd. My lords maiors day is his jubile, if any such inferior artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity; if not, countrey presentments are his preferment; or else hee bestows his pencill on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where Mother Red Cap must be set out in her colours. Here he and his barmy hostess draw both together, but not in like nature; she in ayle, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which hee meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a signe, and desire to have her birch pole pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one; which he performs so poorly, as none that sees it but would take it for a signe hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A meere-maide, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A lyon, sayes he, for that's the only signe that he can make. And this he formes so artlessly, as it requires his expression, *This is a lyon*. Which old Ellenor Rumming, his tap-dame, denies, saying *It should have been a meere-maid*. Now and then he turnes rover, and bestowes the height of his art on archers stakes. Sundry whimzies hee ha's in his head, but of all others there is none that puzzles him so much as this one: hee ha's a speciall handsome masterpeece (for so he terms her) and is so jealous of her as when any one inquires for his picture, hee simply mistakes himselfe and shewes them Actaon," &c.

*Paul Konewka.*—A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives a pleasant account of the career and the amiable personal character of Paul Konewka, who died in his 31st year at Berlin, on the 10th of May last, of fever resulting from neglected cold, and whose loss will be not less felt in England and America than in Germany. Herr Konewka was of Polish extraction, but completely German by habit and training. His special talent showed itself early in a passion for cutting out pa-

fetched £36 an acre in the ground; spinach, £22 an acre; cabbage and cauliflowers, from £24 to £27 an acre; lettuce, £30 an acre. A new kind of American oats yielded at the rate of 14 quarters to the acre. Three crops of rye-grass were taken in one season from 5½ acres of meadow, and produced in all nearly 13 loads. Three acres sown with "bunching-greens," a species of colewort, produced plants enough to plant 7 acres, and 470,000 plants and 3,240 full-grown roots for sale, the money value of which was £39, 15s. From this it would appear that the most profitable use for the sewage of a town is to cause it to flow across a farm.

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Now, we venture to predict, that if Dr. Lefebvre, instead of covering his patient's hand with an easily perforated leather glove, will cover it with a thin sheet of lead, secured by a starched bandage, one of two things will happen—either the bleeding will not occur in the covered hand, or the lead will be found to have been perforated by some sharp instrument from without.

It is stated that on the forehead of the ecstatic girl "the blood is seen to ooze from twelve or fifteen minute points, arranged in a circular form. On examining these points with a magnifying-glass, most of them had a triangular form, as if made by the bites of microscopic leeches; but some were semilunar in shape, and others totally irregular." Here we must irreverently suggest that the microscopic leeches were probably needle-points.

*American Survey of Iron and Copper Mines.*—From the "Report on the Progress of the State Geological Survey of Michigan," by A. Winchell, LL.D., we learn that the survey of the iron region near Marquette is nearly completed. Eleven large maps of the most important mines are nearly ready for the engraver. Discoveries have been made of new and large beds of iron ore in the forest unsettled country, upon lands owned by the State. The older beds belong to the Huronian system, several thousand feet thick. All the rocks appear to have been of sedimentary origin, though often presenting combinations suggestive of an igneous character. The copper region, under the superintendence of Professor Pampelly, is being mapped upon the scale of 300 feet to the inch. The fieldwork has led to the accumulation of numerous details respecting the distribution of the several formations, which cannot be presented in a report of progress, but they have necessitated many improvements upon the Geological Map.

*The Geographical Distribution of Sea-Grasses.*—A paper on the geographical distribution of sea-grasses, by Dr. P. Ascherson, who has devoted four years to the study of this subject, is published in the seventh part of *Petermann's Mittheilungen*. The particular appearance and distribution of each species is described; and from the chart which illustrates the work, the general conclusions are drawn that the greater number of sorts occupy united areas, and belong either to the tropical or to one or other of the temperate zones exclusively. Of the 22 species known, 14 are found in the Indian Ocean, 13 in the Pacific, 7 in the Atlantic, and only one in the Arctic Sea.

♦♦♦  
ART.

*The Monuments of Yucatan.*—There exist in several places in Yucatan substantial indications of early civilization quite as remarkable as those of Palenque. Why then have the latter been singled out as the only ones worthy the attention of the inquiring and scientific world? It is because the monuments of Yucatan are not enveloped in mystery, while those of Palenque appeal to the imagination instead of to the remembrance. The imposing grandeur of these ruins; the majesty of the forests surrounding them; the almost sullen silence of the Indians; and the absence of all

traditions, have induced a supposition that they are of great antiquity. It is known that this region was uninhabited as long ago as when Cortes traversed it, on his march against Honduras. "There was no road whatever," says Bernal Diaz, in describing this journey; "we were obliged to clear the way with our hands and swords. The country was so thickly wooded, and the trees were so lofty, that we could scarcely see the sky. We climbed the tallest trees in vain efforts to catch a view of the country around." Cortez crossed the Grijalva at Istapa, and consequently was but a short distance from the town of Palenque, which even then had ceased to exist, for had there been any city of importance here it would not have escaped the observation of an army suffering from famine, and following Indian guides, who were searching for food with all the eagerness of despair. It was only after a long and painful march that the expedition escaped from this fearful wilderness. But admitting that in the year 1524 these ruins existed nearly in their present condition in the forests of Chiapa, it by no means follows that a fabulous age and origin should be ascribed to them. When first discovered, Yucatan was a flourishing and populous country, abounding with public edifices built of hewn stones laid in mortar, the extent and beauty of which greatly impressed the Spaniards. Besides the testimony of contemporaneous historians, we have that of the soldiers of Grijalva, who, in their enthusiastic admiration, called the country after their native land, which they fancied it resembled. These public edifices no longer exist; war, fanaticism, and political feuds have all combined to destroy them; but their remains are still scattered over the whole extent of the peninsula, from the island of Cozumel to the frontiers of Peten and Tabasco. They are evidently remains of the same structures which arrested the attention of the conquerors, and the number of which, according to Herrera, "was frightful to contemplate." Now, it can easily be demonstrated, by comparing the ruins of Yucatan with those of Palenque, that the monuments of which they are the remains were of the same general style of architecture, and constructed on the same principles, and in conformity with the same rules of art. The plans of them all, their pyramidal bases, the absence of arched roofs, the use of stucco and painting in their decoration, the bas-reliefs sculptured on their walls, and the resemblance between their hieroglyphical symbols, indicate, even in their minutest details, a conformity of ideas and of taste, the expression of which may have varied according to the time and place, without, however, losing their primitive and eminently national character. The analogy can no longer be denied between these ruins and the monuments of Mexico which tradition attributes to the Toltecs. These comparisons, which I have not space to prosecute in detail, show the action and preponderance of a common race over the whole territory lying between Cape Catoche and the Mexican table land.—*Travels in Central America, from the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet.*

*A Seventeenth Century Artist.*—Here is a curious note illustrating the position of an unsuccessful artist in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, likewise how many churches have

been villainously bedaubed. It is an extract from "A Cater-Character," a series of sketches of "characters," attributed to Richard Brathwait, author, amongst almost countless other works, of *Barnabee's Journal*. This is a part of the "character" of a "painter":—"If he bee of no frequent custome, hee trudgeth with a trusse of colours on his back downe to the country; where most humbly complaining, hee prostrates his art and industry at the feet of a most vigilant churchwarden, by whose wisdom if he be entertained, that the church may be beautified, and his intolerable art discovered; he belardes the wallles with most monstrous false English; for which, if at any time he receive reproofe, hee returns this answer; Hee could paint better, but the country will not be at the charge of good English. And if you seriously aske him, where hee had those sentences, hee will with no less impudence than prophanesne tell you, they are foolish conceits of his owne. Now and then he is employed at funerals, which he performeth most pittingly. His unoyl'd colours fall off like other mourners; his horse-gold displaies the integrity of the artist. If hee be so ambitious as to fixe his lamentable elegy on the hearse, his leane lines fall so flat, and cloze with such unjoynted cadencies as they ever redownd to his shame. But in these, as they are a speare too high for his employment, he is rarely vers'd. My lords maiors day is his jubile, if any such inferiour artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity; if not, country presentments are his preferment; or else hee bestows his pencill on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where Mother Red Cap must be set out in her colours. Here he and his barmy hostess draw both together, but not in like nature; she in ayle, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which hee meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a signe, and desire to have her birch pole pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one; which he performs so poorly, as none that sees it but would take it for a signe hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A meere-maide, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A lyon, sayes he, for that's the only signe that he can make. And this he formes so artlessly, as it requires his expression, *This is a lyon*. Which old Ellenor Rummung, his tap-dame, denies, saying *It should have been a meere-maid*. Now and then he turnes rover, and bestowes the height of his art on archers stakes. Sundry whimzies hee ha's in his head, but of all others there is none that puzzles him so much as this one: hee ha's a speciall handsome masterpeece (for so he terms her) and is so jealous of her as when any one inquires for his picture, hee simply mistakes himselfe and shewes them Actæon," &c.

*Paul Konewka.*—A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives a pleasant account of the career and the amiable personal character of Paul Konewka, who died in his 31st year at Berlin, on the 10th of May last, of fever resulting from neglected cold, and whose loss will be not less felt in England and America than in Germany. Herr Konewka was of Polish extraction, but completely German by habit and training. His special talent showed itself early in a passion for cutting out pa-

per figures with his sister's scissors. He was put to study sculpture under Drake of Berlin, and afterwards entered the studio of the painter Adolf Menzel, to whose teaching is to be attributed much of Konewka's accuracy and subtlety as a draughtsman. His first outline compositions were in illustration of German *Volkslieder* (it is related how the poetry of Edward Mörike was his particular delight); then came a large composition of the "Spaziergang" in *Faust*; then the "twelve illustrations to *Faust*," published in England later than the subsequently executed designs to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is on these exquisitely subtle and fanciful silhouette designs that his popularity chiefly rests. The child's book, *Der Schwarze Peter*, is only less delightful. Konewka was also among the contributors to the series of *Münchener Bilderbogen*. He leaves behind innumerable studies and snippings in his peculiar manner; having been in the habit of constantly carrying about with him black paper and scissors, and with these materials cutting out the likeness of whatever struck him with marvelous quickness and dexterity.

*New Process in Lithography.*—It is a truism to state that much ingenuity has been expended in endeavors to popularize art, but it is a fact of constant recurrence. One of the latest is in lithography, called the "new autographic process," and this process is at once simple, direct, and effective. A drawing is made on granulated paper with lithographic chalk, the artist being at liberty to "scrape out lights" at pleasure. The drawing is then transferred to a lithographic stone, from which prints can be taken in the ordinary way, and in any number. These prints are perfect reproductions of the original, with the artist's touches, exactly as the drawing left his hands. In this way, the works of all artists, from the highest to the lowest, can be reproduced and sold at a very moderate cost. A collection recently exhibited by Maclure and Company of Walbrook, London, Lithographers to the Queen, comprised drawings by members of the Royal Academy, and of other distinguished artists on both sides of the Tweed, which were admirable examples of many different styles; landscapes, buildings, portraits, and groups being equally well produced. Among them, a forest-piece, by Lord Hardinge, showed at once the mastery of the artist, and the perfect adaptability of the process to the reproduction of natural objects; and in this way we venture to believe that a taste for true art may be widely diffused.

*A New Picture.*—Hans Makart, the painter of the celebrated "Plague of Florence," which was considered too audacious for the Parisian taste, has completed two large oval compositions emblematic of "Abundantia," and destined for the dining-hall of a Hungarian nobleman. Critics at Berlin, where these works are now on view, differ widely as to their merit. Karl Gützkow, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, speaks of them as the mere extravagance of violent and fantastical color, making no appeal to the mind, and bewildering the senses with profusion of glitter and contrast; and says that to see good painting here is the same heresy as to see "harmonious and legitimate music in Wagner's *Master-singers*." A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, on the other

hand, while acknowledging that the art of Makart is mainly sensuous, is in raptures over the richness and splendor of the compositions in question, and describes at great length, as an exploit of color almost without precedent, the riot of male and female figures among the heaped-up produce of the sea in the one oval, and of the earth in the other.

When France declared war against Germany, M. Gustave Doré is said to have commenced a picture illustrative of the victory of his countrymen. His countrymen gained the victory, for M. Doré, being a native of Strasburg, where he was born in 1832, is now a German! It will be remembered that after the Polish town of Thorn became the spoil of Prussia (1793), Kopernik (Copernicus), who was born there, but who died and was buried centuries before the kingdom of Prussia existed, ranked in biographies as a *Prussian*!

#### VARIETIES.

*Ancient Egypt.*—One of the most interesting books yet inspired by the opening of the Suez Canal is Colonel Hamley's "A New Sea and an Old Land," and the most interesting chapters in this book are those upon ancient Egypt. He tells us, what we never fairly realized before, that all historic investigation only results in showing us an Egypt fully equipped with knowledge, and perfect in all the arts of life. "Our deepest researches have hitherto shown her to us as only the mother of a most accomplished race." In the first historical reign, that of Menes, a huge dyke was constructed, which effectually turned the course of the whole stream of the Nile, or one of its main branches; and this dyke was "doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us." And in the system of artificial irrigation established in the reign of Mœris, the floodgates, dams, and locks were managed with the greatest skill. The Pyramids are an old story, but we never remember to have seen before that in one of the halls at Karnak "the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris might stand and not touch the walls." Land surveying, an art resting on geometry, of course this people understood, and very much of astronomy. The true meridian had been correctly ascertained before the first pyramid was built, and they had both the decimal and duodecimal modes of calculation from the earliest times. Chemistry is theirs by right, for the very word comes from *chemi*, which means Egypt, and they kept alive their knowledge until the time of the Arabian conquest, when it became generally received throughout Europe and Asia.

At the end of the chapter on "What the Old Egyptians Knew," the reader will find half-a-dozen really grand pages, too long for extract, speaking of the "utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom, and all her works." The country "quickly sank out of sight," and the world began life again. It is impossible, says Colonel Hamley, to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her; as for her a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity." That cloud is even now lifting;



but as we become aware of its presence and of the strange past which glimmers more and more clearly through the mist, we are induced to make curious speculations as to the possibility of oblivion one day enwrapping even our Western civilization; whether the printing-press will really save us from a like fate; whether, in the long run of thousands of years, the immense number of books, which with us are the records on which we rely, may not come to be like the multitudinous snowflakes, which end by covering up and reducing to one common level the objects which at first they do but cause to stand out with a more perfect distinctness to the eye.

*Puffing*.—Advertising, according to Mr. Barnum, whom we may reckon a good authority on the subject, is the secret of success in business. And it is curious to notice what an art advertising—or, what advertising often means, “puffing”—has become. The origin of this word “puffing” is curious. In France, at one time, the *coiffure* most in vogue was called a *pouff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horsehair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. The Duchess of Orleans, for example, on her first appearance at Court, after the birth of her son and heir, had on her *pouff* a representation, in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle, and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her *pouff* a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard. Such is the origin of the word *puff*.

*Gambetta*.—The reappearance of M. Gambetta on the scene of French politics is perhaps the most significant event of the day in France. He disappeared from the theatre in which he had played so great a part when he found that an enforced peace was all the result attained by his passionate efforts to retrieve the honor and the fortunes of his country. For four months he has hid in obscurity, and during the greater part of that time he has not even been in France. Suddenly he announces that he is coming back, and is going to stand for Paris. Nobody appears to have invited him or to want him. M. Thiers is half afraid, half ashamed of him, as the head of those rabid maniacs who made France go on fighting after all hope of prosperous fighting was over. The Legitimists and Bonapartists detest him. Even the Republicans thought him dangerous. Still he came; he issued a manifesto at Bordeaux, and within a day or two he was elected not only at Paris but in at least two other constituencies. There might be nothing in this. France would be indeed a poor country, forgetful of stirring memories and ungrateful to those who believed in her most, if there were no constituencies which M. Gambetta could address successfully. He might have shown himself nothing more than a decayed national hero, an actor whose part was played out, a second and milder edition of Lamartine. But, as it happens, he has come forward in a new character. His Bordeaux manifesto is the most important political utterance addressed to France for many a long day. He has got something to say that is most thoroughly worth the considera-

tion of France. He has a distinct programme of thought and action by which he intends to abide; and if he can but show in action the sagacity, the foresight, and moderation which he has displayed in the theoretical enunciation of his views and aims, there is no doubt but that he will play a great part in the history of France during the next few years.—*Saturday Review*.

*Dr. Chalmers*.—Mr. Charles Young, biographer of Charles Mayne Young, gives us a singular sketch of Dr. Chalmers:—

“There was one feature in his face which struck me as so very peculiar, and, I may say, anomalous, that I have often wondered never to have heard or read any comment upon it from others: I allude to his eye. The eye, by its mobility, its power of expressing the passions, and the spirit it imparts to the features, is usually considered as the index of the mind. Now, I never beheld so mute, impassive, inexpressive an eye as that of Chalmers. It was small, grey, cold, and fishy. When, either in preaching from the pulpit, or lecturing in the classroom, he was excited by his subject; when his heart grew hot within him, and the fire burned; when the brilliancy of his imagery, and the power of his phraseology carried the feelings of his auditory away with all the impetuosity of a torrent; nay, when he seemed transported out of himself by the sublimity of his conceptions, and the intense reality of his convictions, so as to cause him to defy conventionalities and set at naught the artifices of rhetoric, and make him swing his left arm about like the sails of a windmill; when every fibre of his body throbbed and quivered with emotion; when his listeners' mouths were wide open, and their breath suspended, the cheeks of some bedewed with tears, and the eyes of others scintillating with sympathy and admiration,—his eye remained as tame and lustreless as if it had been but the pale reflex of a mind indifferent and half asleep!”

*Botanical Gardens of Europe and America*.—It seems, from certain recently published statements regarding the time at which the several principal gardens were established, that the first one was that of Padua, in 1545, followed by that of Pisa. Those of Leyden and Leipzig date respectively 1577 and 1579. The Montpellier garden was founded in 1593; that of Giessen in 1605; of Strasburg, in 1620; of Alford, in 1625; and of Jena, in 1629. The Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, was established in 1626, and the Upsal garden in 1627; that of Madrid dates from 1763; and that of Coimbra from 1773. At the close of the eighteenth century, according to Gesner, more than 1,600 kindred establishments existed in Europe. England comes late upon the list, the Oxford garden not having been founded until 1632, and long remaining the only one in the kingdom. The earliest botanical garden in the United States was that of John Bartram, located on the Schuylkill River, a few miles above its mouth, and within the limits of the present city of Philadelphia. This place is now the property of A. M. Eastwick, Esq., who has erected upon it one of the finest private residences in America, but who still preserves the old stone house built by Bartram's own hands in 1731, where Washington had lodgings for a time, and where Wilson

wrote his great work on American ornithology. The relics of Bartram's garden are still seen in the variety of trees which adorn the place, and in the majesty which has been imparted to some of them by a growth of more than a hundred years.

*The Editor of Punch.*—Mr. Joseph Hatton has published a very entertaining volume entitled *Reminiscences of Mark Lemon*. The anecdotes given of Mark Lemon's career are chiefly concerned with his theatrical tours and his impersonation of Falstaff, a character for which nature had physically fitted him, and into which he entered with all the energy of his cheerful bearing. Mr. Hatton accompanied the "Show in the North," and his duties commenced very suddenly, in this wise. "The Show had arrived at Edinburgh before I was really summoned, as a friend, to take the management in the absence of the impresario proper, who was detained in London." And so he started on a cold morning in January, 1869, from Euston Square, and went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and afterwards to Yorkshire and Birmingham. Wherever he went Mark Lemon was greeted with affectionate respect, for all men knew the editor of *Punch*. But the picture of the man in more domestic scenes pleases us better,—as, for instance, at home, in Sussex. "It was a quaint, old-fashioned room, the dining-room at Crawley. The main portion of Vine Cottage had once been a farm-house, and it was Mark Lemon's fancy to retain the ingle-nook and some of the old-fashioned characteristics of the place. I remember a particularly notable gathering round the old table by the ingle-nook. Mark Lemon was looked upon as a sort of father of the village. Nothing was done in the place without his advice first taken and his assistance secured. On the occasion in question, it was a volunteer fire brigade." After the committee-meeting, he gave himself up to the entertainment of his rustic guests, and sang them "Cupid's Garden," and when the fire brigade had left, the mistress of the house sang "Wapping Old Stairs," while "it was a pleasant sight to see the kindly and admiring husband watching his wife, and beating time with unlighted pipe." He wrote not at home, but at a small farmhouse in the fields not far off. "Writing," said he, as an old man, "writing does not come easy to me now. It often takes me an hour or two before I can work myself up to it. This is the process. A light breakfast or luncheon, and a steady walk to the little cottage farm I told you of. When I get there I unlock my room, put out my paper, nib my pens, and get all in order. Then I go outside, light my pipe, wander into the farm-yard, look at the cows, or the pigs, or the poultry, or anything else, sit on a gate, perhaps, if I can balance myself, sniff the local perfumes of hay and straw, and presently the fit comes on; down goes the pipe, up comes the pen, and away you go."

*Nothing New Under the Sun.*—Photography only adds another instance to the many on record which prove the truth of Solomon's saying: "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun."

Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, states that the Chinese had magnetic carriages with which to guide themselves across the great plains of Tartary, one thousand years before our era, on the principle of the compass. The prototype of the steam-engine

has been traced to the æolipyle of Hero of Alexandria. The Romans used movable types to mark their pottery and indorse their books. Mr. Layard found in Nineveh a magnifying lens of rock crystal, which Sir D. Brewster considers a true optical lens, and the origin of the microscope. The principle of the stereoscope, invented by Professor Wheatstone, was known to Euclid, described by Galen fifteen hundred years ago, and more fully in 1599 A.D., in the works of Baptista Porta. The Thames Tunnel, thought such a novelty, was anticipated by that under the Euphrates at Babylon; and the ancient Egyptians had a Suez Canal. Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied, but we turn to photography. M. Jobard, in his *Nouvelles Inventions aux Expositions Universelles*, 1857, says a translation from German was discovered in Russia, three hundred years old, which contains a clear explanation of photography. The old alchemists understood the properties of chloride of silver in relation to light, and its photographic action is explained by Fabricius in *De Rebus Metallicis*, 1566. The daguerreotype process was anticipated by De la Roche in his *Giphantie*, 1760, though it was only the statement of a dreamer.

In Dr. Hooper's *Rational Recreations*, 1774, is the following method of writing on glass by the rays of the sun. "Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistence of milk, and add to that a strong dissolution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter, well stopp'd. Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper on the decanter, which you are to place in the sun, in such a manner that its rays may pass through the spaces cut out of the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor. The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black, and that under the paper will remain white."

In 1802, Thomas Wedgwood and Sir Humphry Davy contributed to the *Journal of the Royal Institution* a paper on "An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver." Let us take an extract or two from this paper, first reminding our readers that Daguerre did not announce his invention till 1839. "White paper or white leather," says the memoir, "moistened with solution of nitrate of silver, undergoes no change when kept in a dark place; but on being exposed to the daylight it speedily changes color, and, after passing through different shades of gray and brown, becomes at length nearly black. The alterations of color take place more speedily in proportion as the light is intense. When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains white, and the other parts speedily become dark. For copying paintings on glass, the solution should be applied on leather; and in this case it is more readily acted on than when paper is used. The copy of a painting, or the profile, immediately after being taken, must be kept in an obscure place." The instruments Wedgwood and Davy used were the camera obscura and the solar microscope; the images produced, however, by the former were "found too faint to produce in any moderate time an effect upon the nitrate of silver." Davy says: "Nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts of the delineations from being colored by exposure to the day is wanting, to render this process as useful as it is elegant."





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SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.



